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Songs for the Sanctuary:

OR

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

Christian Worship.

CHAPEL EDITION.

A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.
1874.

SONGS FOR THE SANCTUARY.

EDITIONS.

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A. S. BARNES & CO.,
PUBLISHERS OF CHURCH MUSIC-BOOKS, Etc.,
111 & 113 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

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Order of Public Worship.

Morning Service.

I. After a suitable prelude on the organ, the first measures of the tune Old Hundred are played, and the congregation rise, without notice from the Minister, and sing the Doxology:

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise Him, all creatures here below:
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

II. The Prayer of Invocation is offered by the Minister, [the congregation bowing down.]

III. The Opening Hymn is read by the Minister, and sung by the choir and the congregation, [all standing.]

IV. A portion of The Holy Scripture is read by the Minister, [the congregation sitting..]

[When a Chant is sung congregationally, two Lessons may be read from Holy Scripture, one from the Old Testament, and the other from the New. The *Gloria Patri* is sung at the end of each Chant. (The congregation stand during the chanting.)]

V. The Prayer of General Supplication is offered by the Minister, [the congregation bowing down,] and at the close of it is repeated, by both Minister and people, The Lord's Prayer:

Our Father, who art in Heaven,
Hallowed be Thy Name.
Thy Kingdom come.
Thy Will be done on Earth,
As it is in Heaven.
Give us this day our Daily Bread.
And forgive us our Trespasses,
As we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into Temptation;
But deliver us from Evil:
For thine is the Kingdom,
And the Power, and the Glory,
Forever and ever. Amen.

[After the prayer the choir may chant a brief Scriptural selection without notice from the pulpit.]

VI. A Lesson from THE PSALTER is announced by the Minister, and is read by him and the congregation responsively, [all standing,]; and at the close thereof is sung by the choir and the congregation the ancient DOXOLOGY:

> Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

VII. After these acts of Prayer and Praise [the congregation having resumed their seats,] any NOTICES may be given by the Minister, of religious meetings for the week to come, or of other matters suitable to be brought on the Lord's Day to the knowledge of the Church; and then

VIII. A HYMN, or CHANT, announced, but not read by the Minister, is sung by the choir, [the congregation still sitting.]

IX. This is followed by THE SERMON.

X. After the Sermon the CLOSING HYMN is read or announced by the Minister, and is sung by the choir and the congregation, [all standing.]

XI. THE PRAYER FOR A BLESSING ON THE WORD is offered by the Minister; and at the end of it [while the congregation are still bowed down,] he pronounces THE BENEDICTION:

> The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

NOTE.—When Children are to be baptized, they must be presented for that ordinance at the Morning Service, on the proper Sundays, immediately after THE PRAYER OF INVOCATION.

When Collections are to be taken for charitable objects, they may follow either the NOTICES, or the SERMON, at the discretion of the Minister.

Evening Service.

I. After a suitable prelude on the organ, a brief CHANT or ANTHEM is sung by the choir, [the congregation sitting.]

II. THE OPENING HYMN is read by the Minister, and sung by the choir and the congregation, [all standing.]

III. A portion of THE HOLY SCRIPTURE is read by the Minister, [the congregation sitting.]

IV. THE PRAYER OF GENERAL SUPPLICATION is offered by the Minister, [the congregation bowing down.]

V. A Lesson from THE PSALTER is announced by the Minister, and is read by him and the congregation responsively, [all standing,]; and at the close thereof is sung by the choir and the congregation the ancient DOXOLOGY:

> Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

VI. After these acts of Prayer and Praise [the congregation having resumed their seats,] any NOTICES may be given by the Minister, of religious meetings for the week to come, or of other matters suitable to be brought on the Lord's Day to the knowledge of the Church; and then

VII. A HYMN, or CHANT, announced, but not read by the Minister, is sung by the choir, [the congregation still sitting.]

VIII. This is followed by THE SERMON.

IX. After the Sermon the CLOSING HYMN is read or announced by the Minister, and is sung by the choir and the congregation, [all standing.] At the end of this hymn a DOXOLOGY, in the same metre, is usually added without being announced.

X. THE PRAYER FOR A BLESSING ON THE WORD is offered by the Minister; and at the end of it [while the congregation are still bowed down,] he pronounces THE BENEDICTION:

> The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

Communion Service.

After a brief prelude on the organ, and a few sentences from the Psalms read by the Minister,

I. The Opening Hymn is read or announced, and is sung by the choir and the congregation, [all standing.]

II. A suitable portion of The Holy Scripture is read by the Minister, [the congregation sitting.]

III. The Prayer of Confession and Invocation is offered by the Minister, [the congregation bowing down.]

IV. Any persons who are to be received to the Church on Confession of Faith, are invited to present themselves at the Table of the Lord; and are then received, according to the Form provided in the Manual.

V. Any persons who are to be received to the Church on Letters from other Churches, are invited to rise in their respective places; and are then received, according to the Form provided in the Manual.

VI. Any Notices, necessary to be given, are read; and an Invitation to Christians present, to commune with the Church, is extended.

VII. A Sacramental Hymn is read by the Minister, and sung by the choir and the congregation, [all standing.]

VIII. This is followed by a brief Address.

IX. The Prayer for the Divine Blessing, on those who partake of the consecrated elements, is offered by the Minister, [the congregation bowing down]; and the Bread is afterward broken and distributed.

X. The Prayer of Thanksgiving is offered by the Minister, [the congregation bowing down]; and the Cup is afterward distributed.

XI. The Collection for the relief of the Poor is taken; during which the Minister reads appropriate Sentences from the Scripture.

XII. The Closing Hymn is read by the Minister, and sung by the choir and the congregation, [all standing.]

XIII. The Closing Prayer is offered by the Minister; and at the end of it [while the congregation are still bowed down,] he pronounces The Benediction.

THE LAW OF GOD,

AS IT IS WRITTEN IN THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER OF THE BOOK OF EXODUS.

God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I.—Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV.—Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested, the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not kill.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.

IX.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

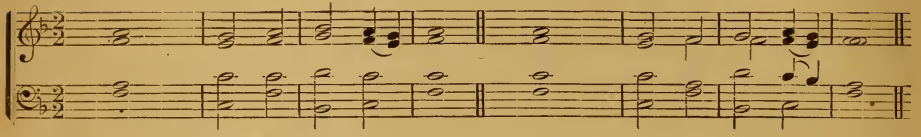
THE SUMMARY OF THE LAW BY OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

St. Matthew 22 : 37-40.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

The Lord's Prayer.



1 Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, · · as it | is in | heaven.

2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | tres- · pass a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- — | men.

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, | Maker of | heaven and | earth:

And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, | born of the | Virgin Mary,

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was | crucified, | dead, and | buried;

He descended into hell; the third | day he | rose from the | dead;

He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of | God the | Father Al- | mighty;

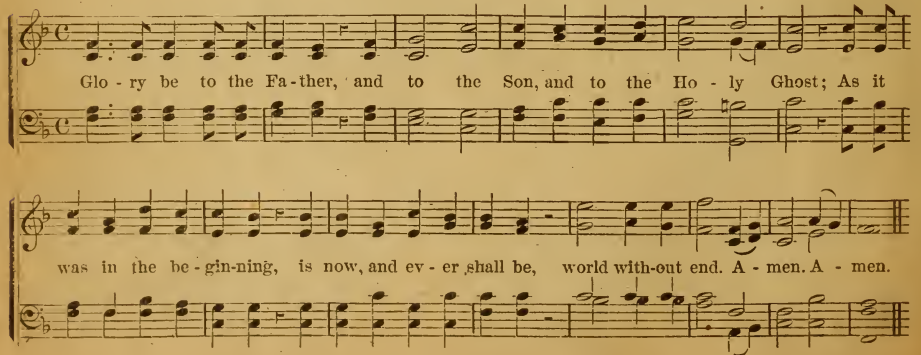
From thence he shall come to | judge the | quick and the | dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the | holy | catholic | Church,

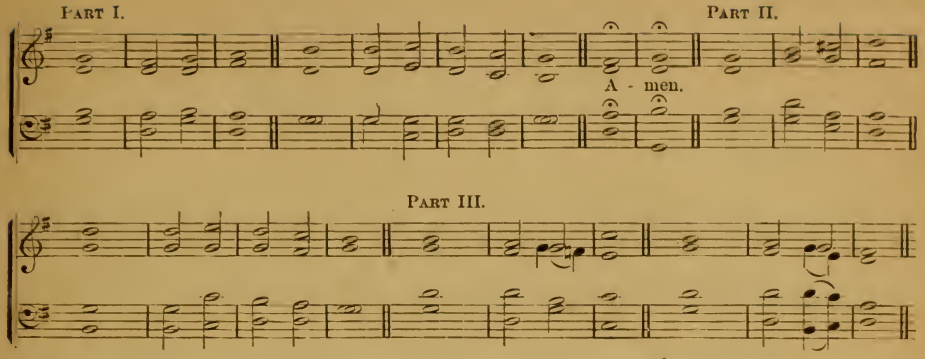
The communion of saints; the for- | giveness of | sins;

The — | resur- | rection of the | body, and the life | ever- | lasting. A- | men.

Gloria Patri.



Gloria in Excelsis.



Part I.

Glory be to | God on | high, ‖ and on earth | peace, good- | will ·· towards | men. ‖
We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, ‖ we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee | for thy | great — | glory. ‖

Part II.

O Lord God, | heavenly | King, ‖ God the | Father | Al- — | mighty ! ‖
O Lord, the only-begotten Son | Jesus | Christ, ‖
O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son ·· of the | Fa- — | ther, ‖

Part III.

That takest away the | sins ·· of the | world, ‖ have mercy up- | on — | us. ‖
Thou that takest away the | sins ·· of the | world, ‖ have mercy up- | on — | us. ‖
Thou that takest away the | sins ·· of the | world, ‖ receive | our — | prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, ‖ have mercy up- | on — | us. ‖

Part I.

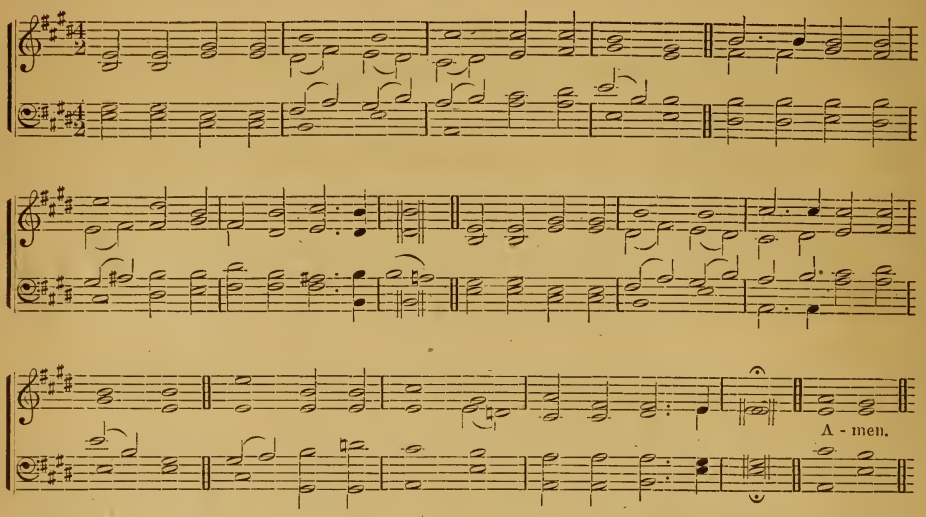
For thou only | art — | holy, ‖ thou | only | art the | Lord. ‖
Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ art most high in the | glory ·· of | God the | Father. | A- | men. ‖

Thou Maker of my vital frame,
Unvail thy face, pro- | nounce thy name;
Shine to my sight, and let the ear
Which thou hast | formed, thy | language | hear;
Divide, ye clouds, and let me see
The Power that | gives me | leave to be.

3 Where is thy residence? oh! why
Dost thou avoid my | searching | eye!
Mysterious Being! Great Unknown,
Say, do the | clouds con- | ceal thy | throne?
Or art thou all diffused abroad,
Thro' boundless space, a | present | God!

3 Is there not some delightful art
To feel thy | presence ·· at my | heart?
To hear thy whispers, soft and kind,
In | holy | silence ·· of the | mind?—
Then rest, my thoughts; no longer roam
In quest of joy—for heaven's at home!

SANCTUS. 10,11,12.



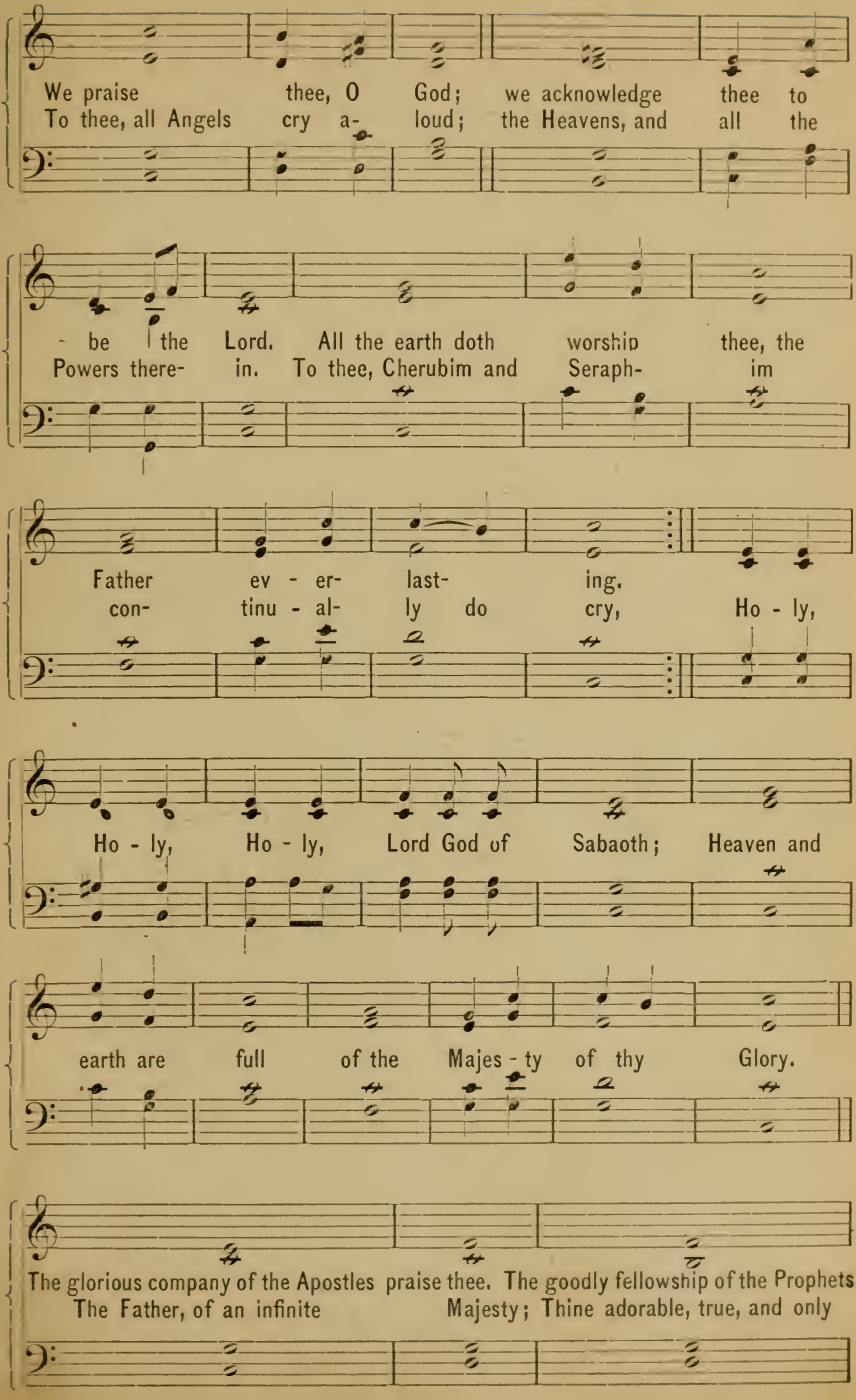
1 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty;
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

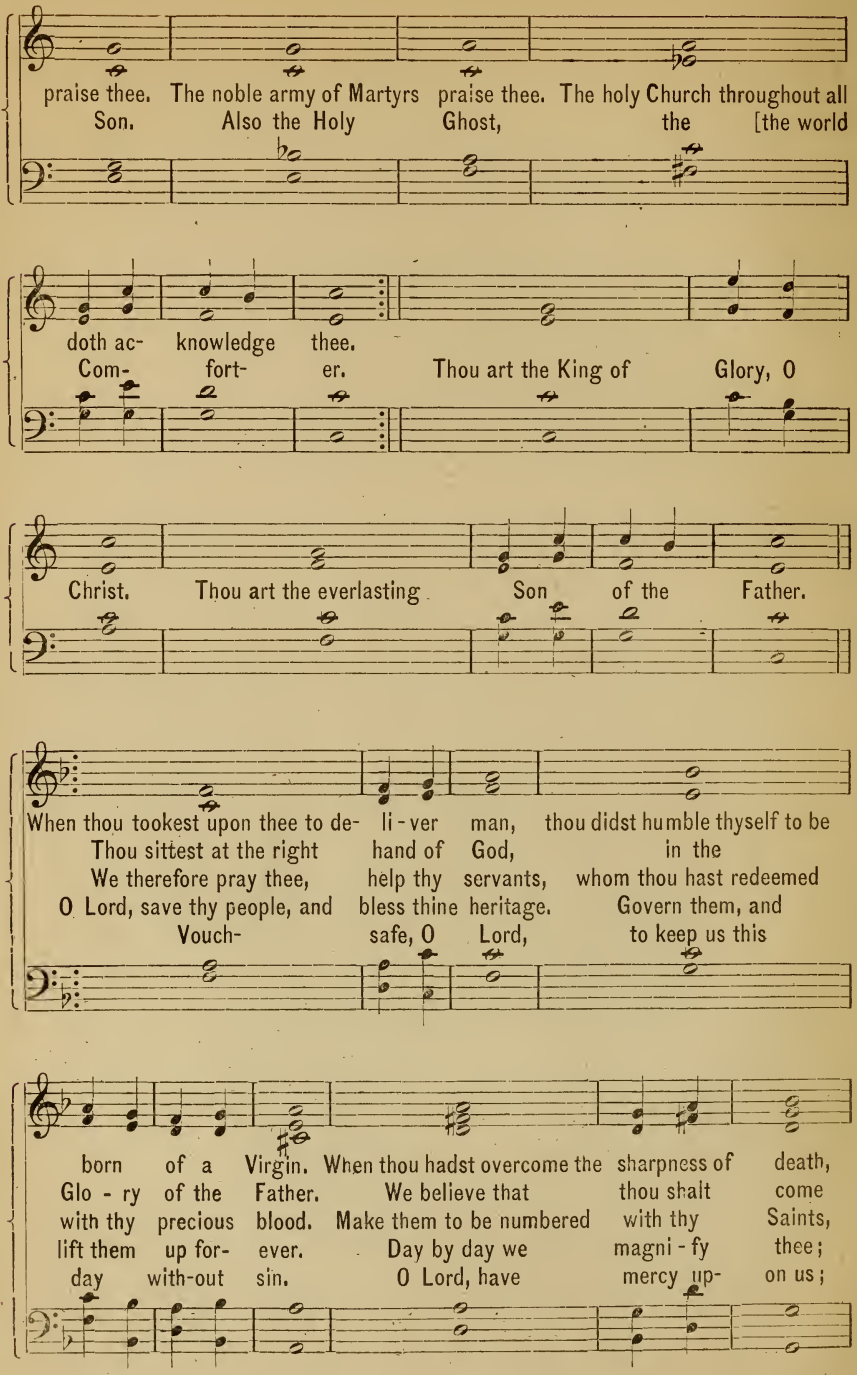
2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

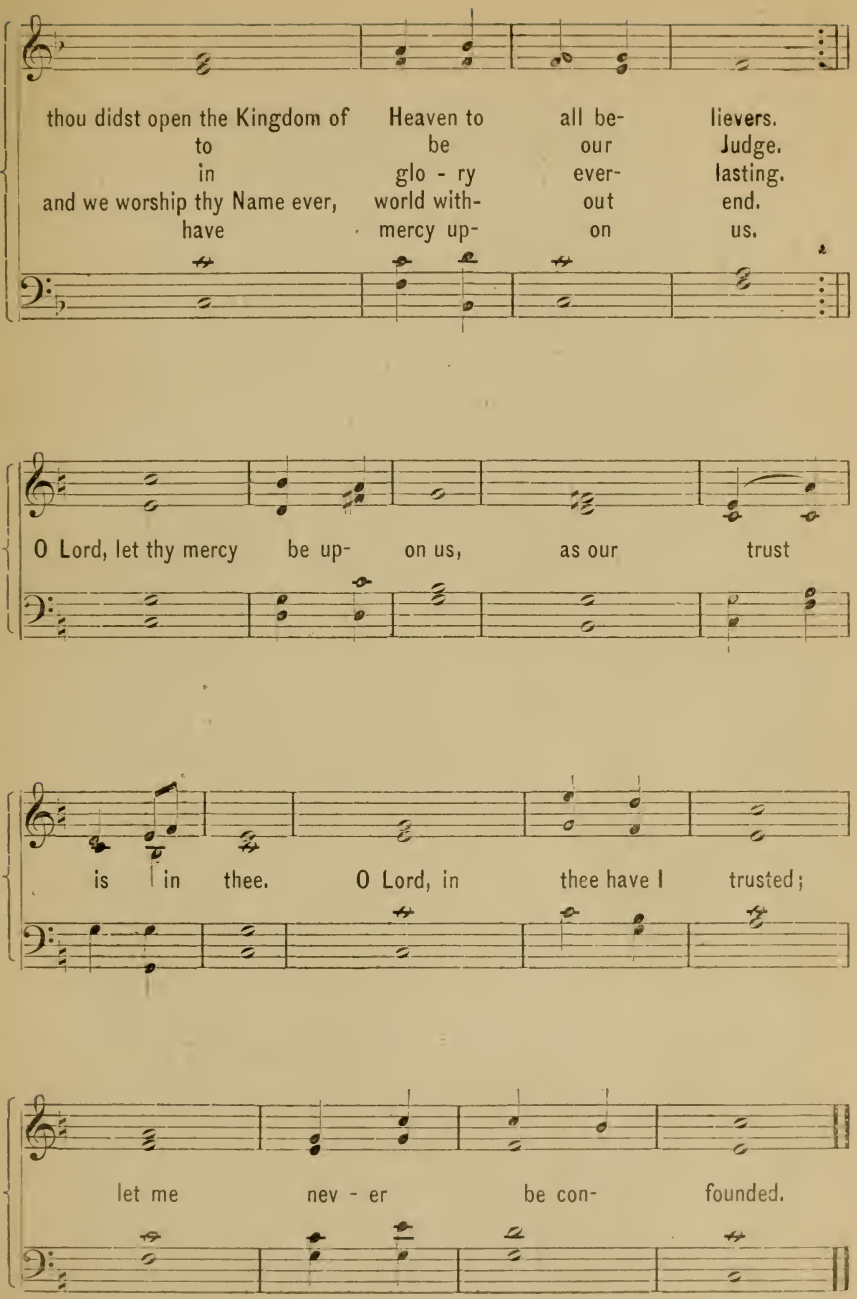
3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

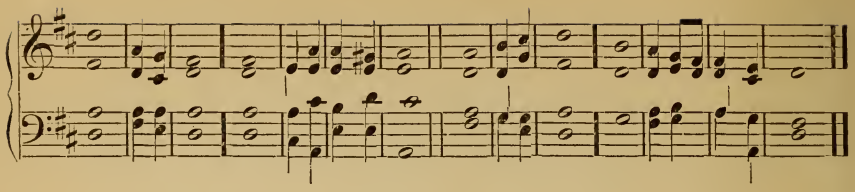
4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity! Amen.

TE DEUM.


We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to
To thee, all Angels cry a- loud; the Heavens, and all the
- be the Lord. All the earth doth worship thee, the
Powers there- in. To thee, Cherubim and Seraph- im
Father ev - er- last- ing.
con- tinu - al- ly do cry, Ho - ly,
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Sabaoth; Heaven and
earth are full of the Majes - ty of thy Glory.
The glorious company of the Apostles praise thee. The goodly fellowship of the Prophets
The Father, of an infinite Majesty; Thine adorable, true, and only


praise thee. The noble army of Martyrs praise thee. The holy Church throughout all
Son. Also the Holy Ghost, the [the world
doth ac- knowledge thee.
Com- fort- er. Thou art the King of Glory, O
Christ. Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.
When thou tookest upon thee to de- li - ver man, thou didst humble thyself to be
Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the
We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed
O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage. Govern them, and
Vouch- safe, O Lord, to keep us this
born of a Virgin. When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death,
Glo - ry of the Father. We believe that thou shalt come
with thy precious blood. Make them to be numbered with thy Saints,
lift them up for- ever. Day by day we magni - fy thee;
day with-out sin. O Lord, have mercy up- on us;


thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all be- lievers.
to be our Judge.
in glo - ry ever- lasting.
and we worship thy Name ever, world with- out end.
have mercy up- on us.
O Lord, let thy mercy be up- on us, as our trust
is in thee. O Lord, in thee have I trusted;
let me nev - er be con- founded.



O COME, let us sing unto the Lord,
Let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
And show ourselves glad in him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God,
And a great King above all gods.
In his hand are all the corners of the earth;
And the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it;
And his hands prepar'd the dry land.
O come, let us worship, and fall down;
And kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For he is the Lord our God;
And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.
O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth;
And with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with his truth.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. Amen.

The Psalter;

or,

Selections from

The Book of Psalms.

Arranged to be used in

Public Worship.

Note.

The following selections from the Psalms are arranged to be read by the Minister and the People responsively, according to their original structure and design.

The lines printed in the Roman letter are to be read by the Minister.

The lines set inward from the margin, and printed in Italics, are to be read by the People.

The lines printed in small Capitals are to be read by the Minister and the People, together.

The Psalter.

LESSON 1.

Psalm I.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,
{ *Nor standeth in the way of sinners,*
{ *Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.*
2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord;
And in his law doth he meditate day and night.
3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,
That bringeth forth his fruit in his season;
His leaf also shall not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
4 The ungodly are not so:
But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:
But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Psalm II.

WHY do the heathen rage,
And the people imagine a vain thing?
2 The kings of the earth set themselves,
{ *And the rulers take counsel together,*
{ *Against the* Lord *and against his Anointed, saying,*
3 Let us break their bands asunder,
And cast away their cords from us.
4 He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh:
The Lord *shall have them in derision.*

5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath,
And vex them in his sore displeasure.
6 Yet have I set my king
Upon my holy hill of Zion.
7 I will declare the decree:
The LORD hath said unto me, Thou art my son;
This day have I begotten thee.
8 Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance,
And the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.
9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron;
Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.
10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings:
Be instructed, ye judges of the earth.
11 Serve the LORD with fear,
And rejoice with trembling.
12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way,
When his wrath is kindled but a little.
Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

PSALM III.

LORD, how are they increased that trouble me!
Many are they that rise up against me.
2 Many there be which say of my soul,
There is no help for him in God.
3 But thou, O LORD, art a shield for me;
My glory, and the lifter up of mine head.
4 I cried unto the LORD with my voice,
And he heard me out of his holy hill.
5 I laid me down and slept;
I awaked; for the LORD *sustained me.*
6 I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people,
That have set themselves against me round about.
7 Arise, O LORD; save me, O my God:
For thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek bone;
Thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.
8 Salvation belongeth unto the LORD;
Thy blessing is upon thy people.

LESSON 2.

Psalm IV.

HEAR me when I call, O God of my righteousness:
Thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress;
Have mercy upon me and hear my prayer.

2 O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory into shame?
How long will ye love vanity, and seek after leasing?

3 But know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself:
The Lord *will hear when I call unto him.*

4 Stand in awe, and sin not:
Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.

5 Offer the sacrifices of righteousness,
And put your trust in the Lord.

6 There may be many that say, Who will shew us any good?
Lord, *lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.*

7 Thou hast put gladness in my heart,
More than in the time that their corn and their wine increased

8 I will both lay me down in peace and sleep:
For thou, Lord, *only makest me dwell in safety.*

Psalm V.

GIVE ear to my words, O Lord;
Consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God:
For unto thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord;
In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness:
Neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight:
Thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing:
The Lord *will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.*

7 But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy:
And in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O LORD, in thy righteousness, because of mine enemies;
Make thy way straight before my face.
9 For there is no faithfulness in their mouth; their inward part is very wickedness
Their throat is an open sepulchre; they flatter with their tongue.
10 Destroy thou them, O God; let them fall by their own counsels;
Cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions; for they have rebelled against thee.
11 But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice:
Let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them:
Let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.
12 For thou, LORD, wilt bless the righteous;
With favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield.

LESSON 3

PSALM VIII.

O LORD our LORD,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!
Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.
2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength,
Because of thine enemies,
That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.
3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;
4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?
5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,
And hast crowned him with glory and honour.
6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;
Thou hast put all things under his feet:
7 All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the field;
8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,
And whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.
9 O LORD, our LORD,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

PSALM IX.

I WILL praise thee, O LORD, with my whole heart;
I will shew forth all thy marvellous works.

2 I will be glad and rejoice in thee:
I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.
3 When mine enemies are turned back,
They shall fall and perish at thy presence.
4 For thou hast maintained my right and my cause;
Thou satest in the throne judging right.
5 Thou hast rebuked the heathen, thou hast destroyed the wicked,
Thou hast put out their name for ever and ever.
6 O thou enemy, destructions are come to a perpetual end:
And thou hast destroyed cities; their memorial is perished with them.
7 But the LORD shall endure for ever;
He hath prepared his throne for judgment.
8 And he shall judge the world in righteousness,
He shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness.
9 The LORD also will be a refuge for the oppressed,
A refuge in times of trouble.
10 And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee:
For thou, LORD, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.
11 Sing praises to the LORD, which dwelleth in Zion:
Declare among the people his doings.
12 When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them:
He forgetteth not the cry of the humble.
13 Have mercy upon me, O LORD; consider my trouble which I suffer of them that hate me,
Thou that liftest me up from the gates of death:
14 That I may shew forth all thy praise in the gates of the daughter of Zion:
I will rejoice in thy salvation.
15 The heathen are sunk down in the pit that they made:
In the net which they hid is their own foot taken.
16 The LORD is known by the judgment which he executeth:
The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.
17 The wicked shall be turned into hell,
And all the nations that forget God.
18 For the needy shall not always be forgotten:
The expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever.
19 Arise, O LORD; let not man prevail:
Let the heathen be judged in thy sight.
20 Put them in fear, O LORD:
That the nations may know themselves to be but men.

LESSON 4.

Psalm XV.

LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?
Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?
2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness,
And speaketh the truth in his heart.
3 { He that backbiteth not with his tongue,
Nor doeth evil to his neighbour,
Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.
4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned;
But he honoureth them that fear the Lord.
He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.
5 *He that putteth not out his money to usury,*
Nor taketh reward against the innocent.
He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Psalm XVI.

PRESERVE me, O God:
For in thee do I put my trust.
2 O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord:
My goodness extendeth not to thee;
3 But to the saints that are in the earth,
And to the excellent, in whom is all my delight.
4 { Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god:
Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer,
Nor take up their names into my lips.
5 The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup:
Thou maintainest my lot.
6 The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places;
Yea, I have a goodly heritage.
7 I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel:
My reins also instruct me in the night seasons.
8 I have set the Lord always before me:
Because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.
9 Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth;
My flesh also shall rest in hope.
10 For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell;
Neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption

11 { Thou wilt show me the path of life:
In thy presence is fulness of joy;
At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

PSALM XVII.

HEAR the right, O LORD, attend unto my cry;
Give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.
2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence;
Let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.
3 { Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night;
Thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing:
I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.
4 Concerning the works of men,
By the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.
5 Hold up my goings in thy paths,
That my footsteps slip not.
6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God:
Incline thine ear unto me and hear my speech.
7 Shew thy marvellous loving kindness, O thou that savest by thy right hand
them which put their trust in thee,
From those that rise up against them.
8 Keep me as the apple of the eye;
Hide me under the shadow of thy wings,
9 From the wicked that oppress me,
From my deadly enemies, who compass me about.
10 They are enclosed in their own fat:
With their mouth they speak proudly.
11 They have now compassed us in our steps:
They have set their eyes bowing down to the earth;
12 Like as a lion that is greedy of his prey,
And as it were a young lion lurking in secret places.
13 Arise, O Lord, disappoint him, cast him down;
Deliver my soul from the wicked, which is thy sword:
14 { From men which are thy hand, O LORD, from men of the world,
Which have their portion in this life, and whose belly thou fillest with they
hid treasure:
They are full of children, and leave the rest of their substance to their babes.
15 As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness:
I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness

LESSON 5.

Psalm XVIII. 1–35.

I WILL love thee, O Lord, my strength.
2 *The* Lord *is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer;*
My God, my strength, in whom I will trust;
My buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower,
3 I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised:
So shall I be saved from mine enemies.
4 The sorrows of death compassed me,
And the floods of ungodly men made me afraid.
5 The sorrows of hell compassed me about:
The snares of death prevented me.
6 In my distress I called upon the Lord,
And cried unto my God:
He heard my voice out of his temple,
And my cry came before him, even into his ears.
7 Then the earth shook and trembled;
The foundations also of the hills moved
And were shaken, because he was wroth.
8 There went up a smoke out of his nostrils,
And fire out of his mouth devoured:
Coals were kindled by it.
9 He bowed the heavens also, and came down:
And darkness was under his feet.
10 And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly:
Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.
11 He made darkness his secret place;
His pavilion round about him were dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies
12 At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed,
Hail stones and coals of fire.
13 The Lord also thundered in the heavens,
And the Highest gave his voice;
Hail stones and coals of fire.
14 Yea, he sent out his arrows, and scattered them;
And he shot out lightnings, and discomfited them.
15 Then the channels of waters were seen,
And the foundations of the world were discovered,
At thy rebuke, O Lord,
At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils

16 He sent from above, he took me,
He drew me out of many waters.
17 He delivered me from my strong enemy,
And from them which hated me: for they were too strong for me.
18 They prevented me in the day of my calamity:
But the LORD *was my stay.*
19 He brought me forth also into a large place;
He delivered me, because he delighted in me.
20 The LORD rewarded me according to my righteousness:
According to the cleanness of my hands hath he recompensed me.
21 For I have kept the ways of the LORD,
And have not wickedly departed from my God.
22 For all his judgments were before me,
And I did not put away his statutes from me.
23 I was also upright before him,
And I kept myself from mine iniquity.
24 Therefore hath the LORD recompensed me according to my righteousness,
According to the cleanness of my hands in his eyesight.
25 With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful;
With an upright man thou wilt shew thyself upright;
26 With the pure thou wilt shew thyself pure;
And with the froward thou wilt shew thyself froward.
27 For thou wilt save the afflicted people;
But wilt bring down high looks.
28 For thou wilt light my candle;
The LORD *my God will enlighten my darkness.*
29 For by thee I have run through a troop;
And by my God have I leaped over a wall.
30 As for God, his way is perfect:
The word of the LORD is tried:
He is a buckler to all those that trust in him.
31 For who is God save the LORD?
Or who is a rock save our God?
32 It is God that girdeth me with strength,
And maketh my way perfect.
33 He maketh my feet like hind's feet,
And setteth me upon my high places.
34 He teacheth my hands to war,
So that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms.
35 Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation:
And thy right hand hath holden me up,
And thy gentleness hath made me great.

LESSON 6.

Psalm XIX.

THE heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
2 Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
3 There is no speech nor language,
Where their voice is not heard.
4 Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.
5 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it:
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
7 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:
The testimony of the Lord *is sure, making wise the simple.*
8 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:
The commandment of the Lord *is pure, enlightening the eyes.*
9 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever:
The judgments of the Lord *are true and righteous altogether.*
10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold:
Sweeter also than honey, and the honeycomb.
11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.
12 *Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.*
13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:
Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.
14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight,
O Lord, *my strength, and my redeemer.*

Psalm XX.

THE Lord hear thee in the day of trouble;
The name of the God of Jacob defend thee;
2 Send thee help from the sanctuary,
And strengthen thee out of Zion;

3 Remember all thy offerings,
And accept thy burnt sacrifice ;
4 Grant thee according to thine own heart,
And fulfil all thy counsel.
5 { We will rejoice in thy salvation,
{ And in the name of our God we will set up our banners:
The LORD *fulfil all thy petitions.*
6 Now know I that the LORD saveth his anointed ;
{ *He will hear him from his holy heaven*
{ *With the saving strength of his right hand.*
7 Some trust in chariots, and some in horses:
But we will remember the name of the LORD *our God.*
8 They are brought down and fallen:
But we are risen, and stand upright.
9 Save, LORD:
Let the king hear us when we call.

LESSON 7.

PSALM XXIII.

THE LORD is my shepherd ;
I shall not want.
2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
3 He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.
4 { Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
{ I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the LORD *for ever.*

PSALM XXIV.

THE earth is the LORD's and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
2 For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD?
And who shall stand in his holy place?
4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
Nor sworn deceitfully.
5 He shall receive the blessing from the LORD,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
6 This is the generation of them that seek him,
That seek thy face, O Jacob.
7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.
8 Who is this King of glory?
The LORD *strong and mighty, the* LORD *mighty in battle.*
9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.
10 Who is this King of glory?
The LORD *of hosts, He is the King of glory.*

PSALM XXVII.

THE LORD is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?
The LORD *is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?*
2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up [my flesh,
They stumbled and fell.
3 Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear:
Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.
4 One thing have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after;
That I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life,
To behold the beauty of the LORD, *and to inquire in his temple.*
5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion:
In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me;
He shall set me up upon a rock.
6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me:
Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy;
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the LORD.
7 Hear, O LORD, when I cry with my voice:
Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.
8 When thou saidst, Seek ye my face;
My heart said unto thee, Thy face, LORD, *will I seek.*

9 Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger:
Thou hast been my help;
Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.
10 When my father and my mother forsake me,
Then the LORD *will take me up.*
11 Teach me thy way, O LORD,
And lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.
12 Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies:
For false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.
13 I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living.
14 *Wait on the* LORD:
Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart:
Wait, I say, on the LORD.

LESSON 8.

PSALM XXIX.

GIVE unto the LORD, O ye mighty,
Give unto the LORD *glory and strength.*
2 Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name;
Worship the LORD *in the beauty of holiness.*
3 The voice of the LORD is upon the waters:
The God of glory thundereth: the LORD *is upon many waters.*
4 The voice of the LORD is powerful;
The voice of the LORD *is full of majesty.*
5 The voice of the LORD breaketh the cedars:
Yea, the LORD *breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.*
6 He maketh them also to skip like a calf;
Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn.
7 The voice of the LORD divideth the flames of fire.
8 The voice of the LORD shaketh the wilderness;
The LORD *shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.*
9 The voice of the LORD maketh the hinds to calve,
And discovereth the forests:
And in his temple doth every one speak of his glory.
10 The LORD sitteth upon the flood;
Yea, the LORD *sitteth King forever.*
11 The LORD will give strength unto his people;
The LORD *will bless his people with peace.*

Psalm XXXIII.

REJOICE in the Lord, O ye righteous:
For praise is comely for the upright.
2 Praise the Lord with harp:
Sing unto him with the psaltery, and an instrument of ten strings.
3 Sing unto him a new song;
Play skilfully with a loud noise.
4 For the word of the Lord is right;
And all his works are done in truth.
5 He loveth righteousness and judgment:
The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.
6 By the word of the Lord were the heavens made;
And all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.
7 He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap:
He layeth up the depth in storehouses.
8 Let all the earth fear the Lord:
Let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.
9 For he spake and it was done;
He commanded, and it stood fast.
10 The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought:
He maketh the devices of the people of none effect.
11 The counsel of the Lord standeth forever,
The thoughts of his heart to all generations.
12 Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord;
And the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.
13 The Lord looketh from heaven;
He beholdeth all the sons of men.
14 From the place of his habitation he looketh
Upon all the inhabitants of the earth.
15 He fashioneth their hearts alike;
He considereth all their works.
16 There is no king saved by the multitude of a host:
A mighty man is not delivered by much strength.
17 An horse is a vain thing for safety:
Neither shall he deliver any by his great strength.
18 Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him,
Upon them that hope in his mercy;
19 To deliver their soul from death,
And to keep them alive in famine.

20 Our soul waiteth for the LORD:
He is our help and our shield.
21 For our heart shall rejoice in him,
Because we have trusted in his holy name.
22 Let thy mercy, O LORD, be upon us,
According as we hope in thee.

LESSON 9.

PSALM XXXIV.

I WILL bless the LORD at all times:
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
2 My soul shall make her boast in the LORD:
The humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.
3 Oh magnify the LORD with me,
And let us exalt his name together.
4 I sought the LORD, and he heard me,
And delivered me from all my fears.
5 They looked unto him, and were lightened:
And their faces were not ashamed.
6 This poor man cried, and the LORD heard him,
And saved him out of all his troubles.
7 The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him,
And delivereth them.
8 Oh taste and see that the LORD is good.
Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
9 Oh fear the LORD, ye his saints:
For there is no want to them that fear him.
10 The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:
But they that seek the LORD *shall not want any good thing.*
11 Come, ye children, hearken unto me:
I will teach you the fear of the LORD.
12 What man is he that desireth life,
And loveth many days, that he may see good?
13 Keep thy tongue from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile.
14 Depart from evil, and do good;
Seek peace, and pursue it.
15 The eyes of the LORD are upon the righteous,
And his ears are open unto their cry.

16 The face of the LORD is against them that do evil,
To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth
17 The righteous cry, and the LORD heareth,
And delivereth them out of all their troubles.
18 The LORD is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart
And saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.
19 Many are the afflictions of the righteous:
But the LORD *delivereth him out of them all*
20 He keepeth all his bones:
Not one of them is broken.
21 Evil shall slay the wicked:
And they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.
22 The LORD redeemeth the soul of his servants;
And none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

PSALM XXXVI.

THE transgression of the wicked saith within my heart,
That there is no fear of God before his eyes.
2 For he flattereth himself in his own eyes,
Until his iniquity be found to be hateful.
3 The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit:
He hath left off to be wise, and to do good.
4 He deviseth mischief upon his bed,
He setteth himself in a way that is not good; he abhorreth not evil.
5 Thy mercy, O LORD, is in the heavens;
And thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.
6 Thy righteousness is like the great mountains:
Thy judgments are a great deep:
O LORD, *thou preservest man and beast.*
7 How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God!
Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.
8 They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house;
And thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.
9 For with thee is the fountain of life:
In thy light shall we see light.
10 Oh continue thy loving kindness unto them that know thee;
And thy righteousness to the upright in heart.
11 Let not the foot of pride come against me,
And let not the hand of the wicked remove me.
12 There are the workers of iniquity fallen:
They are cast down, and shall not be able to rise.

LESSON 10.

Psalm XXXVII, 1–11, 22–40.

FRET not thyself because of evil doers,
Neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.
2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass,
And wither as the green herb.
3 Trust in the Lord, and do good;
So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.
4 Delight thyself also in the Lord;
And he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.
5 Commit thy way unto the Lord;
Trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.
6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light,
And thy judgment as the noonday.
7 Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him:
Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way.
Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.
8 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath:
Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.
9 For evil doers shall be cut off:
But those that wait upon the Lord, *they shall inherit the earth.*
10 For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be:
Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.
11 But the meek shall inherit the earth;
And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

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22 For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the earth;
And they that be cursed of him shall be cut off.
23 The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord:
And he delighteth in his way.
24 Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down
For the Lord *upholdeth him with his hand.*
25 I have been young, and now am old;
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.
26 He is ever merciful, and lendeth;
And his seed is blessed.
27 Depart from evil, and do good;
And dwell for evermore.

28 For the LORD loveth judgment,
And forsaketh not his saints;
They are preserved forever:
But the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.
29 The righteous shall inherit the land,
And dwell therein forever.
30 The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom,
And his tongue talketh of judgment.
31 The law of his God is in his heart;
None of his steps shall slide.
32 The wicked watcheth the righteous,
And seeketh to slay him.
33 The LORD will not leave him in his hand,
Nor condemn him when he is judged.
34 { Wait on the LORD and keep his way,
{ And he shall exalt thee to inherit the land:
When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.
35 I have seen the wicked in great power,
And spreading himself like a green bay tree.
36 Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not:
Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.
37 Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright:
For the end of that man is peace.
38 But the transgressors shall be destroyed together:
The end of the wicked shall be cut off.
39 But the salvation of the righteous is of the LORD:
He is their strength in the time of trouble.
40 And the LORD shall help them, and deliver them:
{ *He shall deliver them from the wicked,*
{ *And save them, because they trust in him.*

LESSON 11.

PSALM XLI.

BLESSED is he that considereth the poor:
The LORD *will deliver him in time of trouble.*
2 { The LORD will preserve him, and keep him alive;
{ And he shall be blessed upon the earth:
And thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies.

3 The LORD will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing:
Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.
4 I said, LORD, be merciful unto me:
Heal my soul; for I have sinned against thee.
5 Mine enemies speak evil of me,
When shall he die, and his name perish?
6 And if he come to see me, he speaketh vanity:
His heart gathereth iniquity to itself;
When he goeth abroad, he telleth it.
7 All that hate me whisper together against me:
Against me do they devise my hurt.
8 An evil disease, say they, cleaveth fast unto him:
And now that he lieth he shall rise up no more.
9 Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted,
Which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me.
10 But thou, O LORD, be merciful unto me, and raise me up,
That I may requite them.
11 By this I know that thou favourest me,
Because mine enemy doth not triumph over me.
12 And as for me, thou upholdest me in mine integrity,
And settest me before thy face forever.
13 Blessed be the LORD God of Israel from everlasting,
And to everlasting. Amen and amen.

PSALM XLII.

AS the hart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God.
2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:
When shall I come and appear before God?
3 My tears have been my meat day and night,
While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
4 When I remember these things I pour out my soul in me:
For I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God,
With the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.
5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me?
Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him
For the help of his countenance.
6 O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee,
From the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

7 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts:
All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.
8 Yet the LORD will command his lovingkindness in the daytime,
And in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.
9 I will say unto God, my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me?
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?
10 As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me;
While they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?
11 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him,
Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

PSALM XLIII.

JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation:
Oh deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.
2 For thou art the God of my strength: why dost thou cast me off?
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?
3 Oh send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me;
Let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles;
4 Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy:
Yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God.
5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope in God: for I shall yet praise him,
Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

LESSON 12.

PSALM XLV.

MY heart is inditing a good matter:
I speak of the things which I have made touching the king:
My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.
2 Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into thy lips:
Therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.
3 Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty,
With thy glory and thy majesty.
4 And in thy majesty ride prosperously,
Because of truth and meekness and righteousness;
And thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.

5 Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies;
Whereby the people fall under thee.
6 Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever:
The sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre.
7 Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness:
Therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee
With the oil of gladness above thy fellows.
8 All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia,
Out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad.
9 Kings' daughters were among thy honourable women:
Upon thy right hand did stand the queen in gold of Ophir.
10 Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear;
Forget also thine own people, and thy father's house;
11 So shall the king greatly desire thy beauty:
For he is thy LORD; *and worship thou him.*
12 And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift;
Even the rich among the people shall entreat thy favour.
13 The king's daughter is all glorious within:
Her clothing is of wrought gold.
14 She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework
The virgins her companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee.
15 With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought:
They shall enter into the king's palace.
16 Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children,
Whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth.
17 I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations:
Therefore shall the people praise thee, for ever and ever.

PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed,
And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;
3 Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.
4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God;
The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.
5 God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved:
God shall help her, and that right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved:
He uttered his voice, the earth melted.
7 The LORD of hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.
8 Come, behold the works of the LORD,
What desolations he hath made in the earth.
9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder;
He burneth the chariot in the fire.
10 Be still, and know that I am God:
I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.
11 The LORD of hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

LESSON 13.

PSALM XLVII.

OH clap your hands, all ye people;
Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.
2 For the LORD most high is terrible:
He is a great King over all the earth.
3 He shall subdue the people under us,
And the nations under our feet.
4 He shall choose our inheritance for us,
The excellency of Jacob whom he loved.
5 God is gone up with a shout,
The LORD with the sound of a trumpet.
6 Sing praises to God, sing praises:
Sing praises unto our King, sing praises.
7 For God is the King of all the earth:
Sing ye praises with understanding.
8 God reigneth over the heathen:
God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.
9 The princes of the people are gathered together,
Even the people of the God of Abraham:
For the shields of the earth belong unto God:
He is greatly exalted.

Psalm XLVIII.

GREAT is the Lord, and greatly to be praised
In the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.
2 Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion,
On the sides of the north, the city of the great King.
3 God is known in her palaces for a refuge.
4 *For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together.*
5 They saw it, and so they marvelled;
They were troubled, and hasted away.
6 Fear took hold upon them there, and pain, as of a woman in travail.
7 *Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.*
8 As we have heard, so have we seen
In the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God:
God will establish it for ever.
9 We have thought of thy lovingkindness, O God,
In the midst of thy temple.
10 According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise, unto the ends of the earth.
Thy right hand is full of righteousness.
11 Let mount Zion rejoice,
Let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.
12 Walk about Zion, and go round about her:
Tell the towers thereof.
13 Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces;
That ye may tell it to the generation following.
14 For this God is our God for ever and ever;
He will be our guide even unto death.

LESSON 14.

Psalm LI.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness:
According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgres-
sions.
2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,
And cleanse me from my sin.
3 For I acknowledge my transgressions:
And my sin is ever before me.
4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,
And done this evil in thy sight:

That thou mightest be justified when thou speakest,
And be clear when thou judgest.
5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity;
And in sin did my mother conceive me.
6 Behold thou desirest truth in the inward parts:
And in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.
7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
8 Make me to hear joy and gladness;
That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
9 Hide thy face from my sins,
And blot out all mine iniquities.
10 Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within me.
11 Cast me not away from thy presence;
And take not thy Holy Spirit from me.
12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation;
And uphold me with thy free Spirit.
13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;
And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
14 Deliver me from blood guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;
And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
15 O LORD, open thou my lips;
And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.
16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it:
Thou delightest not in burnt offering.
17 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.
18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion:
Build thou the walls of Jerusalem.
19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering.
Then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

PSALM CXXX.

OUT of the depths have I cried unto thee, O LORD.
2 LORD, *hear my voice*:
Let thine ears be attentive
To the voice of my supplications.

3 If thou, LORD, shouldest mark iniquities,
O LORD, *who shall stand?*
4 But there is forgiveness with thee,
That thou mayest be feared,
5 I wait for the LORD, my soul doth wait,
And in his word do I hope.
6 My soul waiteth for the LORD, more than they that watch for the morning:
I say, more than they that watch for the morning.
7 Let Israel hope in the LORD: for with the LORD there is mercy,
And with him is plenteous redemption.
8 And he shall redeem Israel
From all his iniquities.

LESSON 15.

PSALM LV.

GIVE ear to my prayer, O God;
And hide not thyself from my supplication.
2 Attend unto me and hear me:
I mourn in my complaint, and make a noise;
3 Because of the voice of the enemy, because of the oppression of the wicked:
For they cast iniquity upon me, and in wrath they hate me.
4 My heart is sore pained within me:
And the terrors of death are fallen upon me.
5 Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me,
And horror hath overwhelmed me.
6 And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove!
For then would I fly away, and be at rest.
7 Lo, then would I wander far off,
And remain in the wilderness.
8 I would hasten my escape,
From the windy storm and tempest.
9 Destroy, O LORD, and divide their tongues:
For I have seen violence and strife in the city.
10 Day and night they go about it upon the walls thereof:
Mischief, also, and sorrow are in the midst of it.
11 Wickedness is in the midst thereof:
Deceit and guile depart not from her streets.
12 For it was not an enemy that reproached me; then could I have borne it:
Neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me;
Then I would have hid myself from him:

13 But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance.
14 { *We took sweet counsel together,*
{ *And walked unto the house of God in company.*
15 Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell:
For wickedness is in their dwellings, and among them.
16 As for me, I will call upon God;
And the LORD *shall save me.*
17 Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud:
And he shall hear my voice.
18 He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me:
For there were many with me.
19 God shall hear, and afflict them,
Even he that abideth of old.
Because they have no changes,
Therefore they fear not God.
20 He hath put forth his hands against such as be at peace with him:
He hath broken his covenant.
21 The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart
His words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords.
22 Cast thy burden upon the LORD, and he shall sustain thee:
He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.
23 But thou, O God, shalt bring them down into the pit of destruction:
Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days;
BUT I WILL TRUST IN THEE.

LESSON 16.

PSALM LXI.

HEAR my cry, O God;
Attend unto my prayer.
2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.
3 For thou hast been a shelter for me,
And a strong tower from the enemy.
4 I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever:
I will trust in the covert of thy wings.
5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows:
Thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.
6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life:
And his years as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God for ever:
Oh prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.
8 So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever,
That I may daily perform my vows.

Psalm LXII.

TRULY my soul waiteth upon God:
From him cometh my salvation.
2 He only is my rock and my salvation;
He is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.
3 How long will ye imagine mischief against a man? ye shall be slain all of you;
As a bowing wall shall ye be, and as a tottering fence.
4 They only consult to cast him down from his excellency: they delight in lies:
They bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly.
5 My soul, wait thou only upon God;
For my expectation is from him.
6 He only is my rock and my salvation:
He is my defence; I shall not be moved.
7 In God is my salvation and my glory:
The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.
8 Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him:
God is a refuge for us.
9 Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie:
To be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity.
10 Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery:
If riches increase, set not your heart upon them.
11 God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this;
That power belongeth unto God.
12 Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy:
For thou renderest to every man according to his work.

Psalm LXIII.

O GOD, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee,
My flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;
2 To see thy power and thy glory,
So as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.
3 Because thy lovingkindness is better than life,
My lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live:
I will lift up my hands in thy name.
5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;
And my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:
6 When I remember thee upon my bed,
And meditate on thee in the night watches.
7 Because thou hast been my help,
Therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.
8 My soul followeth hard after thee:
Thy right hand upholdeth me.
9 But those that seek my soul to destroy it,
Shall go into the lower parts of the earth.
10 They shall fall by the sword:
They shall be a portion for foxes.
11 But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory:
But the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

LESSON 17.

Psalm LXIV.

HEAR my voice, O God, in my prayer:
Preserve my life from fear of the enemy.
2 Hide me from the secret counsel of the wicked;
From the insurrection of the workers of iniquity:
3 Who whet their tongue like a sword,
And bend their bows to shoot their arrows, even bitter words:
4 That they may shoot in secret at the perfect:
Suddenly do they shoot at him, and fear not.
5 They encourage themselves in an evil matter;
They commune of laying snares privily;
They say, Who shall see them?
6 They search out iniquities; they accomplish a diligent search:
Both the inward thought of every one of them, and the heart is deep.
7 But God shall shoot at them with an arrow;
Suddenly shall they be wounded.
8 So they shall make their own tongue to fall upon themselves
All that see them shall flee away.
9 And all men shall fear, and shall declare the work of God;
For they shall wisely consider of his doing.
10 The righteous shall be glad in the Lord, and shall trust in him;
And all the upright in heart shall glory.

Psalm LXV.

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion:
And unto thee shall the vow be performed.
2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.
3 *Iniquities prevail against me:*
As for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.
4 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts:
We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.
5 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation;
Who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.
6 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:
7 *Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves,*
And the tumult of the people.
8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens:
Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.
9 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it:
Thou greatly enrichest it,
With the river of God, which is full of water:
Thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.
10 Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly, thou settlest the furrows thereof:
Thou makest it soft with showers, thou blessest the springing thereof.
11 Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;
And thy paths drop fatness.
12 They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness:
And the little hills rejoice on every side.
13 The pastures are clothed with flocks;
The valleys also are covered over with corn;
They shout for joy, they also sing.

LESSON 18

Psalm LXVI.

MAKE a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands:
2 *Sing forth the honor of his name: make his praise glorious.*
3 Say unto God, How terrible art thou in thy works!
Through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

4 All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee;
They shall sing to thy name.
5 Come and see the works of God:
He is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.
6 He turned the sea into dry land: they went through the flood on foot:
There did we rejoice in him.
7 He ruleth by his power forever; his eyes behold the nations:
Let not the rebellious exalt themselves.
8 Oh bless our God, ye people,
And make the voice of his praise to be heard:
9 Which holdeth our soul in life,
And suffereth not our feet to be moved.
10 For thou, O God, hast proved us:
Thou hast tried us as silver is tried.
11 Thou broughtest us into the net;
Thou laidst affliction upon our loins.
12 Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads;
We went through fire and through water:
But thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.
13 I will go into thy house with burnt offerings:
I will pay thee my vows,
14 Which my lips have uttered,
And my mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble.
15 I will offer unto thee burnt sacrifices of fatlings,
With the incense of rams:
I will offer bullocks with goats.
16 Come and hear, all ye that fear God,
And I will declare what he hath done for my soul.
17 I cried unto him with my mouth,
And he was extolled with my tongue.
18 If I regard iniquity in my heart,
The LORD *will not hear me:*
19 But verily God hath heard me;
He hath attended to the voice of my prayer.
20 Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer,
Nor his mercy from me.

Psalm LXVII.

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us:
And cause his face to shine upon us;
2 That thy way may be known upon earth,
Thy saving health among all nations.
3 Let the people praise thee, O God;
Let all the people praise thee.
4 Oh let the nations be glad and sing for joy:
For thou shalt judge the people righteously,
And govern the nations upon earth.
5 Let the people praise thee, O God,
Let all the people praise thee.
6 Then shall the earth yield her increase;
And God, even our own God, shall bless us.
7 God shall bless us;
And all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

LESSON 19.

Psalm LXVIII.

LET God arise, let his enemies be scattered:
Let them also that hate him flee before him.
2 As smoke is driven away, so drive them away:
As wax melteth before the fire,
So let the wicked perish at the presence of God.
3 But let the righteous be glad; let them rejoice before God:
Yea, let them exceedingly rejoice.
4 Sing unto God, sing praises to his name:
Extol him that rideth upon the heavens,
By his name JAH, and rejoice before him.
5 A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows,
Is God in his holy habitation.
6 God setteth the solitary in families:
He bringeth out those which are bound with chains:
But the rebellious dwell in a dry land.
8 O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people,
When thou didst march through the wilderness;
8 The earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God;
Even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

9 Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain,
Whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary.
10 Thy congregation hath dwelt therein:
Thou, O God, hast prepared of thy goodness for the poor.
11 The LORD gave the word:
Great was the company of those that published it.
12 Kings of armies did flee apace:
And she that tarried at home divided the spoil.
13 Though ye have lain among the pots,
Yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver,
And her feathers with yellow gold.
14 When the Almighty scattered kings in it,
It was white as snow in Salmon.
15 The hill of God is as the hill of Bashan;
A high hill, as the hill of Bashan.
16 Why leap ye, ye high hills? this is the hill which God desireth to dwell in;
Yea, the LORD *will dwell in it for ever.*
17 The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels:
The LORD *is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place.*
18 Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive:
Thou hast received gifts for men;
Yea, for the rebellious also, that the LORD *God might dwell among them.*
19 Blessed be the LORD, who daily loadeth us with benefits,
Even the God of our salvation.
20 He that is our God is the God of Salvation;
And unto God the LORD *belong the issues from death.*
21 But God shall wound the head of his enemies,
And the hairy scalp of such a one as goeth on still in his trespasses.
22 The LORD said, I will bring again from Bashan,
I will bring my people again from the depths of the sea:
23 That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies,
And the tongue of thy dogs in the same.
24 They have seen thy goings, O God:
Even the goings of my God, my King, in the sanctuary.
25 The singers went before, the players on instruments followed after:
Among them were the damsels playing with timbrels.
26 Bless ye God in the congregations,
Even the LORD, *from the fountain of Israel.*
27 There is little Benjamin with their ruler,
The princes of Judah and their council,
The princes of Zebulun, and the princes of Naphtali.

28 Thy God hath commanded thy strength:
Strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought for us.
29 Because of thy temple at Jerusalem
Shall kings bring presents unto thee.
30 Rebuke the company of spearmen, the multitude of the bulls, with the calves of the people,
Till every one submit himself with pieces of silver:
Scatter thou the people that delight in war.
31 Princes shall come out of Egypt;
Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.
32 Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth;
Oh sing praises unto the LORD;
33 To him that rideth upon the heavens of heavens, which were of old;
Lo, he doth send out his voice, and that a mighty voice.
34 Ascribe ye strength unto God:
His excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the clouds.
35 O God, thou art terrible out of thy holy places:
The God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people.
BLESSED BE GOD.

LESSON 20.

PSALM LXXII

GIVE the king thy judgments, O God,
And thy righteousness unto the king's son.
2 He shall judge thy people with righteousness,
And thy poor with judgment.
3 The mountains shall bring peace to the people,
And the little hills, by righteousness.
4 He shall judge the poor of the people,
He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.
5 They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure,
Throughout all generations.
6 He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass:
As showers that water the earth.
7 In his days shall the righteous flourish;
And abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.
8 He shall have dominion also from sea to sea,
And from the river unto the ends of the earth.

9 They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him;
And his enemies shall lick the dust.
10 The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents:
The kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.
11 Yea, all kings shall fall down before him:
All nations shall serve him.
12 For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth;
The poor also, and him that hath no helper.
13 He shall spare the poor and needy,
And shall save the souls of the needy.
14 He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence:
And precious shall their blood be in his sight.
15 And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba:
Prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.
16 There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains:
The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon:
And they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.
17 His name shall endure for ever:
His name shall be continued as long as the sun:
And men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.
18 Blessed be the LORD God, the God of Israel,
Who only doeth wondrous things.
19 And blessed be his glorious name for ever:
And let the whole earth be filled with his glory.
AMEN, AND AMEN.

PSALM LXXVI.

IN Judah is God known:
His name is great in Israel.
2 In Salem also is his tabernacle,
And his dwelling-place in Zion.
3 There brake he the arrows of the bow,
The shield, and the sword, and the battle.
4 Thou art more glorious and excellent than the mountains of prey.
5 The stouthearted are spoiled,
They have slept their sleep:
And none of the men of might have found their hands.
6 At thy rebuke, O God of Jacob,
Both the chariot and horse are cast into a dead sleep.

7 Thou, even thou, art to be feared:
And who may stand in thy sight when once thou art angry?
8 Thou didst cause judgment to be heard from heaven;
The earth feared, and was still,
9 When God arose to judgment,
To save all the meek of the earth.
10 Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee:
The remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain.
11 Vow, and pay unto the LORD your God:
Let all that be round about him bring presents unto him that ought to be feared.
12 He shall cut off the spirit of princes:
He is terrible to the kings of the earth.

LESSON 21.

PSALM LXXX.

GIVE ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock;
Thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth.
2 Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh stir up thy strength,
And come and save us.
3 Turn us again, O God,
And cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.
4 O LORD God of hosts,
How long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people?
5 Thou feedest them with the bread of tears;
And givest them tears to drink in great measure.
6 Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbours:
And our enemies laugh among themselves.
7 Turn us again, O God of hosts,
And cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.
8 Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt:
Thou hast cast out the heathen and planted it.
9 Thou preparedst room before it,
And didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land.
10 The hills were covered with the shadow of it,
And the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.
11 She sent out her boughs unto the sea,
And her branches unto the river.

12 Why hast thou then broken down her hedges,
So that all they which pass by the way do pluck her?
13 The boar out of the wood doth waste it,
And the wild beast of the field doth devour it.
14 Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts:
Look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine:
15 And the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted,
And the branch that thou madest strong for thyself.
16 It is burned with fire, it is cut down:
They perish at the rebuke of thy countenance.
17 Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand,
Upon the son of man whom thou madest strong for thyself.
18 So will not we go back from thee:
Quicken us, and we will call upon thy name.
19 Turn us again, O LORD God of hosts,
Cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

PSALM LXXXI.

SING aloud unto God our strength;
Make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.
2 Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel,
The pleasant harp with the psaltery.
3 Blow up the trumpet in the new moon,
In the time appointed, on our solemn feast day.
4 For this was a statute for Israel,
And a law of the God of Jacob.
5 This he ordained in Joseph for a testimony,
When he went out through the land of Egypt:
Where I heard a language that I understood not.
6 I removed his shoulder from the burden:
His hands were delivered from the pots.
7 Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee;
I answered thee in the secret place of thunder:
I proved thee at the waters of Meribah.
8 Hear, O my people, and I will testify unto thee:
O Israel, if thou wilt hearken unto me;
9 There shall no strange God be in thee:
Neither shalt thou worship any strange God.
10 I am the LORD thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt:
Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.

11 But my people would not hearken to my voice;
And Israel would none of me.
12 So I gave them up unto their own hearts' lust:
And they walked in their own counsels.
13 Oh that my people had hearkened unto me,
And Israel had walked in my ways!
14 I should soon have subdued their enemies,
And turned my hand against their adversaries.
15 The haters of the LORD should have submitted themselves unto him:
But their time should have endured for ever.
16 He should have fed them also with the finest of the wheat:
And with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee.

LESSON 22.

PSALM LXXXIV.

HOW amiable are thy tabernacles,
O LORD *of hosts*!
2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the LORD.
My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.
3 Yea, the sparrow hath found a house,
And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young.
Even thine altars, O LORD of hosts,
My King and my God.
4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house:
They will be still praising thee.
5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee;
In whose heart are the ways of them,
6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well:
The rain also filleth the pools.
7 They go from strength to strength,
Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.
8 O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer:
Give ear, O God of Jacob.
9 Behold, O God our shield,
And look upon the face of thine anointed.
10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God,
Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the LORD God is a sun and shield: the LORD will give grace and glory:
No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.
12 O LORD of hosts,
Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

PSALM LXXXV.

LORD, thou hast been favourable unto thy land:
Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.
2 Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people;
Thou hast covered all their sin.
3 Thou hast taken away all thy wrath:
Thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger.
4 Turn us, O God of our salvation,
And cause thine anger toward us to cease.
5 Wilt thou be angry with us for ever?
Wilt thou draw out thine anger to all generations?
6 Wilt thou not revive us again:
That thy people may rejoice in thee?
7 Shew us thy mercy, O LORD,
And grant us thy salvation.
8 I will hear what God the LORD will speak:
For he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints:
But let them not turn again to folly.
9 Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him;
That glory may dwell in our land.
10 Mercy and truth are met together;
Righteousness and peace have kissed each other.
11 Truth shall spring out of the earth;
And righteousness shall look down from heaven.
12 Yea, the LORD shall give that which is good;
And our land shall yield her increase.
13 Righteousness shall go before him;
And shall set us in the way of his steps.

LESSON 23

Psalm LXXXVI.

BOW down thine ear, O Lord, hear me:
For I am poor and needy.
2 Preserve my soul; for I am holy:
O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.
3 Be merciful unto me, O Lord:
For I cry unto thee daily.
4 Rejoice the soul of thy servant:
For unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.
5 For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive;
And plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.
6 Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer;
And attend to the voice of my supplications.
7 In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee:
For thou wilt answer me.
8 Among the Gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord;
Neither are there any works like unto thy works.
9 All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord;
And shall glorify thy name.
10 For thou art great, and doest wondrous things:
Thou art God alone.
11 Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth.
Unite my heart to fear thy name.
12 I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart:
And I will glorify thy name for evermore.
13 For great is thy mercy toward me:
And thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell.
14 O God, the proud are risen against me,
And the assemblies of violent men have sought after my soul;
And have not set thee before them.
15 But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious,
Longsuffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.
16 Oh turn unto me, and have mercy upon me;
Give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid.
17 Shew me a token for good;
That they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed:
Because thou, Lord, hast holpen me, and comforted me.

Psalm LXXXVII.

HIS foundation is in the holy mountains.
2 The Lord loveth the gates of Zion,
More than all the dwellings of Jacob.
3 Glorious things are spoken of thee,
O city of God.
4 I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon to them that know me:
Behold Philistia, and Tyre, with Ethiopia; this man was born there.
5 And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her:
And the Highest himself shall establish her.
6 The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people,
That this man was born there.
7 As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there:
All my springs are in thee.

LESSON 24.

Psalm LXXXIX, 1–34.

I WILL sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever:
With my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.
2 For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever:
Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.
3 I have made a covenant with my chosen,
I have sworn unto David my servant,
4 Thy seed will I establish for ever,
And build up thy throne to all generations.
5 And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord:
Thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints.
6 For who in the heavens can be compared unto the Lord?
Who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord?
7 God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints,
And to be had in reverence of all them that are about him.
8 O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee?
Or to thy faithfulness round about thee?
9 Thou rulest the raging of the sea:
When the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.
10 Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain;
Thou hast scattered thine enemies with thy strong arm.

11 The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine:
As for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.
12 The north and the south, thou hast created them:
Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name.
13 Thou hast a mighty arm:
Strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.
14 Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne:
Mercy and truth shall go before thy face.
15 Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound:
They shall walk, O LORD, *in the light of thy countenance.*
16 In thy name shall they rejoice all the day:
And in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.
17 For thou art the glory of their strength:
And in thy favour our horn shall be exalted.
18 For the LORD is our defence;
And the Holy One of Israel is our king.
19 { Then thou spakest in vision to thy holy one, and saidst,
{ I have laid help upon one that is mighty;
I have exalted one chosen out of the people.
20 I have found David my servant;
With my holy oil have I anointed him:
21 With whom my hand shall be established:
Mine arm also shall strengthen him.
22 The enemy shall not exact upon him:
Nor the son of wickedness afflict him.
23 And I will beat down his foes before his face,
And plague them that hate him.
24 But my faithfulness and my mercy shall be with him:
And in my name shall his horn be exalted.
25 I will set his hand also in the sea,
And his right hand in the rivers.
26 He shall cry unto me, Thou art my father,
My God, and the rock of my salvation.
27 Also I will make him my firstborn,
Higher than the kings of the earth.
28 My mercy will I keep for him for evermore,
And my covenant shall stand fast with him.
29 His seed also will I make to endure for ever,
And his throne as the days of heaven.
30 If his children forsake my law,
And walk not in my judgments;

31 If they break my statutes,
And keep not my commandments;
32 Then will I visit their transgression with the rod,
And their iniquity with stripes.
33 Nevertheless my lovingkindness will I not utterly take from him,
Nor suffer my faithfulness to fail.
34 My covenant will I not break,
Nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips.

LESSON 25.

Psalm XC.

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place,
In all generations.
2 Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.
3 Thou turnest man to destruction;
And sayest, Return, ye children of men.
4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past
And as a watch in the night.
5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep:
In the morning they are like grass which groweth up;
6 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up;
In the evening it is cut down, and withereth.
7 For we are consumed by thine anger,
And by thy wrath we are troubled.
8 Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,
Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.
9 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath:
We spend our years as a tale that is told.
10 The days of our years are threescore years and ten:
And if by reason of strength they be fourscore years,
Yet is their strength labour and sorrow;
For it is soon cut off, and we fly away.
11 Who knoweth the power of thine anger?
Even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.
12 So teach us to number our days,
That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

13 Return, O LORD, how long?
And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.
14 O satisfy us early with thy mercy:
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.
15 Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,
And the years wherein we have seen evil.
16 Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
And thy glory unto their children.
17 And let the beauty of the LORD our God be upon us:
And establish thou the work of our hands upon us;
YEA, THE WORK OF OUR HANDS ESTABLISH THOU IT.

PSALM XCI.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
2 I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and my fortress:
My God; in him will I trust.
3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,
And from the noisome pestilence.
4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust:
His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night;
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;
6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness:
Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand;
But it shall not come nigh thee.
8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold,
And see the reward of the wicked.
9 Because thou hast made the LORD, which is my refuge,
Even the Most High, thy habitation;
10 There shall no evil befall thee,
Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee,
To keep thee in all thy ways.
12 They shall bear thee up in their hands,
Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder:
The young lion, and the dragon, shalt thou trample under feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:
I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.
15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble
I will deliver him and honor him.
16 With long life will I satisfy him,
And shew him my salvation.

LESSON 26.

Psalm XCV.

OH come, let us sing unto the Lord:
Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation.
2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
And make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
3 For the Lord is a great God,
And a great King above all gods.
4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth:
The strength of the hills is his also.
5 The sea is his, and he made it:
And his hands formed the dry land.
6 Oh come let us worship and bow down:
Let us kneel before the Lord *our maker.*
7 For he is our God;
And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.
8 { To day if ye will hear his voice,
{ Harden not your heart, as in the provocation,
And as in the day of temptation in the wilderness:
9 When your fathers tempted me,
Proved me, and saw my work.
10 { Forty years long was I grieved with this generation,
{ And said, It is a people that do err in their heart,
And they have not known my ways:
11 Unto whom I sware in my wrath
That they should not enter into my rest.

Psalm XCVI.

OH sing unto the Lord a new song:
Sing unto the Lord, *all the earth,*
2 Sing unto the Lord, bless his name;
Shew forth his salvation from day to day.

3 Declare his glory among the heathen,
His wonders among all people.
4 For the LORD is great, and greatly to be praised:
He is to be feared above all gods.
5 For all the gods of the nations are idols:
But the LORD *made the heavens.*
6 Honor and majesty are before him:
Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.
7 Give unto the LORD, O ye kindreds of the people,
Give unto the LORD *glory and strength.*
8 Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name:
Bring an offering, and come into his courts.
9 Oh worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness:
Fear before him, all the earth.
10 Say among the heathen that the LORD reigneth:
The world also shall be established that it shall not be moved:
He shall judge the people righteously.
11 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad;
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.
12 Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein:
Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice,
13 Before the LORD: for he cometh,
For he cometh to judge the earth:
He shall judge the world with righteousness,
And the people with his truth.

LESSON 27.

PSALM XCVII.

THE LORD reigneth; let the earth rejoice;
Let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.
2 Clouds and darkness are round about him:
Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.
3 A fire goeth before him,
And burneth up his enemies round about.
4 His lightnings enlightened the world:
The earth saw, and trembled.
5 The hills melted like wax at the presence of the LORD,
At the presence of the LORD *of the whole earth.*

6 The heavens declare his righteousness,
And all the people see his glory.
7 Confounded be all they that serve graven images,
That boast themselves of idols:
Worship him, all ye gods.
8 Zion heard, and was glad; and the daughters of Judah rejoiced,
Because of thy judgments, O LORD.
9 For thou, LORD, art high above all the earth:
Thou art exalted far above all gods.
10 Ye that love the LORD, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints;
He delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.
11 Light is sown for the righteous,
And gladness for the upright in heart.
12 Rejoice in the LORD, ye righteous;
And give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

PSALM XCVIII.

O SING unto the LORD a new song; for he hath done marvellous things:
His right hand and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.
2 The LORD hath made known his salvation:
His righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.
3 He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel:
All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.
4 Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all the earth:
Make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.
5 Sing unto the LORD with the harp;
With the harp, and the voice of a psalm.
6 With trumpets, and sound of cornet,
Make a joyful noise before the LORD, *the King.*
7 Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
8 Let the floods clap their hands:
Let the hills be joyful together,
9 Before the LORD; for he cometh to judge the earth;
With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

LESSON 28.

Psalm XCIII.

THE Lord reigneth,
He is clothed with majesty;
The Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself.
The world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved.
2 Thy throne is established of old:
Thou art from everlasting.
3 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice.
The floods lift up their waves.
4 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters,
Yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.
5 Thy testimonies are very sure:
Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

Psalm XCIX.

THE Lord reigneth; let the people tremble:
He sitteth between the cherubim; let the earth be moved.
2 The Lord is great in Zion;
And he is high above all the people.
3 Let them praise thy great and terrible name;
For it is holy.
4 The king's strength also loveth judgment; thou dost establish equity,
Thou executest judgment and righteousness in Jacob.
5 Exalt ye the Lord our God,
And worship at his footstool; for he is holy.
6 { Moses and Aaron among his priests,
{ And Samuel among them that call upon his name;
They called upon the Lord, and he answered them.
7 He spake unto them in the cloudy pillar:
They kept his testimonies, and the ordinance that he gave them.
8 Thou answeredst them, O Lord our God:
{ *Thou wast a God that forgavest them,*
{ *Though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions.*
9 Exalt the Lord our God, and worship at his holy hill;
For the Lord our God is holy.

Psalm C.

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
2 *Serve the* Lord *with gladness: come before his presence with singing.*
3 Know ye that the Lord he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves;
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise:
Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.
5 For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting;
And his truth endureth to all generations.

LESSON 29.

Psalm CII.

HEAR my prayer, O Lord,
And let my cry come unto thee.
2 Hide not thy face from me
In the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me:
In the day when I call answer me speedily.
3 For my days are consumed like smoke,
And my bones are burned as a hearth.
4 My heart is smitten, and withered like grass;
So that I forget to eat my bread.
5 By reason of the voice of my groaning my bones cleave to my skin.
6 I am like a pelican of the wilderness:
I am like an owl of the desert.
7 I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop.
8 Mine enemies reproach me all the day;
And they that are mad against me are sworn against me.
9 For I have eaten ashes like bread,
And mingled my drink with weeping.
10 Because of thine indignation and thy wrath:
For thou hast lifted me up, and cast me down.
11 My days are like a shadow that declineth;
And I am withered like grass.
12 But thou, O Lord, shalt endure for ever;
And thy remembrance unto all generations.

13 Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion:
For the time to favour her, yea, the set time, is come.
14 For thy servants take pleasure in her stones,
And favour the dust thereof.
15 So the heathen shall fear the name of the LORD,
And all the kings of the earth thy glory.
16 When the LORD shall build up Zion,
He shall appear in his glory.
17 He will regard the prayer of the destitute,
And not despise their prayer.
18 This shall be written for the generation to come,
And the people which shall be created shall praise the LORD.
19 For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary;
From heaven did the LORD *behold the earth;*
20 To hear the groaning of the prisoner;
To loose those that are appointed to death;
21 To declare the name of the LORD in Zion,
And his praise in Jerusalem;
22 When the people are gathered together,
And the kingdoms, to serve the LORD.
23 He weakened my strength in the way;
He shortened my days.
24 I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days:
Thy years are throughout all generations.
25 Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth:
And the heavens are the work of thy hands.
26 They shall perish, but thou shalt endure:
Yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment;
As a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed:
27 *But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.*
28 The children of thy servants shall continue,
And their seed shall be established before thee.

LESSON 30.

PSALM CIII.

BLESS the LORD, O my soul:
And all that is within me, bless his holy name.
2 Bless the LORD, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits:

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;
5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things;
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.
6 The LORD executeth righteousness,
And judgment for all that are oppressed.
7 He made known his ways unto Moses,
His acts unto the children of Israel.
8 The LORD is merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.
9 He will not always chide:
Neither will he keep his anger for ever.
10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins;
Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.
11 For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
12 As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
13 Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the LORD *pitieth them that fear him.*
14 For he knoweth our frame;
He remembereth that we are dust.
15 As for man, his days are as grass:
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;
And the place thereof shall know it no more.
17 But the mercy of the LORD is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,
And his righteousness unto children's children;
18 To such as keep his covenant,
And to those that remember his commandments to do them.
19 The LORD hath prepared his throne in the heavens;
And his kingdom ruleth over all.
20 Bless the LORD, ye his angels, that excel in strength,
That do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.
21 Bless ye the LORD, all ye his hosts;
Ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
22 Bless the LORD, all his works in all places of his dominion:
Bless the LORD, *O my soul.*

LESSON 31.

Psalm CIV.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honour and majesty.
2 Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment:
Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:
3 { Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters:
{ Who maketh the clouds his chariot.
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind:
4 Who maketh his angels spirits;
His ministers a flaming fire:
5 Who laid the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be removed for ever.
6 Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment:
The waters stood above the mountains.
7 At thy rebuke they fled;
At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.
8 They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys,
Unto the place which thou hast founded for them.
9 Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over;
That they turn not again to cover the earth.
10 He sendeth the springs into the valleys,
Which run among the hills.
11 They give drink to every beast of the field:
The wild asses quench their thirst.
12 By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation,
Which sing among the branches.
13 He watereth the hills from his chambers:
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.
14 He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man:
That he may bring forth food out of the earth;
15 *And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,*
And oil to make his face to shine,
And bread which strengtheneth man's heart.
16 The trees of the Lord are full of sap;
The cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;
17 Where the birds make their nests:
As for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

18 The nigh hills are a refuge for the wild goats;
And the rocks for the conies.
19 He appointed the moon for seasons:
The sun knoweth his going down.
20 Thou makest darkness, and it is night:
Wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.
21 The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their meat from God.
22 The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together,
And lay them down in their dens
23 Man goeth forth unto his work
And to his labour until the evening.
24 O LORD, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all:
The earth is full of thy riches.
25 So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable,
Both small and great beasts.
26 There go the ships:
There is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.
27 These wait all upon thee;
That thou mayest give them their meat in due season.
28 That thou givest them they gather:
Thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.
29 Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled:
Thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.
30 Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created:
And thou renewest the face of the earth.
31 The glory of the LORD shall endure for ever:
The LORD *shall rejoice in his works.*
32 He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth:
He toucheth the hills, and they smoke.
33 I will sing unto the LORD as long as I live:
I will sing praises to my God while I have my being.
34 My meditation of him shall be sweet:
I will be glad in the LORD.
35 Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth,
And let the wicked be no more.
Bless thou the LORD, O my soul.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

LESSON 32.

Psalm CV.

O H give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name;
Make known his deeds among the people.
2 Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him:
Talk ye of all his wondrous works.
3 Glory ye in his holy name:
Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.
4 Seek the Lord, and his strength:
Seek his face evermore.
5 Remember his marvellous works that he hath done;
His wonders, and the judgments of his mouth;
6 O ye seed of Abraham his servant,
Ye children of Jacob his chosen.
7 He is the Lord our God:
His judgments are in all the earth.
8 He hath remembered his covenant for ever,
The word which he commanded to a thousand generations.
9 Which covenant he made with Abraham,
And his oath unto Isaac;
10 And confirmed the same unto Jacob for a law,
And to Israel for an everlasting covenant:
11 Saying, Unto thee will I give the land of Canaan,
The lot of your inheritance:
12 When they were but a few men in number;
Yea, very few, and strangers in it.
13 When they went from one nation to another,
From one kingdom to another people;
14 He suffered no man to do them wrong:
Yea, he reproved kings for their sakes;
15 Saying, Touch not mine anointed,
And do my prophets no harm.
16 Moreover he called for a famine upon the land:
He brake the whole staff of bread.
17 He sent a man before them,
Even Joseph, who was sold for a servant:
18 Whose feet they hurt with fetters
He was laid in iron:

19 Until the time that his word came:
The word of the Lord *tried him.*
20 The king sent and loosed him:
Even the ruler of the people, and let him go free.
21 He made him lord of his house,
And ruler of all his substance:
22 To bind his princes at his pleasure;
And teach his senators wisdom.
23 Israel also came into Egypt;
And Jacob sojourned in the land of Ham.
24 And he increased his people greatly;
And made them stronger than their enemies.
25 He turned their heart to hate his people,
To deal subtilely with his servants.
26 He sent Moses, his servant;
And Aaron whom he had chosen.
27 They shewed his signs among them,
And wonders in the land of Ham.
28 He sent darkness, and made it dark;
And they rebelled not against his word.
29 He turned their waters into blood,
And slew their fish.
30 Their land brought forth frogs in abundance,
In the chambers of their kings.
31 He spake, and there came divers sorts of flies,
And lice in all their coasts.
32 He gave them hail for rain,
And flaming fire in their land.
33 He smote their vines also, and their fig trees;
And brake the trees of their coasts.
34 He spake, and the locusts came,
And caterpillars, and that without number,
35 And did eat up all the herbs in their land,
And devoured the fruit of their ground.
36 He smote also all the firstborn in their land,
The chief of all their strength.
37 He brought them forth also with silver and gold:
And there was not one feeble person among their tribes.
38 Egypt was glad when they departed:
For the fear of them fell upon them.

39 He spread a cloud for a covering;
And fire to give light in the night.
40 The people asked, and he brought quails,
And satisfied them with the bread of heaven.
41 He opened the rock, and the waters gushed out;
They ran in the dry places like a river.
42 For he remembered his holy promise,
And Abraham, his servant.
43 And he brought forth his people with joy,
And his chosen with gladness:
44 And gave them the lands of the heathen:
And they inherited the labour of the people;
45 That they might observe his statutes,
And keep his laws.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

LESSON 33.

PSALM CVII.

OH give thanks unto the LORD, for he is good
For his mercy endureth for ever.
2 Let the redeemed of the LORD say so,
Whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;
3 And gathered them out of the lands,
From the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.
4 They wandered in the wilderness, in a solitary way;
They found no city to dwell in.
5 Hungry and thirsty,
Their soul fainted in them.
6 Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble,
And he delivered them out of their distresses.
7 And he led them forth by the right way,
That they might go to a city of habitation.
8 Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
9 For he satisfieth the longing soul,
And filleth the hungry soul with goodness.
10 Such as sit in darkness and the shadow of death,
Being bound in affliction and iron;

11 Because they rebelled against the words of God,
And contemned the counsel of the Most High:
12 Therefore he brought down their heart with labour;
They fell down, and there was none to help.
13 Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble,
And he saved them out of their distresses.
14 He brought them out of darkness, and the shadow of death,
And brake their bands in sunder.
15 Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
16 For he hath broken the gates of brass,
And cut the bars of iron in sunder.
17 Fools, because of their transgression,
And because of their iniquities, are afflicted.
18 Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat;
And they draw near unto the gates of death.
19 Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble,
And he saveth them out of their distresses.
20 He sent his word, and healed them,
And delivered them from their destructions.
21 Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
22 And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving,
And declare his works with rejoicing.
23 They that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters;
24 These see the works of the LORD,
And his wonders in the deep.
25 For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind,
Which lifteth up the waves thereof.
26 They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths:
Their soul is melted because of trouble.
27 They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man,
And are at their wit's end.
28 Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble,
And he bringeth them out of their distresses.
29 He maketh the storm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are still.
30 Then are they glad because they be quiet;
So he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

31 Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men!
32 Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people,
And praise him in the assembly of the elders.
33 He turneth rivers into a wilderness,
And the watersprings into dry ground;
34 A fruitful land into barrenness,
For the wickedness of them that dwell therein.
35 He turneth the wilderness into a standing water,
And the dry ground into watersprings.
36 And there he maketh the hungry to dwell,
That they may prepare a city for habitation;
37 And sow the fields, and plant vineyards,
Which may yield fruits of increase.
38 He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly;
And suffereth not their cattle to decrease.
39 Again, they are minished and brought low,
Through oppression, affliction, and sorrow.
40 He poureth contempt upon princes,
And causeth them to wander in the wilderness, where there is no way.
41 Yet setteth he the poor on high from affliction,
And maketh him families like a flock.
42 The righteous shall see it, and rejoice:
And all iniquity shall stop her mouth.
43 Whoso is wise, and will observe these things,
Even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the LORD.

LESSON 34

PSALM CXI.

PRAISE ye the LORD. I will praise the LORD with my whole heart,
In the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.
2 The works of the LORD are great,
Sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.
3 His work is honourable and glorious:
And his righteousness endureth for ever.
4 He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered:
The LORD *is gracious and full of compassion.*
5 He hath given meat unto them that fear him:
He will ever be mindful of his covenant.

6 He hath shewed his people the power of his works,
That he may give them the heritage of the heathen.
7 The works of his hands are verity and judgment;
All his commandments are sure.
8 They stand fast for ever and ever,
And are done in truth and uprightness.
9 { He sent redemption unto his people:
{ He hath commanded his covenant for ever:
Holy and reverend is his name.
10 The fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom:
A good understanding have all they that do his commandments:
HIS PRAISE ENDURETH FOR EVER.

PSALM CXII.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Blessed is the man that feareth the LORD,
That delighteth greatly in his commandments.
2 His seed shall be mighty upon earth:
The generation of the upright shall be blessed.
3 Wealth and riches shall be in his house:
And his righteousness endureth for ever.
4 Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness:
He is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.
5 A good man sheweth favour, and lendeth;
He will guide his affairs with discretion.
6 Surely he shall not be moved for ever:
The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.
7 He shall not be afraid of evil tidings:
His heart is fixed, trusting in the LORD.
8 His heart is established, he shall not be afraid,
Until he see his desire upon his enemies.
9 { He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor:
{ His righteousness endureth for ever;
His horn shall be exalted with honour.
10 { The wicked shall see it, and be grieved;
{ He shall gnash with his teeth, and melt away:
The desire of the wicked shall perish.

Psalm CXIII.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord,
Praise the name of the Lord.
2 Blessed be the name of the Lord,
From this time forth and for evermore.
3 From the rising of the sun, unto the going down of the same,
The Lord's *name is to be praised.*
4 The Lord is high above all nations,
And his glory above the heavens.
5 Who is like unto the Lord our God,
Who dwelleth on high,
6 Who humbleth himself to behold
The things that are in heaven, and in the earth!
7 He raiseth up the poor out of the dust,
And lifteth the needy out of the dunghill;
8 That he may set him with princes,
Even with the princes of his people.
9 He maketh the barren woman to keep house,
And to be a joyful mother of children.
Praise ye the Lord.

LESSON 35.

Psalm CXIV.

WHEN Israel went out of Egypt,
The house of Jacob from a people of strange language;
2 Judah was his sanctuary,
And Israel his dominion.
3 The sea saw it, and fled:
Jordan was driven back.
4 The mountains skipped like rams,
And the little hills like lambs.
5 What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest?
Thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?
6 Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams;
And ye little hills, like lambs?
7 Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord,
At the presence of the God of Jacob;

8 Which turned the rock into a standing water,
The flint into a fountain of waters.

Psalm CXV.

NOT unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory,
For thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.
2 Wherefore should the heathen say,
Where is now their God?
3 But our God is in the heavens:
He hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.
4 Their idols are silver and gold,
The work of men's hands.
5 They have mouths, but they speak not:
Eyes have they, but they see not:
6 They have ears, but they hear not:
Noses have they, but they smell not:
7 They have hands, but they handle not:
Feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat.
8 They that make them are like unto them;
So is every one that trusteth in them.
9 O Israel, trust thou in the Lord:
He is their help and their shield.
10 O house of Aaron, trust in the Lord:
He is their help and their shield.
11 Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord:
He is their help and their shield.
12 The Lord hath been mindful of us: he will bless us;
He will bless the house of Israel;
He will bless the house of Aaron
13 He will bless them that fear the Lord,
Both small and great.
14 The Lord shall increase you more and more,
You and your children.
15 Ye are blessed of the Lord
Which made heaven and earth.
16 The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's:
But the earth hath he given to the children of men.
17 The dead praise not the Lord,
Neither any that go down into silence.

31 But we will bless the LORD,
From this time forth, and for evermore.
PRAISE THE LORD.

LESSON 36.

PSALM CXVIII.

O GIVE thanks unto the LORD; for he is good:
Because his mercy endureth for ever.
2 Let Israel now say,
That his mercy endureth for ever.
3 Let the house of Aaron now say,
That his mercy endureth for ever.
4 Let them now that fear the LORD say,
That his mercy endureth for ever.
5 I called upon the LORD in distress:
The LORD *answered me, and set me in a large place.*
6 The LORD is on my side; I will not fear:
What can man do unto me?
7 The LORD taketh my part with them that help me:
Therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me.
8 It is better to trust in the LORD
Than to put confidence in man.
9 It is better to trust in the LORD
Than to put confidence in princes.
10 All nations compassed me about:
But in the name of the LORD *will I destroy them.*
11 They compassed me about; yea, they compassed me about:
But in the name of the LORD *I will destroy them.*
12 They compassed me about like bees;
They are quenched as the fire of thorns:
For in the name of the LORD *I will destroy them.*
13 Thou hast thrust sore at me that I might fall:
But the LORD *helped me.*
14 The LORD is my strength and song,
And is become my salvation.
15 The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous:
The right hand of the LORD *doeth valiantly.*
16 The right hand of the LORD is exalted:
The right hand of the LORD *doeth valiantly.*

17 I shall not die, but live,
And declare the works of the LORD.
18 The LORD hath chastened me sore:
But he hath not given me over unto death.
19 Open to me the gates of righteousness:
I will go into them, and I will praise the LORD:
20 This gate of the LORD,
Into which the righteous shall enter.
21 I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me,
And art become my salvation.
22 The stone which the builders refused
Is become the head stone of the corner.
23 This is the LORD's doing;
It is marvellous in our eyes.
24 This is the day which the LORD hath made;
We will rejoice and be glad in it.
25 Save now, I beseech thee, O LORD:
O LORD, *I beseech thee, send now prosperity.*
26 Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the LORD:
We have blessed you out of the house of the LORD.
27 God is the LORD, which hath shewed us light:
Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar.
28 Thou art my God, and I will praise thee:
Thou art my God, I will exalt thee.
29 Oh give thanks unto the LORD; for he is good:
For his mercy endureth for ever.

LESSON 37.

PSALM CXIX, 97–128.

OH how love I thy law!
It is my meditation all the day.
98 Thou through thy commandments hast made me wiser than mine enemies:
For they are ever with me.
99 I have more understanding than all my teachers:
For thy testimonies are my meditation.
100 I understand more than the ancients,
Because I keep thy precepts.
101 I have refrained my feet from every evil way,
That I might keep thy word.

102 I have not departed from thy judgments
For thou hast taught me.
103 How sweet are thy words unto my taste.
Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth.
104 Through thy precepts I get understanding.
Therefore I hate every false way.
105 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
And a light unto my path.
106 I have sworn, and I will perform it,
That I will keep thy righteous judgments.
107 I am afflicted very much:
Quicken me, O LORD, *according unto thy word.*
108 Accept, I beseech thee, the freewill offerings of my mouth, O LORD,
And teach me thy judgments.
109 My soul is continually in my hand:
Yet do I not forget thy law.
110 The wicked have laid a snare for me:
Yet I erred not from thy precepts.
111 Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage for ever:
For they are the rejoicing of my heart.
112 I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes
Alway, even unto the end.
113 I hate vain thoughts:
But thy law do I love.
114 Thou art my hiding place and my shield:
I hope in thy word.
115 Depart from me, ye evil doers:
For I will keep the commandments of my God.
116 Uphold me according unto thy word, that I may live:
And let me not be ashamed of my hope.
117 Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe:
And I will have respect unto thy statutes continually.
118 Thou hast trodden down all them that err from thy statutes:
For their deceit is falsehood.
119 Thou puttest away all the wicked of the earth like dross:
Therefore I love thy testimonies.
120 My flesh trembleth for fear of thee;
And I am afraid of thy judgments.
121 I have done judgment and justice:
Leave me not to mine oppressors.

122 Be surety for thy servant for good:
Let not the proud oppress me.
123 Mine eyes fail for thy salvation,
And for the word of thy righteousness.
124 Deal with thy servant according unto thy mercy,
And teach me thy statutes.
125 I am thy servant; give me understanding,
That I may know thy testimonies.
126 It is time for thee, LORD, to work:
For they have made void thy law.
127 Therefore I love thy commandments
Above gold; yea, above fine gold.
128 Therefore I esteem all thy precepts concerning all things to be right;
And I hate every false way.

LESSON 38.

PSALM CXIX, 129–160.

129 Thy testimonies are wonderful:
Therefore doth my soul keep them.
130 The entrance of thy words giveth light;
It giveth understanding unto the simple.
131 I opened my mouth, and panted:
For I longed for thy commandments.
132 Look thou upon me, and be merciful unto me,
As thou usest to do unto those that love thy name.
133 Order my steps in thy word:
And let not any iniquity have dominion over me.
134 Deliver me from the oppression of man:
So will I keep thy precepts.
135 Make thy face to shine upon thy servant;
And teach me thy statutes.
136 Rivers of waters run down mine eyes,
Because they keep not thy law.
137 Righteous art thou, O LORD,
And upright are thy judgments.
138 Thy testimonies that thou hast commanded are righteous
And very faithful.
139 My zeal hath consumed me,
Because mine enemies have forgotten thy words.

140 Thy word is very pure:
Therefore thy servant loveth it.
141 I am small and despised:
Yet do not I forget thy precepts.
142 Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness,
And thy law is the truth.
143 Trouble and anguish have taken hold on me:
Yet thy commandments are my delights.
144 The righteousness of thy testimonies is everlasting:
Give me understanding, and I shall live.
145 I cried with my whole heart; hear me O LORD:
I will keep thy statutes.
146 I cried unto thee; save me,
And I shall keep thy testimonies.
147 I prevented the dawning of the morning, and cried
I hoped in thy word.
148 Mine eyes prevent the night watches,
That I might meditate in thy word.
149 Hear my voice, according unto thy lovingkindness:
O LORD, *quicken me according to thy judgment.*
150 They draw nigh that follow after mischief:
They are far from thy law.
151 Thou art near, O LORD;
And all thy commandments are truth.
152 Concerning thy testimonies, I have known of old
That thou hast founded them for ever.
153 Consider mine affliction, and deliver me:
For I do not forget thy law.
154 Plead my cause, and deliver me:
Quicken me according to thy word.
155 Salvation is far from the wicked:
For they seek not thy statutes.
156 Great are thy tender mercies, O LORD:
Quicken me according to thy judgments.
157 Many are my persecutors and mine enemies;
Yet do I not decline from thy testimonies.
158 I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved;
Because they kept not thy word.
159 Consider how I love thy precepts:
Quicken me, O LORD, *according to thy lovingkindness.*
160 Thy word is true from the beginning:
And every one of thy righteous judgments endureth for ever.

LESSON 39.

Psalm CXXI.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence cometh my help.
2 My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made heaven and earth.
3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.
5 The Lord is thy keeper:
The Lord *is thy shade upon thy right hand.*
6 The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
He shall preserve thy soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in,
From this time forth, and even for evermore.

Psalm CXXII.

I WAS glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the house of the Lord.
2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.
3 *Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:*
4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord,
Unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.
5 For there are set thrones of judgment,
The thrones of the house of David.
6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
They shall prosper that love thee.
7 Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity within thy palaces.
8 For my brethren and companions' sakes,
I will now say, Peace be within thee.
9 Because of the house of the Lord our God,
I will seek thy good.

Psalm CXXIII.

UNTO thee I lift up mine eyes,
O thou that dwellest in the heavens.
2 Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters,
And as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress;
So our eyes wait upon the Lord our God,
Until that he have mercy upon us.
3 Have mercy upon us, O Lord, have mercy upon us:
For we are exceedingly filled with contempt.
4 Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease,
And with the contempt of the proud.

Psalm CXXV.

THEY that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion,
Which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.
2 As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,
So the Lord *is round about his people, from henceforth even for ever.*
3 For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous;
Lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.
4 Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good,
And to them that are upright in their hearts.
5 As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways,
The Lord *shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity.*
But peace shall be upon Israel.

LESSON 40.

Psalm CXXXIII.

BEHOLD, how good and how pleasant it is
For brethren to dwell together in unity.
2 It is like the precious ointment upon the head,
That ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard:
That went down to the skirts of his garments;
3 As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion:
For there the Lord *commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.*

Psalm CXXXIV.

BEHOLD, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord,
Which by night stand in the house of the Lord.
2 Lift up your hands in the sanctuary,
And bless the Lord.
3 The Lord, that made heaven and earth,
Bless thee out of Zion.

Psalm CXXXV.

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise ye the name of the Lord;
Praise him, O ye servants of the Lord.
2 Ye that stand in the house of the Lord,
In the courts of the house of our God,
3 Praise the Lord; for the Lord is good:
Sing praises unto his name; for it is pleasant.
4 For the Lord hath chosen Jacob unto himself,
And Israel for his peculiar treasure.
5 For I know that the Lord is great,
And that our Lord *is above all gods.*
6 Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did he in heaven, and in earth,
In the seas, and all deep places.
7 { He causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth;
{ He maketh lightnings for the rain;
He bringeth the wind out of his treasuries.
8 Who smote the firstborn of Egypt,
Both of man and beast.
9 Who sent tokens and wonders into the midst of thee, O Egypt,
Upon Pharaoh, and upon all his servants.
10 Who smote great nations, and slew mighty kings;
11 { *Sihon, king of the Amorites, and Og, king of Bashan,*
{ *And all the kingdoms of Canaan:*
12 And gave their land for a heritage,
A heritage unto Israel his people.
13 Thy name, O Lord, endureth for ever;
And thy memorial, O Lord, *throughout all generations.*
14 For the Lord will judge his people,
And he will repent himself concerning his servants.

15 The idols of the heathen are silver and gold,
The work of man's hands.
16 They have mouths, but they speak not;
Eyes have they, but they see not;
17 They have ears, but they hear not;
Neither is their any breath in their mouths.
18 They that make them are like unto them:
So is every one that trusteth in them.
19 Bless the LORD, O house of Israel:
Bless the LORD, *O house of Aaron:*
20 Bless the LORD, O house of Levi;
Ye that fear the LORD, *bless the* LORD.
21 Blessed be the LORD out of Zion,
Which dwelleth at Jerusalem.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

LESSON 41.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

I WILL praise thee with my whole heart:
Before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.
2 I will worship toward thy holy temple,
And praise thy name,
For thy lovingkindness and for thy truth:
For thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.
3 In the day when I cried thou answeredst me,
And strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.
4 All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O LORD,
When they hear the words of thy mouth.
5 Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the LORD:
For great is the glory of the LORD.
6 Though the LORD be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly:
But the proud he knoweth afar off.
7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me.
Thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies,
And thy right hand shall save me.
8 The LORD will perfect that which concerneth me:
Thy mercy, O LORD, endureth for ever:
Forsake not the works of thine own hands.

Psalm CXXXIX.

{O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me.
2 Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising;
Thou understandest my thought afar off.
3 Thou compassest my path and my lying down,
And art acquainted with all my ways.
4 For there is not a word in my tongue,
But lo, O Lord, *thou knowest it altogether.*
5 Thou hast beset me behind and before,
And laid thine hand upon me.
6 Such knowledge is too wonderful for me;
It is high, I cannot attain unto it.
7 Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
8 If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:
If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.
9 If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
10 Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.
11 If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me;
Even the night shall be light about me.
12 {Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee;
But the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.
13 For thou hast possessed my reins:
Thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.
14 I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made:
Marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.
15 My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret,
And curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.
16 {Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect;
And in thy book all my members were written,
Which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them
17 How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God!
How great is the sum of them!
18 If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand:
When I awake, I am still with thee.

19 Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God!
Depart from me, therefore, ye bloody men.
20 For they speak against thee wickedly,
And thine enemies take thy name in vain.
21 Do not I hate them, O LORD, that hate thee?
And am I not grieved with those that rise up against thee?
22 I hate them with perfect hatred:
I count them mine enemies.
23 Search me, O God, and know my heart:
Try me, and know my thoughts:
24 And see if there be any wicked way in me,
And lead me in the way everlasting.

LESSON 42.

PSALM CXLIV.

BLESSED be the LORD my strength,
Which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight.
2 My goodness, and my fortress;
My high tower, and my deliverer;
My shield, and he in whom I trust;
Who subdueth my people under me.
3 LORD, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him!
Or the son of man, that thou makest account of him!
4 Man is like to vanity:
His days are as a shadow that passeth away.
5 Bow thy heavens, O LORD, and come down:
Touch the mountains, and they shall smoke.
6 Cast forth lightning, and scatter them:
Shoot out thine arrows, and destroy them.
7 Send thine hand from above; rid me, and deliver me out of great waters,
From the hand of strange children;
8 Whose mouth speaketh vanity,
And their right hand is a right hand of falsehood.
9 I will sing a new song unto thee, O God:
Upon a psaltery and an instrument of ten strings will I sing praises unto thee.
10 It is he that giveth salvation unto kings:
Who delivereth David his servant from the hurtful sword.

11 Rid me, and deliver me from the hand of strange children,
Whose mouth speaketh vanity,
And their right hand is a right hand of falsehood:
12 That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth;
That our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace;
13 That our garners may be full, affording all manner of store;
That our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets:
14 That our oxen may be strong to labour; that there be no breaking in, nor going out:
That there be no complaining in our streets.
15 Happy is that people, that is in such a case:
Yea, happy is that people whose God is the LORD.

PSALM CXLV.

I WILL extol thee, my God, O king;
And I will bless thy name for ever and ever.
2 Every day will I bless thee;
And I will praise thy name for ever and ever.
3 Great is the LORD, and greatly to be praised;
And his greatness is unsearchable.
4 One generation shall praise thy works to another,
And shall declare thy mighty acts.
5 I will speak of the glorious honour of thy majesty,
And of thy wondrous works.
6 And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts:
And I will declare thy greatness.
7 They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness,
And shall sing of thy righteousness.
8 The LORD is gracious, and full of compassion;
Slow to anger, and of great mercy.
9 The LORD is good to all:
And his tender mercies are over all his works.
10 All thy works shall praise thee, O LORD;
And thy saints shall bless thee.
11 They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom,
And talk of thy power;
12 To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts,
And the glorious majesty of his kingdom.

13 Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom,
And thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.
14 The LORD upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth up all those that be bowed down.
15 The eyes of all wait upon thee;
And thou givest them their meat in due season.
16 Thou openest thine hand,
And satisfiest the desire of every living thing.
17 The LORD is righteous in all his ways,
And holy in all his works.
18 The LORD is nigh unto all them that call upon him,
To all that call upon him in truth.
19 He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him,
He also will hear their cry, and will save them.
20 The LORD preserveth all them that love him:
But all the wicked will he destroy.
21 My mouth shall speak the praise of the LORD:
And let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

LESSON 43.

PSALM CXLVI.

PRAISE ye the LORD.
Praise the LORD, *O my soul.*
2 While I live will I praise the LORD:
I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being
3 Put not your trust in princes,
Nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.
4 His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth;
In that very day his thoughts perish.
5 Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help,
Whose hope is in the LORD *his God:*
6 Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that therein is:
Which keepeth truth for ever:
7 Which executeth judgment for the oppressed:
Which giveth food to the hungry.
The LORD looseth the prisoners:
8 *The* LORD *openeth the eyes of the blind:*
The LORD raiseth them that are bowed down:
The LORD *loveth the righteous:*

9 The LORD preserveth the strangers: he relieveth the fatherless and the widow:
But the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.
10 The LORD shall reign forever,
Even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSALM CXLVII.

PRAISE ye the LORD: for it is good to sing praises unto our God;
For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.
2 The LORD doth build up Jerusalem:
He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.
3 He healeth the broken in heart,
And bindeth up their wounds.
4 He telleth the number of the stars;
He calleth them all by their names.
5 Great is our LORD, and of great power:
His understanding is infinite.
6 The LORD lifteth up the meek:
He casteth the wicked down to the ground.
7 Sing unto the LORD with thanksgiving;
Sing praise upon the harp unto our God.
8 Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.
9 He giveth to the beast his food,
And to the young ravens which cry.
10 He delighteth not in the strength of the horse:
He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.
11 The LORD taketh pleasure in them that fear him,
In those that hope in his mercy.
12 Praise the LORD, O Jerusalem;
Praise thy God, O Zion.
13 For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates;
He hath blessed thy children within thee.
14 He maketh peace in thy borders,
And filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.
15 He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth:
His word runneth very swiftly.
16 He giveth snow like wool:
He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

17 He casteth forth his ice like morsels:
Who can stand before his cold?
18 He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:
He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.
19 He sheweth his word unto Jacob,
His statutes and his judgments unto Israel.
20 He hath not dealt so with any nation:
And as for his judgments, they have not known them.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

LESSON 44.

PSALM CXLVIII.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise ye the LORD from the heavens:
Praise him in the heights.
2 Praise ye him, all his angels:
Praise ye him, all his hosts.
3 Praise ye him, sun and moon:
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
4 Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,
And ye waters that be above the heavens.
5 Let them praise the name of the LORD:
For he commanded, and they were created.
6 He hath also stablished them for ever and ever:
He hath made a decree which shall not pass.
7 Praise the LORD from the earth,
Ye dragons, and all deeps:
8 Fire, and hail; snow, and vapour;
Stormy wind fulfilling his word:
9 Mountains, and all hills;
Fruitful trees, and all cedars:
10 Beasts, and all cattle;
Creeping things, and flying fowl:
11 Kings of the earth, and all people;
Princes, and all judges of the earth:
12 Both young men, and maidens:
Old men, and children:
13 Let them praise the name of the LORD: for his name alone is excellent;
His glory is above the earth and heaven.

14 He also exalteth the horn of his people,
The praise of all his saints;
Even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him.
Praise ye the LORD.

PSALM CXLIX.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Sing unto the LORD a new song,
And his praise in the congregation of saints.
2 Let Israel rejoice in him that made him:
Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.
3 Let them praise him in the dance:
Let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.
4 For the LORD taketh pleasure in his people:
He will beautify the meek with salvation.
5 Let the saints be joyful in glory:
Let them sing aloud upon their beds.
6 Let the high praises of God be in their mouth,
And a two-edged sword in their hand;
7 To execute vengeance upon the heathen,
And punishments upon the people;
8 To bind their kings with chains,
And their nobles with fetters of iron;
9 To execute upon them the judgment written:
This honour have all his saints.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSALM CL.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise God in his sanctuary:
Praise him in the firmament of his power.
2 Praise him for his mighty acts:
Praise him according to his excellent greatness.
3 Praise him with the sound of the trumpet:
Praise him with the psaltery and harp.
4 Praise him with the timbrel and dance:
Praise him with stringed instruments and organs.
5 Praise him upon the loud cymbals:
Praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.
6 Let everything that hath breath praise the LORD.
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

[NOTE.—A few Lessons are added from the Messianic prophecies of Isaiah—similar to the Psalms in their poetical structure, and equally appropriate for responsive reading.]

LESSON 45.

ISAIAH XI, 1–9

AND there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse,
And a Branch shall grow out of his roots:
2 And the Spirit of the LORD shall rest upon him,
The spirit of wisdom and understanding,
The spirit of counsel and might,
The spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the LORD;
3 And shall make him of quick understanding,
In the fear of the LORD:
And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes,
Neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:
4 But with righteousness shall he judge the poor,
And reprove with equity for the meek of the earth.
And he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth,
And with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.
5 And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins,
And faithfulness the girdle of his reins.
6 The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb,
And the leopard shall lie down with the kid;
And the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together;
And a little child shall lead them.
7 And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together;
And the lion shall eat straw like the ox.
8 And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp,
And the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.
9 They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain,
For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the LORD, *as the waters cover the sea.*

ISAIAH XLII, 1–12.

BEHOLD my servant, whom I uphold;
Mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth;
I have put my Spirit upon him;
He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles.

2 He shall not cry, nor lift up,
Nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.
3 A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench:
He shall bring forth judgment unto truth.
4 He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth:
And the isles shall wait for his law.
5 Thus saith God the LORD,
He that created the heavens, and stretched them out;
He that spread forth the earth,
And that which cometh out of it;
He that giveth breath unto the people upon it,
And spirit to them that walk therein:
6 I the LORD have called thee in righteousness,
And will hold thine hand, and will keep thee,
And give thee for a covenant of the people,
For a light of the Gentiles;
7 To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison,
And them that sit in darkness, out of the prison-house.
8 I am the LORD: that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another,
Neither my praise to graven images.
9 Behold the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare:
Before they spring forth I tell you of them.
10 Sing unto the LORD a new song,
And his praise from the end of the earth,
Ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein;
The isles, and the inhabitants thereof.
11 Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice,
The villages that Kedar doth inhabit:
Let the inhabitants of the rock sing,
Let them shout from the top of the mountains.
12 Let them give glory unto the LORD,
And declare his praise in the islands.

LESSON 46.

ISAIAH LXI, 1–7.

THE Spirit of the LORD GOD is upon me;
Because the LORD *hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek*
He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted,
{ *To proclaim liberty to the captives,*
And the opening of the prison to them that are bound.

2 { To proclaim the acceptable year of the LORD,
{ And the day of vengeance of our God;
To comfort all that mourn;
3 To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion,
To give unto them beauty for ashes,
The oil of joy for mourning,
The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;
That they might be called trees of righteousness;
The planting of the LORD, *that he might be glorified.*
4 And they shall build the old wastes,
They shall raise up the former desolations,
And they shall repair the waste cities,
The desolations of many generations.
5 And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks,
And the sons of the alien shall be your ploughmen and your vine-dressers.
6 But ye shall be named the Priests of the LORD:
Men shall call you the Ministers of our God:
Ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles,
And in their glory shall ye boast yourselves.
7 For your shame ye shall have double;
And for confusion they shall rejoice in their portion;
Therefore in their land they shall possess the double:
Everlasting joy shall be upon them.

ISAIAH LV, 1–13.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,
And he that hath no money: come ye, buy, and eat;
Yea, come, buy wine and milk,
Without money and without price.
2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?
And your labour for that which satisfieth not?
Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good,
And let your soul delight itself in fatness.
3 Incline your ear, and come unto me;
Hear, and your soul shall live:
And I will make an everlasting covenant with you,
Even the sure mercies of David.
4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people,
A leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not,
And nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee,
Because of the LORD thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel;
For he hath glorified thee.
6 Seek ye the LORD while he may be found,
Call ye upon him while he is near:
7 Let the wicked forsake his way,
And the unrighteous man his thoughts:
And let him return unto the LORD, and he will have mercy upon him;
And to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.
8 For my thoughts are not your thoughts,
Neither are your ways my ways, saith the LORD.
9 For as the heavens are higher than the earth,
So are my ways higher than your ways,
And my thoughts than your thoughts.
10 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven,
And returneth not thither,
But watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud,
That it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:
11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth;
It shall not return unto me void,
But it shall accomplish that which I please,
And it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.
12 For ye shall go out with joy,
And be led forth with peace:
The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing,
And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.
13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree,
And instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree:
And it shall be to the LORD for a name,
For an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

LESSON 47.

ISAIAH XL, 1–13, 22–31.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.
2 *Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her,*
That her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned:
For she hath received of the LORD'S *hand double for all her sins.*

3 { The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness,
{ Prepare ye the way of the LORD,
Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.
4 Every valley shall be exalted,
And every mountain and hill shall be made low;
And the crooked shall be made straight,
And the rough places plain:
5 { And the glory of the LORD shall be revealed,
{ And all flesh shall see it together:
For the mouth of the LORD *hath spoken it.*
6 The voice said, Cry.
And he said, What shall I cry?
All flesh is grass,
And all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field:
7 { The grass withereth, the flower fadeth:
{ Because the spirit of the LORD bloweth upon it:
Surely the people is grass.
8 The grass withereth, the flower fadeth:
But the word of our God shall stand for ever.
9 O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain;
O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength;
Lift it up, be not afraid;
Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!
10 Behold the LORD GOD will come with strong hand,
And his arm shall rule for him:
Behold his reward is with him,
And his work before him.
11 He shall feed his flock like a shepherd:
He shall gather the lambs with his arm,
And carry them in his bosom,
And shall gently lead those that are with young.
12 Who hath measured th· waters in the hollow of his hand,
And meted out heaven with the span,
And comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure,
And weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?
13 Who hath directed the Spirit of the LORD,
Or being his counsellor hath taught him?

* * * * * *

22 It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth,
And the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers;

That stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain,
And spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in:
23 That bringeth the princes to nothing;
He maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.
24 Yea, they shall not be planted; yea, they shall not be sown:
Yea, their stock shall not take root in the earth:
And he shall also blow upon them, and they shall wither,
And the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble.
25 To whom then will ye liken me,
Or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One.
26 Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things.
That bringeth out their host by number:
He calleth them all by names, by the greatness of his might,
For that he is strong in power; not one faileth.
27 Why sayest thou, O Jacob,
And speakest, O Israel,
My way is hid from the LORD,
And my judgment is passed over from my God?
28 Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God,
The LORD, *the Creator of the ends of the earth,*
Fainteth not, neither is weary?
There is no searching of his understanding.
29 He giveth power to the faint;
And to them that have no might he increaseth strength.
30 Even the youths shall faint and be weary,
And the young men shall utterly fall:
31 But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength;
They shall mount up with wings as eagles;
They shall run, and not be weary;
And they shall walk, and not faint.

LESSON 48.

ISAIAH LX: 1–20.

ARISE, shine: for thy light is come,
And the glory of the LORD *is risen upon thee.*
2 For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth,
And gross darkness the people:
But the LORD shall arise upon thee,
And his glory shall be seen upon thee.

3 And the Gentiles shall come to thy light,
And kings to the brightness of thy rising.
4 Lift up thine eyes round about, and see:
All they gather themselves together,
They come to thee:
Thy sons shall come from far,
And thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.
5 Then thou shalt see, and flow together,
And thine heart shall fear and be enlarged;
Because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee,
The forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.
6 The multitude of camels shall come unto thee,
The dromedaries of Midian and Ephah:
All they from Sheba shall come:
They shall bring gold and incense;
And they shall shew forth the praises of the LORD.
7 All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee,
The rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee:
They shall come up with acceptance on mine altar,
And I will glorify the house of my glory.
8 Who are these that fly as a cloud,
And as the doves to their windows?
9 Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first,
To bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them,
Unto the name of the LORD thy God,
And to the Holy One of Israel, because he hath glorified thee.
10 And the sons of strangers shall build up thy walls,
And their kings shall minister unto thee;
For in my wrath I smote thee,
But in my favour have I had mercy on thee.
11 Therefore thy gates shall be open continually;
They shall not be shut day nor night;
That men may bring unto thee the forces of the Gentiles,
And that their kings may be brought.
12 For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish:
Yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted.
13 The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee,
The fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together,
To beautify the place of my sanctuary;
And I will make the place of my feet glorious.

14 The sons also of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee:
And all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet;
And they shall call thee The city of the LORD,
The Zion of the Holy One of Israel.
15 Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated,
So that no man went through thee,
I will make thee an eternal excellency,
A joy of many generations.
16 Thou shalt also suck the milk of the Gentiles,
And shalt suck the breast of kings:
And thou shalt know that I the LORD am thy Saviour,
And thy Redeemer, the Mighty One of Jacob.
17 For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver,
And for wood brass, and for stones iron;
I will also make thy officers peace,
And thine exactors righteousness.
18 Violence shall no more be heard in thy land,
Wasting nor destruction within thy borders;
But thou shalt call thy walls Salvation,
And thy gates Praise.
19 The sun shall be no more thy light by day;
Neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee:
But the LORD shall be unto thee an everlasting light,
And thy God thy glory.
20 Thy sun shall no more go down;
Neither shall thy moon withdraw itself;
For the LORD shall be thine everlasting light,
And the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

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Songs for the Sanctuary;

or,

Hymns and Tunes

for

Christian Worship.

PREFACE.

The Songs for the Sanctuary first came before the public in 1865. Of the seven years which have passed since, the compiler has spent the larger portion in Christian work out of his own country. On his return, he found that the Hymn and Tune Book he had issued so inconspicuously had received surprising favor among the Churches. He has been compelled to renew the worn-out electrotype plates at once.

Two thousand Congregations are already employing this Collection in their Sabbath worship. Nearly a quarter of a million copies have been purchased. For such unmistakable signs of welcome and success, he is humbly grateful to God and to his people.

The call has more than once been made for a Manual of more portable size, and of a somewhat more familiar and less stately character, for use in the Lecture and Prayer-meeting. The opportunity has been chosen, while the new edition was passing through the press, to select these pages now offered. And there have been added a number of the popular pieces, which introduce choruses and refrains.

He hopes that this Volume may be useful, and may be employed with the other. The advantage of a Collection which shall present the same general adaptations and arrangements for the Chapel as for the Church, must be apparent to all.

CHAS. S. ROBINSON.

Memorial Church, New York City,
September 25th, 1872.

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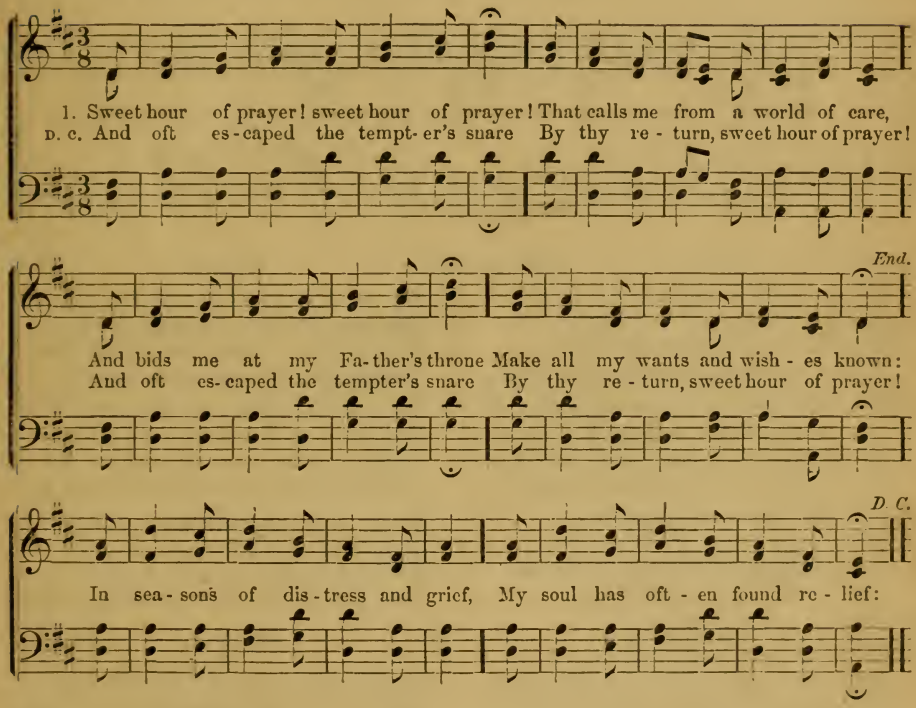
SONGS FOR THE SANCTUARY.

CHAPEL EDITION.

SWEET HOUR. L. M. D.



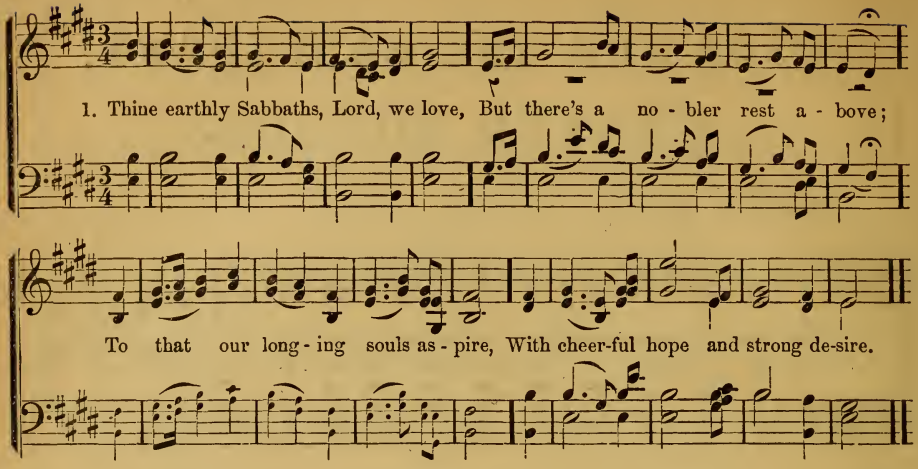
1 *Dan. 9 : 21.* CROSBY.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And, since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolations share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

SPOHR. L. M.



2 *Heb. 4 : 9.* DODDRIDGE.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

3 *Eph. 3 : 19.* WATTS.

COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

4 *Ps. 5 : 3.* ANON.

MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 Oh, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire—
One sinful thought through all the day.

3 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

5 *Phil. 4 : 7.* EDMESTON.

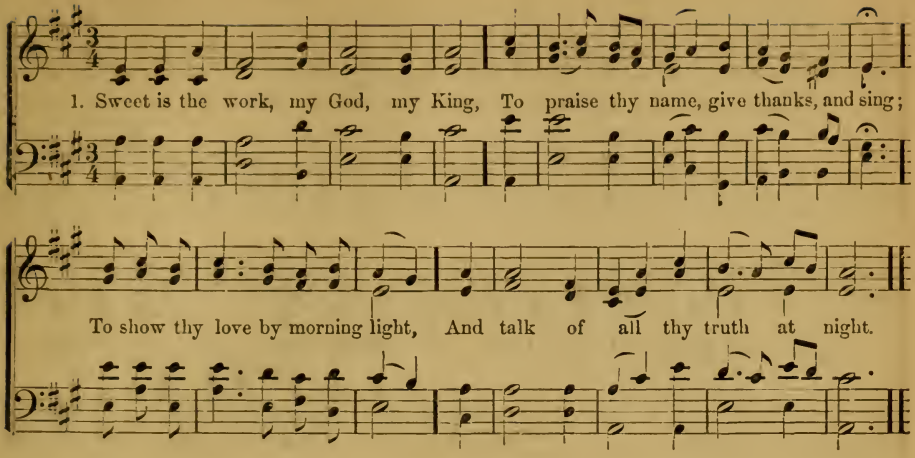
SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blest hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 The time how lovely and how still;
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees the smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

MIGDOL. L. M.



6 *Ps. 92.* WATTS.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

7 *Ps. 84.* WATTS.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints who sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

8 *Ps. 116: 7.* STENNETT.

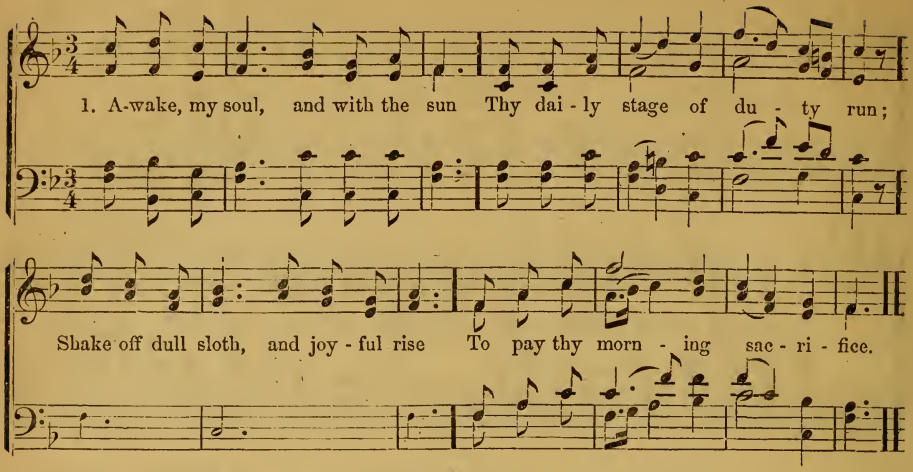
ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul! enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blessed.

2 Oh, that our tho'ts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains—
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

LOWRY. L. M.



9 *Ps. 5.* WATTS.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

10 *Ps. 84.* WATTS.

GREAT God! attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
Display thy grace, exert thy power,
Till all on earth thy name adore!

11 *Ps. 57.* WRANGHAM.

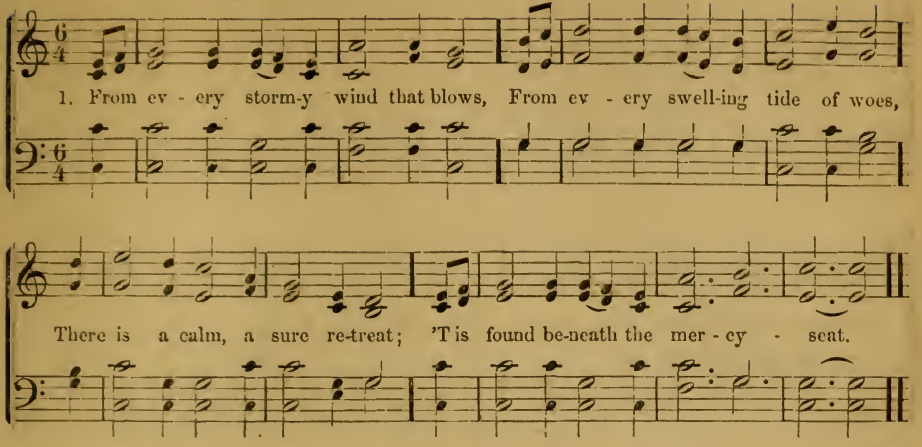
ETERNAL God, celestial King!
Exalted be thy glorious name;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

2 My heart is fixed on thee, my God!
I rest my hope on thee alone;
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,
To all mankind thy love make known.

3 Awake, my tongue! awake, my lyre!
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
Let songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.

4 With those who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
While every land, the earth around,
Shall hear, and in thy name rejoice.

RETREAT. L. M.



12 *Ex. 25 : 22.* STOWELL.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

5 Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

13 *Heb. 4 : 15, 16.* LOGAN.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,—
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

14 *Matt. 21 : 22.* NEWTON.

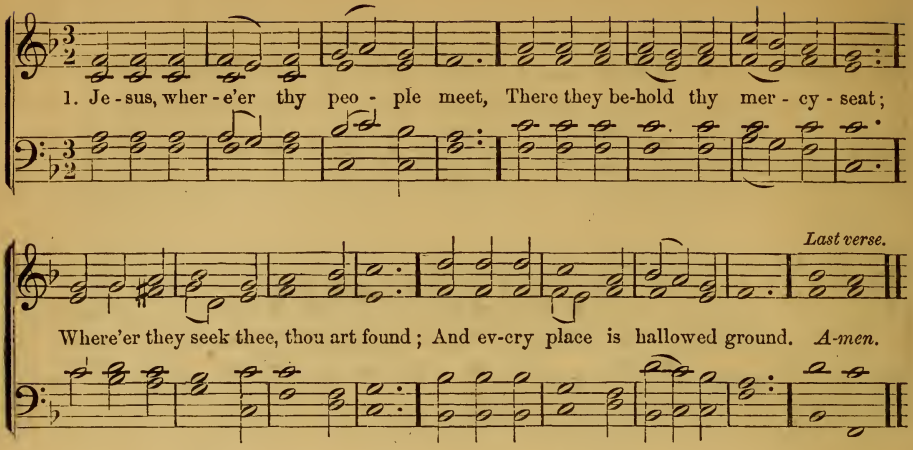
AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour:
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's power.

2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart;
More of thine image let me bear:
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength:
Oh! be thy boundless love revealed
In all its height and breadth and length.

4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign:
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

HURSLEY. L. M.



15 *John 4 : 21.* COWPER.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

16 *Matt. 18 : 20.* STENNETT.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;—

2 There will the gracious Saviour be,
To bless the little company;
There, to unvail his smiling face,
And bid his glories fill the place.

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord!
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send the Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

17 *Gen. 28 : 17.* KELLY.

How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour! on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah! Lord! behold us at thy feet;
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face:
Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

18 *1 Pet. 3 : 7.* COWPER.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

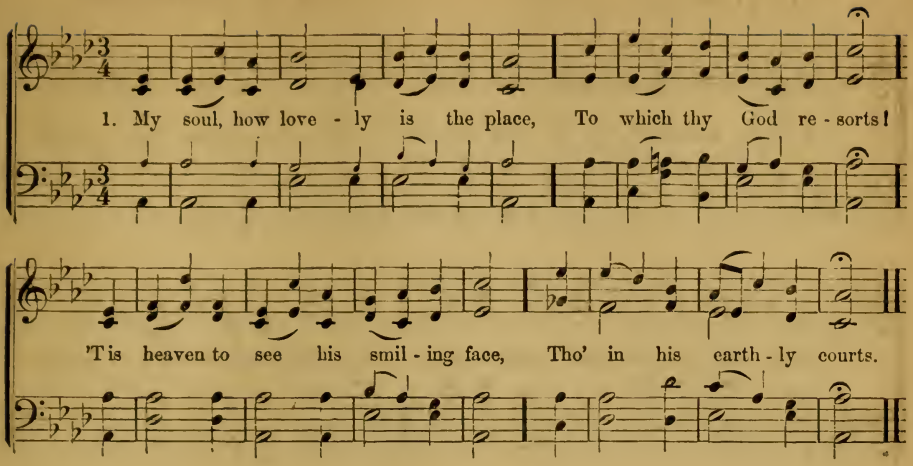
2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

CHURCH. C. M.



19 *Ps. 84.* WATTS.

My soul, how lovely is the place,
To which thy God resorts!
'T is heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts, the heavenly Dove
Descends and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

20 *Ps. 31 : 20.* COWPER.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode;
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She then communes with God.

4 Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet Source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour!—thou art mine!

5 What thanks I owe thee, and what love—
A boundless, endless store—
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

21 *Lev. 19 : 30.* BROWNE.

FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!

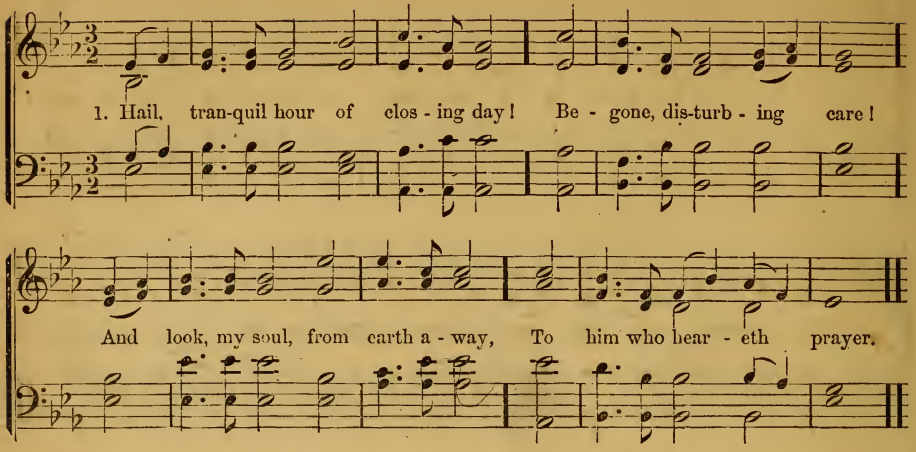
2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;—

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine;—

5 Where we in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range the ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

SOUTHPORT. C. M.



22 *Ps. 104 : 34.* BACON.

HAIL, tranquil hour of closing day!
Begone, disturbing care!
And look, my soul, from earth away,
To him who heareth prayer.

2 How sweet the tear of penitence,
Before his throne of grace,
While, to the contrite spirit's sense,
He shows his smiling face.

3 How sweet, thro' long-remembered years,
His mercies to recall;
And, pressed with wants, and griefs, and fears,
To trust his love for all.

4 How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope,
Beyond this fading sky,
And hear him call his children up
To his fair home on high.

5 Calmly the day forsakes our heaven
To dawn beyond the west;
So let my soul, in life's last even
Retire to glorious rest.

23 *Matt. 18 : 20.* HASTINGS.

WHEREVER two or three may meet,
To worship in thy name,
Bending beneath thy mercy-seat,
This promise they may claim :—

2 Jesus in love will condescend
To bless the hallowed place;
The Saviour will himself attend,
And show his smiling face.

3 How bright the assurance! gracious Lord,
Fountain of peace and love,
Fulfill to us thy precious word,
Thy loving-kindness prove.

4 Now to our God—the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, sing!
With praise to God, the Three in One,
Let all creation ring.

24 *Ps. 68 : 6.* H. K. WHITE.

O LORD, another day is flown;
And we, a lowly band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

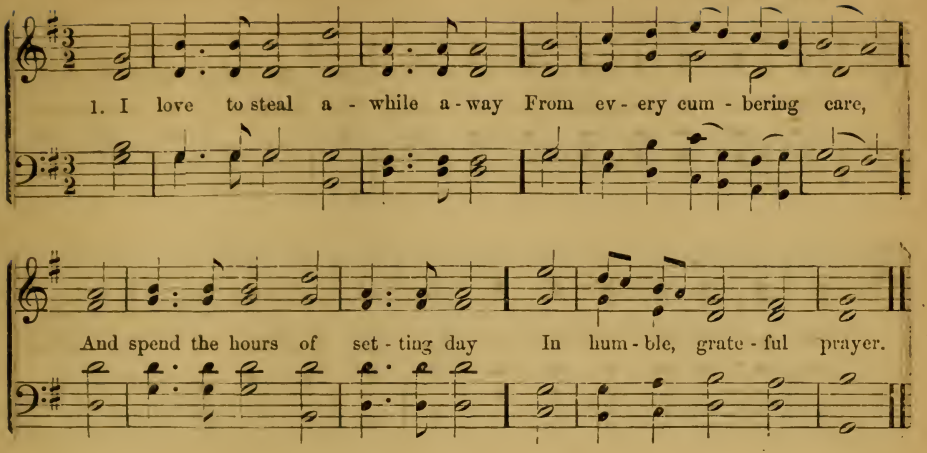
2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
All evil far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thy everlasting love.

4 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

5 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.



25 *Luke 10: 38-42.* BROWN.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

26 *1 John 5: 14.* ANON.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down!

27 *Ps. 145: 18.* STEELE.

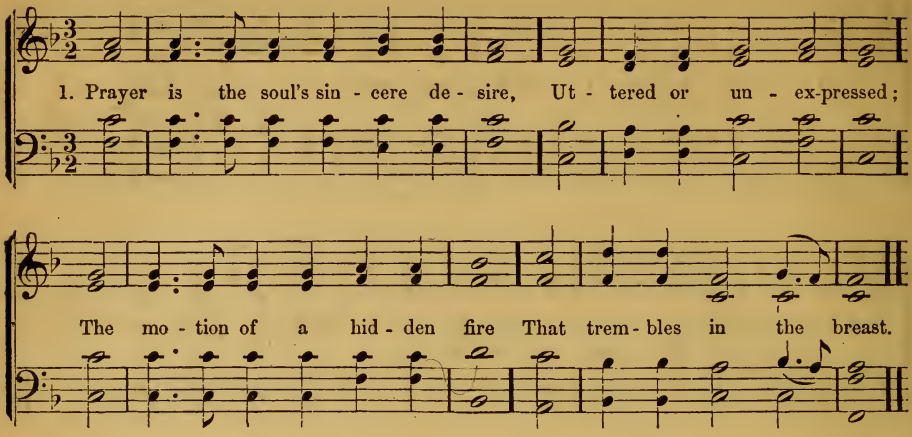
DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'T is here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

BYEFIELD. C. M.



28 *Ps. 65 : 2.* MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air:
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry—"Behold he prays!"

6 O thou, by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

29 *Mark 13 : 33.* HASTINGS.

THE Saviour bids thee watch and pray
Through life's momentous hour;
And grants the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
O Christian! hear his voice to-day:
Obedience is thy life.

3 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come
That calls thee from the earth away
To thy eternal home.

4 The Saviour bids thee watch and pray,
Oh, hearken to his voice,
And follow where he leads the way,
To heaven's eternal joys!

30 *1 Sam. 1 : 12, 13.* BEDDOME.

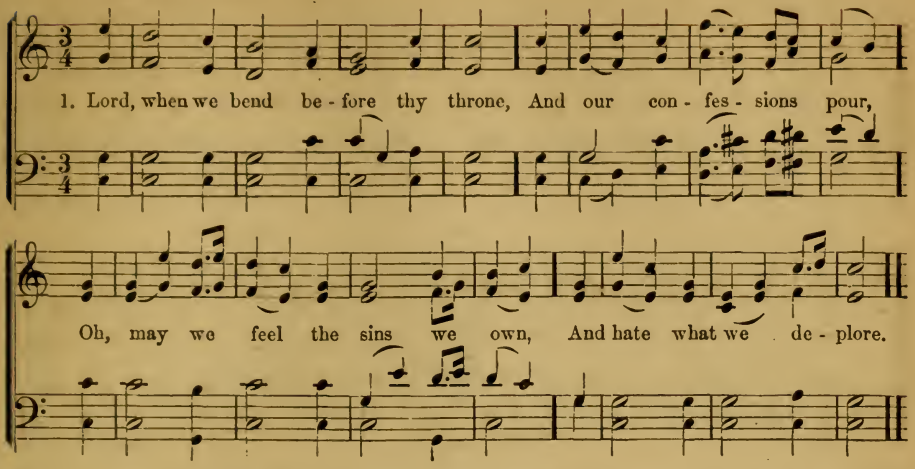
PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there's music in a sigh,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since he for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

BEMERTON. C. M.



31 *Ps. 66 : 18.* CARLYLE.

LORD! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Oh, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart:
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
Nor let a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our heart 't is goodness still
That grants it or denies.

32 *Acts 2 : 3.* HEBER.

SPIRIT of truth! on this thy day,
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim,
With fervor in our own.

3 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

4 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay,
With faith, and hope, and love.

33 *Rev. 5 : 13.* WATTS.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.

34 *Luke 24 : 29.* ANON.

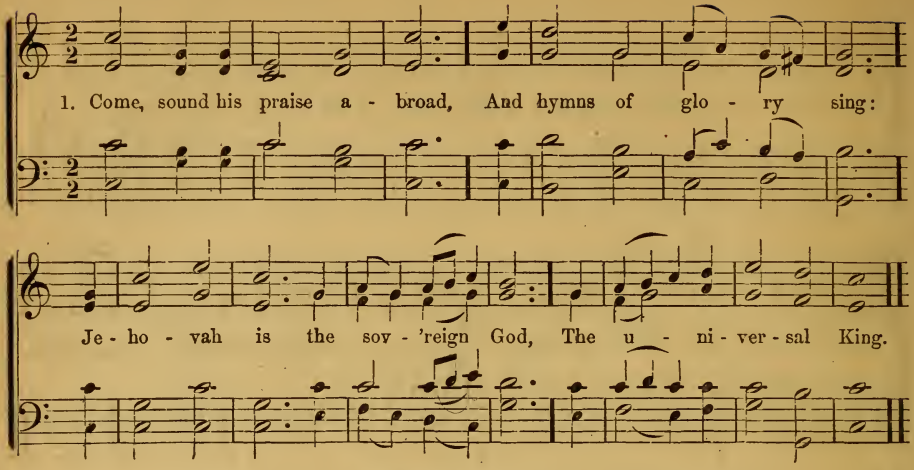
GOD of the sun-light hours, how sad
Would evening shadows be,
Or night, in deeper sable clad,—
If aught were dark to thee!

2 How mournfully that golden gleam
Would touch the thoughtful heart,
If, with its soft, retiring beam,
We saw thy love depart.

3 But, tho' the gathering gloom may hide
Those gentle rays awhile,
Yet they who in thy house abide,
Shall ever share thy smile.

4 Then let creation's volume close,
Though every page be bright;
On thine, still open, we repose
With more intense delight.

SILVER STREET. S. M.



35 *Ps. 95.* WATTS.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

36 *Ps. 48.* WATTS.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion, God is known,
A refuge in distress:
How bright hath his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 Oft have our fathers told,—
Our eyes have often seen,—
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress,
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

37 *Ps. 63.* WATTS.

MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

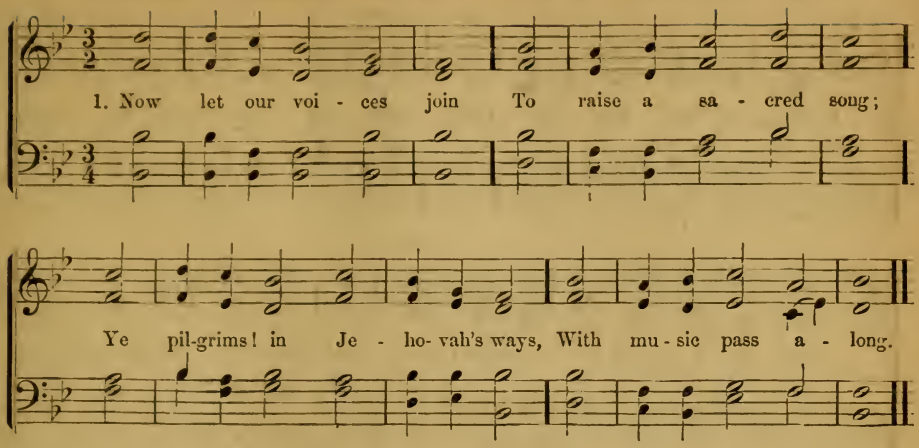
2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

3 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

STATE STREET. S. M.



38 *Ps. 76 : 2.* DODDRIDGE.

Now let our voices join
To raise a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims! in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 See—flowers of paradise,
In rich profusion, spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

3 See—Salem's golden spires,
In beauteous prospect, rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

4 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way,—
To him who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

39 *Isa. 6 : 6.* MONTGOMERY.

O THOU above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear thy holy name,
And laud, and magnify!

2 Oh, for the living flame
From thine own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

40 *1 John 4 : 8.* JERVIS.

WITH joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

41 *Acts 17 : 24.* BULFINCH.

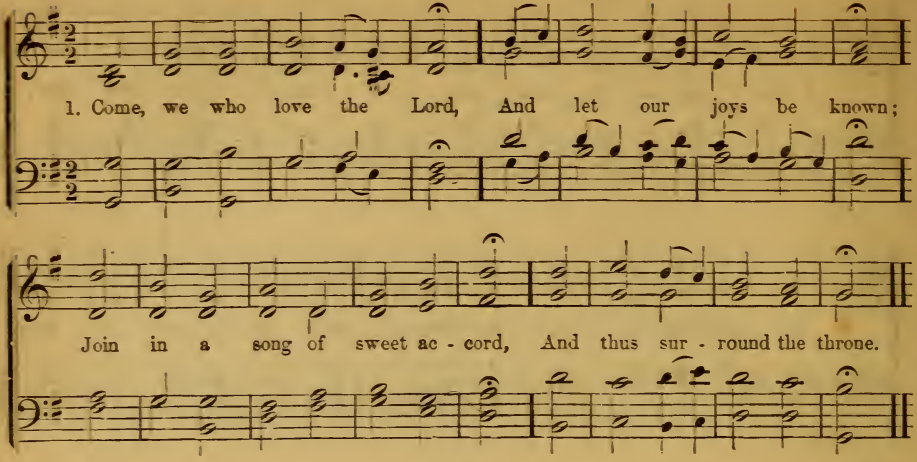
LORD, in this sacred hour
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

2 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

3 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of thine eternity.

4 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.



42 *Jas. 5 : 13.* WATTS.

COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

43 *Ps. 84.* WATTS.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

44 *Rev. 15 : 3, 4.* HAMMOND.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

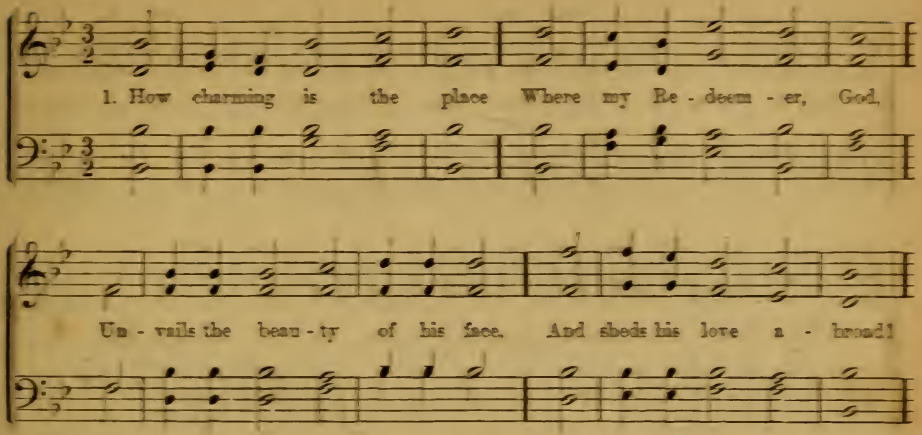
2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing, how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims! on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
"Ye blesséd children! come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

LISBON. S. M



45 *Ps. 63 : 2.* STENNETT.

How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauty of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit
And smile on all around.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

46 *2 Cor. 1 : 21, 22.* ANON.

COME, Spirit, source of light,
Thy grace is unconfined;
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The darkness of the mind.

2 Now to our eyes display
The truth thy words reveal;
Cause us to run the heavenly way,
Delighting in thy will.

3 Thy teachings make us know
The mysteries of thy love,
The vanity of things below,
The joy of things above.

4 While through this maze we stray,
Oh, spread thy beams abroad;
Disclose the dangers of the way,
And guide our steps to God.

47 *Ps. 117.* WATTS.

THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light, and evening shade,
Shall be exchanged no more.

48 *Ps. 92.* LYTE.

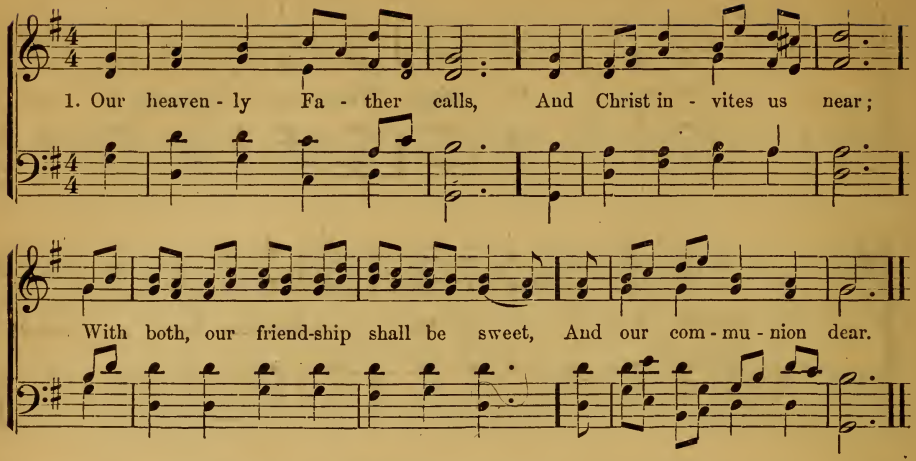
SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet—at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet—on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

SHIRLAND. S. M.



49 *1 John 1 : 3.* DODDRIDGE.

OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs:
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living Head,
We bless thy faithful care;
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

50 *Heb. 4 : 16.* NEWTON.

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all prevailing plea.

3 My soul! ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

51 *Luke 18 : 1.* NEWTON.

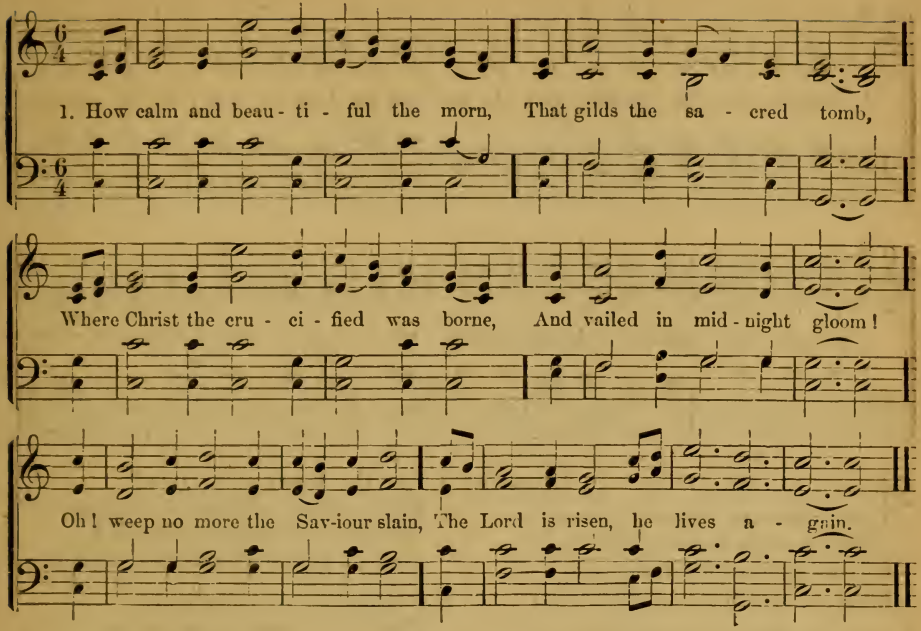
JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us, all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He 'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

HASTINGS. C. L. M.



52 *Matt. 28 : 6.* HASTINGS.

How calm and beautiful the morn,
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where Christ the crucified was borne,
And vailed in midnight gloom!
Oh, weep no more the Saviour slain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place, he is not here!"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law, your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ, ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
'T is Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears:
Oh, weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since he hath risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

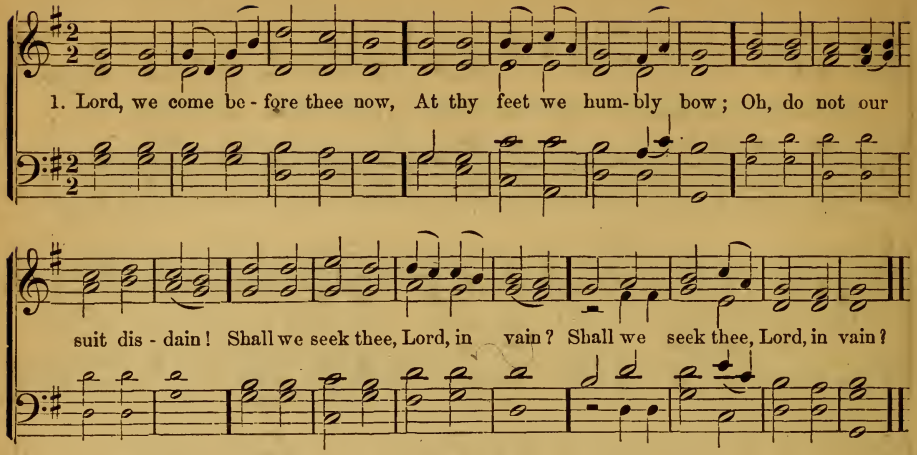
53 *Lam. 3 : 22.* ANON.

Lord of my life, whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before thy throne I bow;
I bless thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness for another day.

2 Oh, may I daily, hourly strive
In heavenly grace to grow;
To thee, and to thy glory, live,
Dead to all else below;
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God.

3 With prayer my humble praise I bring,
For mercies day by day;
Lord, teach my heart thy love to sing,
Lord, teach me how to pray;
All that I have—I am—to thee
I offer through eternity!

HENDON. 7s.



54 *Gen. 32 : 26.* HAMMOND.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

55 *Ps. 23.* MERRICK.

To thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied,
This my guard—and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

56 *Ps. 29 : 2.* MONTGOMERY.

To thy temple we repair—
Lord, we love to worship there,
When within the vail we meet
Thee upon the mercy-seat.

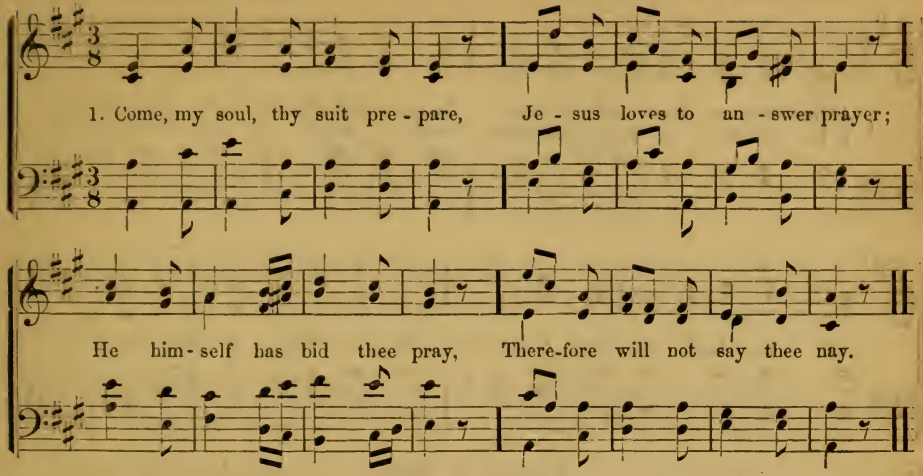
2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips—unloose our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads—
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
That at evening we may say—
'We have walked with God to-day.'

HORTON. 7s.



57 *Matt. 7 : 7.* NEWTON.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 With my burden I begin:—
Lord! remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There, thy sovereign right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

58 *Gen. 32 : 26.* NEWTON.

LORD! I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine 's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free—
Lord! that mercy came to me.

3 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

4 Thou hast helped in every need—
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

5 No—I must maintain my hold;
'T is thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

59 *Col. 4 : 2.* ANON.

HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored!
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to dwell with thee,
Till we all thy glory see.

4 Then, with angel-harps again,
We will wake a nobler strain;
There, in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

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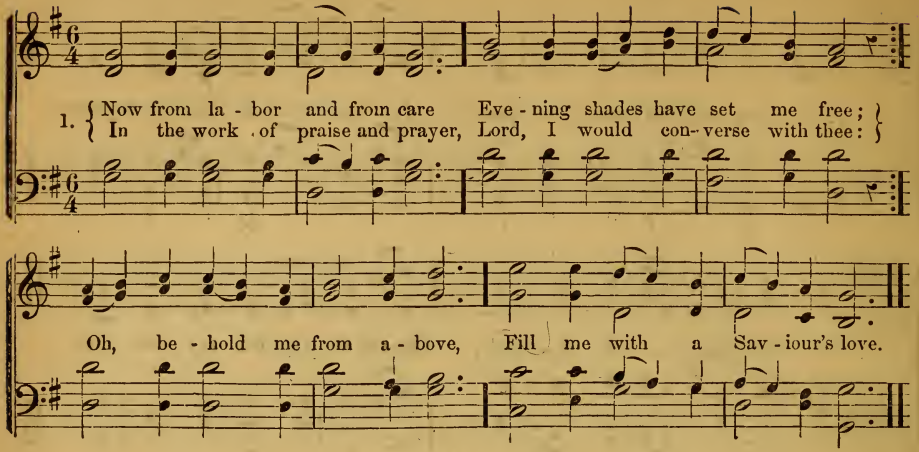

60 *Ps. 141 : 2.* HASTINGS.

Now, from labor and from care,
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord! I would converse with thee:
Oh! behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below,
But my Saviour's melting voice;
Lord! forgive—thy grace restore,
Make me thine forevermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,—
Grateful notes to thee I raise;
Oh! accept my song of praise.

61 *Gen. 2 : 3.* ELLIOTT.

HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams!
Light, which not of earth is born,
From thy dawn in glory streams;
Airs of heaven are breathed around,
And each place is holy ground.

2 Great Creator! who this day
From thy perfect work didst rest;
By the souls that own thy sway
Hallowed be its hours and blest;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone!

3 Saviour! who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb;
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom:
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to thee.

4 Blesséd Spirit! Comforter!
Sent this day from Christ on high;
Lord, on me thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify!
All thine influence shed abroad,
Fill me with the peace of God.

62 *2 Pet. 1 : 19.* TOPLADY.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

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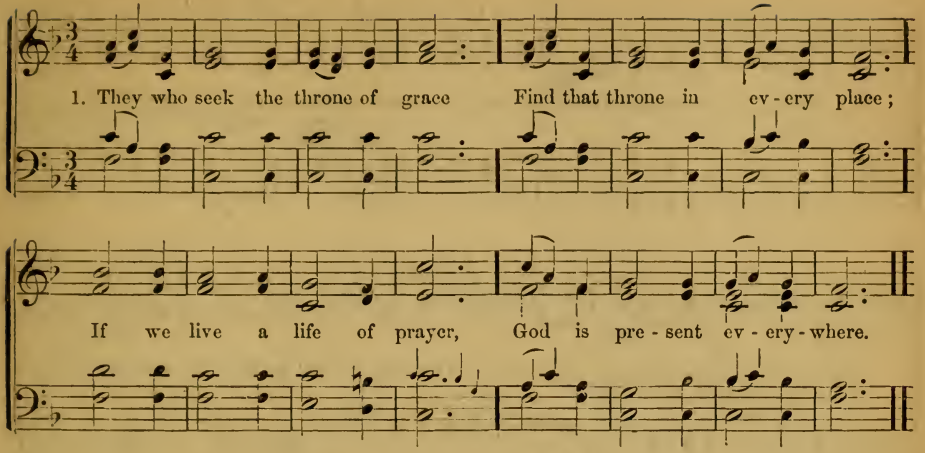


63 *Eph. 6 : 18.* ANON.

THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

64 *Isa. 56 : 7.* HASTINGS.

SOFT and holy is the place,
Where the light that beams from heaven
Shows the Saviour's smiling face,
With the joy of sin forgiven.

2 There, with one accord we meet,
All the words of life to hear;
Bending low at Jesus' feet,
Worshiping with godly fear.

3 Let the world and all its cares
Now retire from every breast;
Let the tempter and his snares
Cease to hinder or molest.

4 Precious Sabbath of the Lord,
Fairest type of heaven above!
Purest joy thy scenes afford
To the heart that's tuned to love.

65 *Acts 16 : 13.* EDMESTON.

HEAVENLY Spirit! may each heart
Through these sacred hours be thine;
May we from the world depart,
Breathing after things divine.

2 Lead us forth with joy and peace,
To thy temple, in thy ways;
And when this sweet day shall cease,
May its sun go down with praise.

66 *Acts 10 : 33.* RAY PALMER.

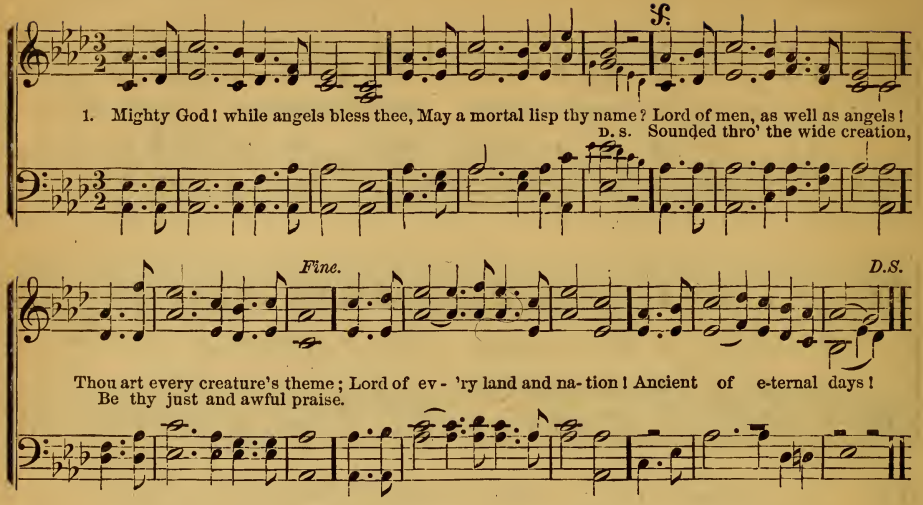
STEALING from the world away,
We are come to seek thy face;
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,
Grant us thy reviving grace.

2 Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light;
We, unless thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

3 Sun of Righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears;
May thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

4 Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with thy perfect love.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.



67 *Heb. 1 : 8.* ROBINSON.

MIGHTY God! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels!
Thou art every creature's theme
Lord of every land and nation!
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and awful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
Grand, beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For thy providence, that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be thy gentle reign.

3 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, tho' vailed in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue! such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die:—

4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives!—
Flow, my praise, forever flow:
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return and reign forever;—
Be the kingdom all thine own!

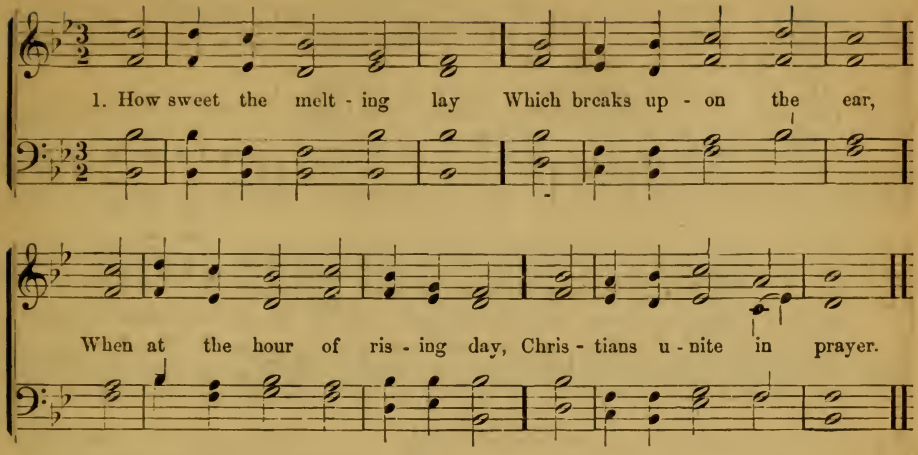
68 *Matt. 21 : 9.* GOODE.

CROWN his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee;
Thee our Saviour! thee our God!
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
In his word his light arises,
Brightest beams of truth and grace;
Bind, oh, bind your sacrifices,
In his courts your offerings place.

3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne;
Now, ye saints, his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Flows, and flows forevermore.

STATE STREET. S. M.



69 *Matt. 14 : 23.* MRS. BROWN.

How sweet the melting lay
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day
Christians unite in prayer.

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light—
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 So Jesus still doth pray
Before the morning bright,
On heavenly mountains far away,
While we toil here in night.

5 Leave, Lord, thy vigil there,
Descend upon life's wave;
Come to the bark through midnight air,
The storm shall cease to rave.

70 *Ps. 137.* DWIGHT.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

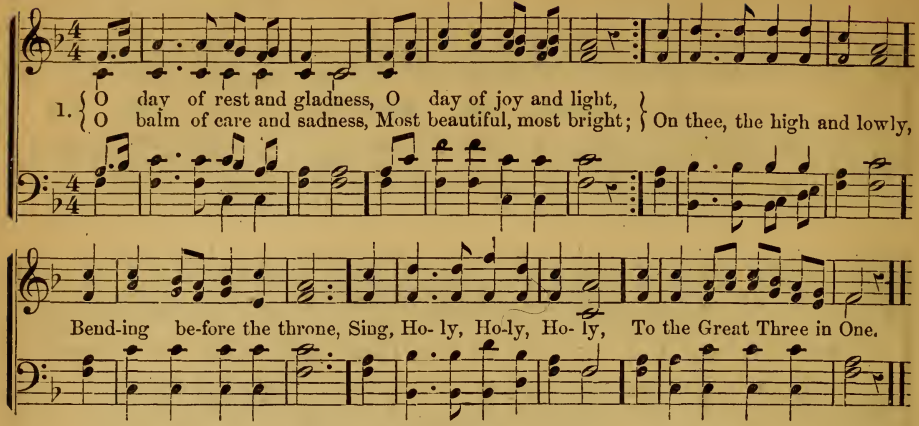
71 *1 Tim. 2 : 8.* ANON.

COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s.



72 *Isa. 58 : 13, 14.* WORDSWORTH.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth:
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from Heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

73 *Ps. 100 : 4.* RAY PALMER.

THINE holy day's returning,
Our hearts exult to see;
And with devotion burning,
Ascend, O God, to thee!
To-day with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
We search for heavenly treasure,
We learn thy holy law.

2 We join to sing thy praises,
Lord of the Sabbath day;
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay!
Thy richest mercies sharing,
Inspire us with thy love,
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

74 *Heb. 4 : 9.* DAVIS.

FROM every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure
That soon will fade and die;
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 What though we are but strangers
And sojourners below,
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go?
Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above;
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

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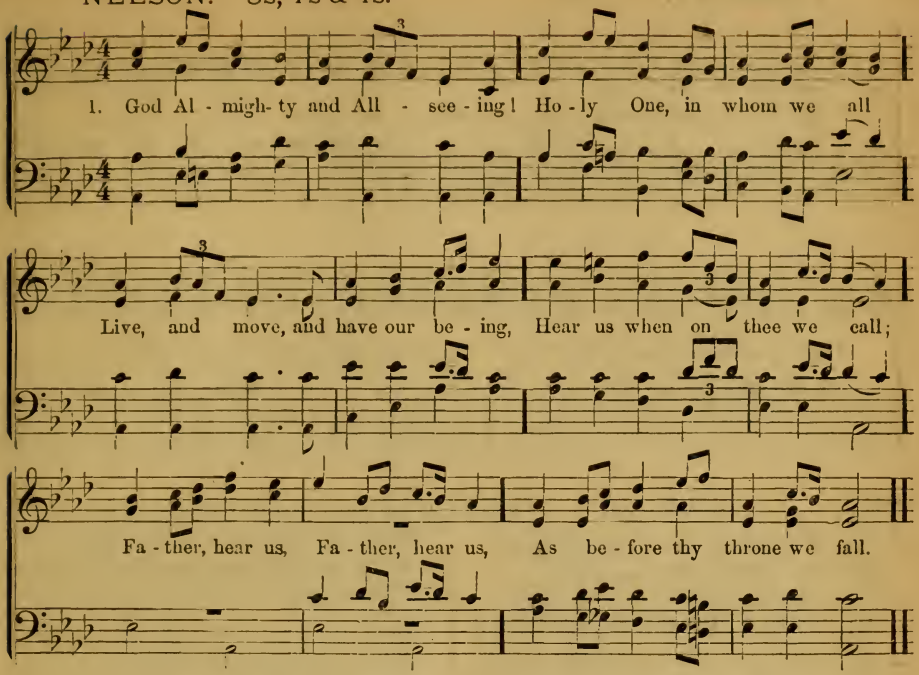


75 *Jas. 1 : 17.* PIERPONT.

GOD Almighty and All-seeing!
Holy One, in whom we all
Live, and move, and have our being,
Hear us when on thee we call;
Father, hear us,
As before thy throne we fall.

2 Of all good art thou the Giver;
Weak and wandering ones are we;
Then forever, yea, forever,
In thy presence would we be;
Oh, be near us,
That we wander not from thee.

76 *Heb. 12 : 1.* KELLY.

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment,
Full and pure forevermore.

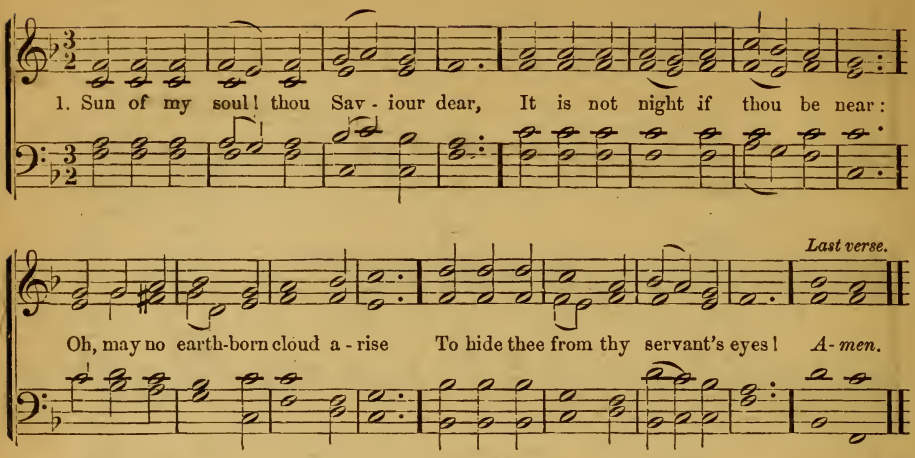
77 *Heb. 10 : 25.* ANON.

WELCOME, days of solemn meeting;
Welcome, days of praise and prayer;
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share;
Sacred seasons,
In your blessings we would share.

2 Be thou near us, blessèd Saviour,
Still at morn and eve the same;
Give us faith that cannot waver;
Kindle in us heaven's own flame;
Blessèd Saviour
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

3 When the fervent heart is glowing,
Holy Spirit, hear that prayer:
When the song of praise is flowing,
Let that song thine impress bear;
Holy Spirit,
Let that song thine impress bear.

HURSLEY. L. M.



78 *Luke 24 : 29.* KEBLE.

SUN of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

79 *Ps. 104 : 34.* C. ELLIOTT.

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

2 Blest is the tranquil break of morn,
And blest the hush of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer up-borne,
This fair, but transient, world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beauteous hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want, I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind!

5 Lord, till I reach the blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful, filial prayer to thee!

80 *Luke 21 : 37.* RAY PALMER.

THOU, Saviour, from thy throne on high,
Enrobed in light and girt with power,
Dost note the thought, the prayer, the sigh,
Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

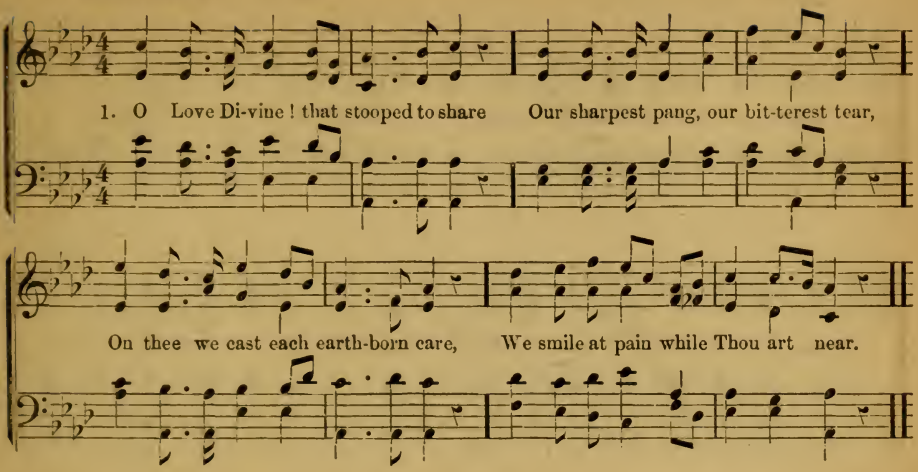
2 Oft thou thyself didst steal away,
At eventide, from labor done,
In some still, peaceful shade to pray
Till morning watches were begun.

3 Thou hast not, dearest Lord, forgot
Thy wrestlings on Judea's hills;
And still thou lov'st the quiet spot
Where praise the lowly spirit fills.

4 Now to our souls, withdrawn awhile
From earth's rude noise, thy face reveal;
And as we worship, kindly smile,
And for thine own our spirits seal.

5 To thee we bring each grief and care,
To thee we fly while tempests lower;
Thou wilt the weary burdens bear
Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

DWIGHT. L. M.



81 *Ps. 119 : 151.* HOLMES.

O LOVE Divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near!

82 *2 Cor. 12 : 19.* WATTS.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things—or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

83 *John 12 : 21.* WATTS.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone!
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see—
I wait a visit, Lord! from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour! what delicious fare—
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

84 *John 6 : 51.* RAY PALMER.

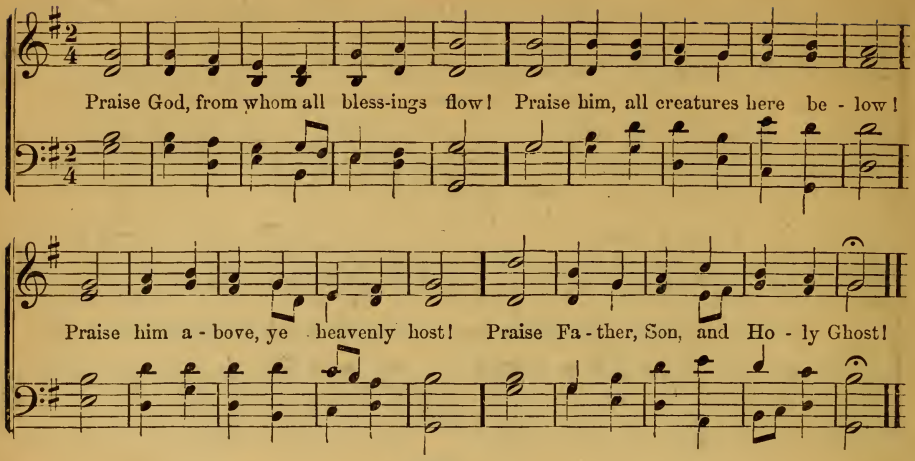
AWAY from earth my spirit turns,
Away from every transient good;
With strong desire my bosom burns,
To feast on heaven's immortal food.

2 Thou, Saviour, art the living bread;
Thou wilt my every want supply:
By thee sustained, and cheered, and led,
I'll press through dangers to the sky.

3 What though temptations oft distress,
And sin assails and breaks my peace;
Thou wilt uphold, and save, and bless,
And bid the storms of passion cease.

4 Then let me take thy gracious hand,
And walk beside thee onward still;
Till my glad feet shall safely stand,
Forever firm on Zion's hill.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



85 *Ps. 100.* WATTS.

YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God—'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give:
We are his work—and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good—the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace—his mercy sure;
And all the race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

86 *Ps. 39.* WATTS.

JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
Yet love reveals a smiling face,
And truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join,
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

87 *Ps. 117.* WATTS.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

88 *Ps. 100.* KETHE.

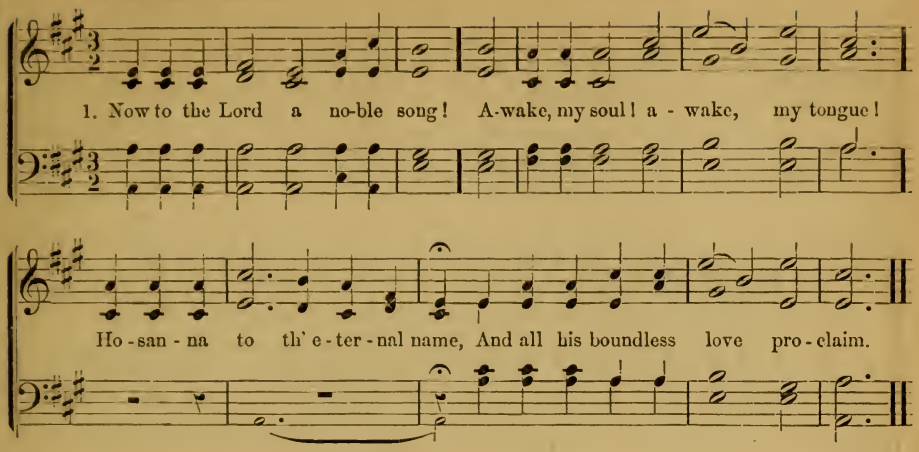
ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 Oh, enter, then, his gates with praise;
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

WARE. L. M.



89 *Heb. 1 : 2.* WATTS.

Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace!—'t is a sweet, a charming theme:
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound:
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh! may I reach that happy place,
Where he unvails his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

90 *Ps. 36.* WATTS.

High in the heavens, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That vails and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep:
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There, mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

91 "Te Deum." ANON.

Lord God of Hosts, by all adored!
Thy name we praise with one accord;
The earth and heavens are full of thee,
Thy light, thy love, thy majesty.

2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
Eternal praise to thee is given
By all the powers and thrones in heaven.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng,
The prophets aid to swell the song,
The noble and triumphant host
Of martyrs make of thee their boast.

4 The holy church in every place
Throughout the world exalts thy praise;
Both heaven and earth do worship thee,
Thou Father of eternity!

5 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, forevermore.

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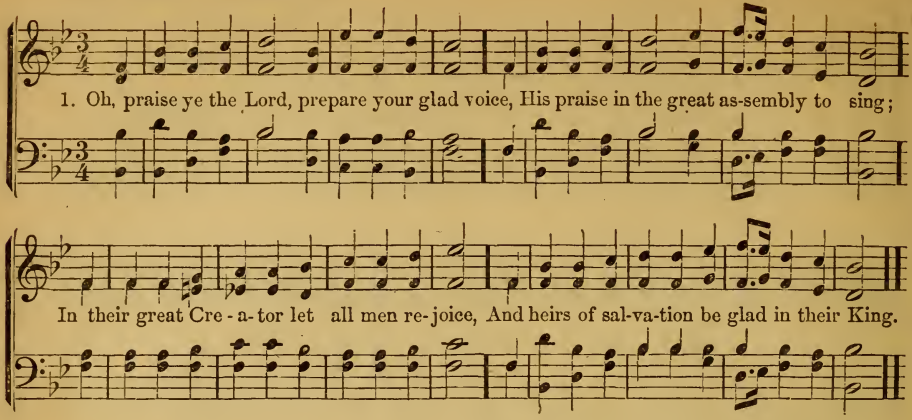

92 *Ps. 111.* TATE & BRADY.

OH, praise ye the Lord; prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing;
In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name devoutly adore;
In loud-swelling strains his praises express,
Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

3 With glory adorned, his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

93 *Ps. 18 : 11.* GRANT.

OH, worship the King all-glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 Oh, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

94 *Rev. 7 : 10.* C. WESLEY.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh—his presence we have;
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

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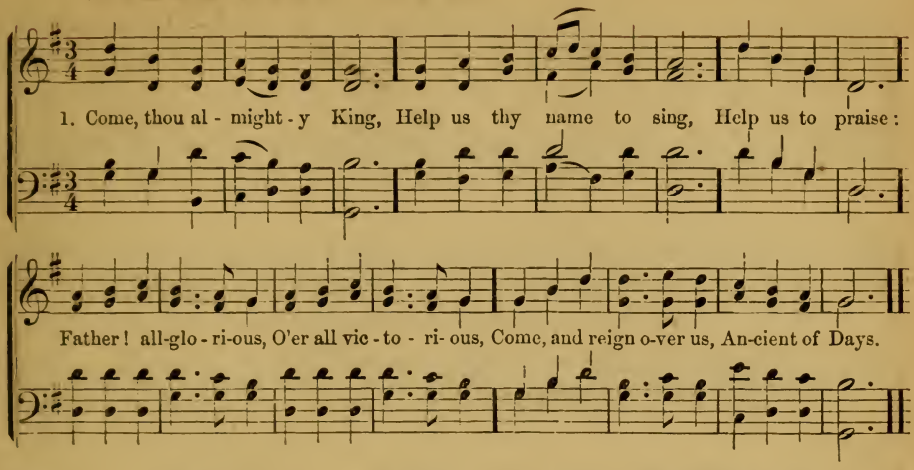


95 *1 John 5 : 7.* MADAN.

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

96 *Acts 17 : 28.* HASTINGS.

GOD of the morning ray,
God of the rising day,
Glorious in power!
In thee we live and move,
And thus we daily prove
Thy condescending love
Each passing hour.

2 God of our feeble race,
God of redeeming grace,
Spirit all-blest!
Our own eternal Friend,
Thy guardian influence lend,
From every snare defend—
In thee we rest.

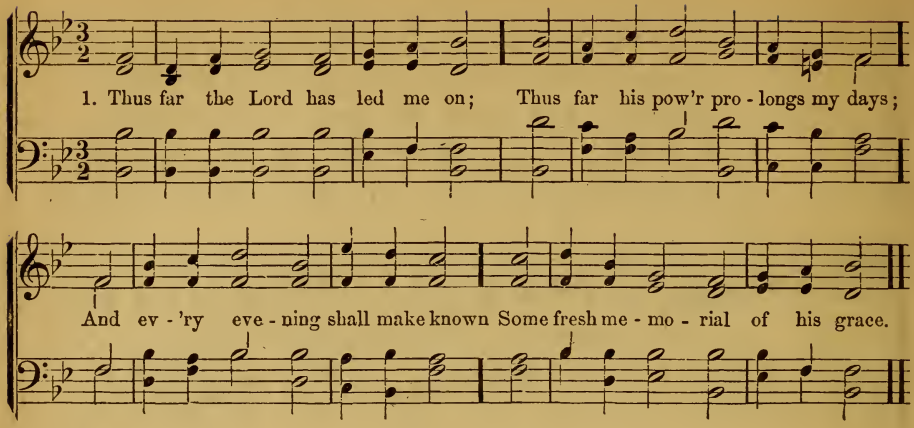
97 *Ps. 150.* GOODE.

PRAISE ye Jehovah's name;
Praise through his courts proclaim;
Rise and adore;
High o'er the heavens above,
Sound his great acts of love,
While his rich grace we prove,
Vast as his power.

2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise,
Wide as his fame;
There let the harp be found;
Organs, with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.

3 While his high praise you sing,
Shake every sounding string;
Sweet the accord!
He vital breath bestows;
Let every breath that flows,
His noblest fame disclose;
Praise ye the Lord.

HEBRON. L. M.



98 *Ps. 4 : 8.* WATTS.

THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

99 *Eph. 5 : 19.* HEBER.

LORD, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us, our few remaining days,
To work thy will and spread thy praise.

2 Teach us in life and death to bless
Thee, Lord, our strength and righteousness;
Grant that we all may meet above,
Where we shall better sing thy love.

3 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

100 *Jer. 3 : 15.* HART.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

101 *Ps. 19 : 14.* ANON.

WHILE now upon this Sabbath eve,
Thy house, Almighty God, we leave,
'Tis sweet, as sinks the setting sun,
To think on all our duties done.

2 Oh! evermore may all our bliss
Be peaceful, pure, divine like this;
And may each Sabbath, as it flies,
Fit us for joys beyond the skies.

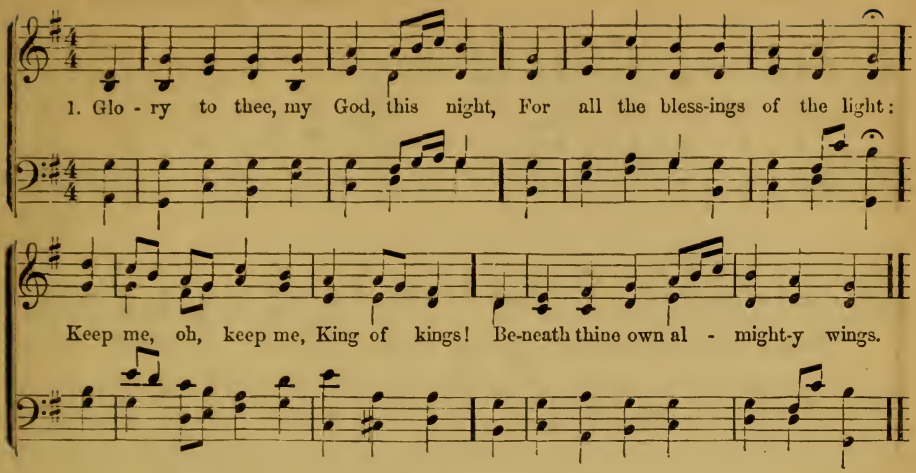
102 *Jas. 1 : 27.* ANON.

ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace, once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

2 May the great truths we here have heard,
The lessons of thy holy word—
Dwell in our inmost bosoms deep,
And all our souls from error keep.

3 Oh! may the influence of this day
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as a constant guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.



103 *Ps. 17 : 8.* KEN.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 Oh, let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close!
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Be thou my guardian, while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

6 Lord, let my soul forever share,
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'T is heaven on earth, 't is heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love!

104 *Phil. 4 : 7.* NEWTON.

THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts!

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here!

3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

105 *Ps. 35 : 18.* MONTGOMERY.

MILLIONS within thy courts have met,
Millions, this day, before thee bowed;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to thee they vowed.

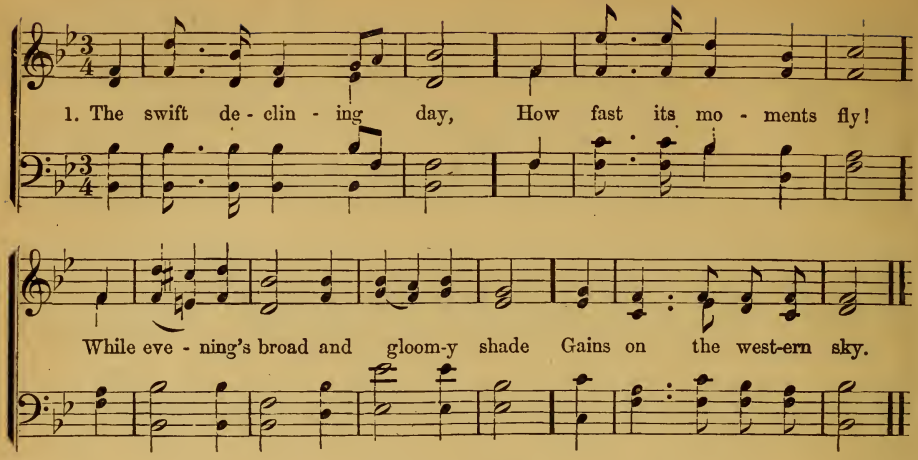
2 Soon as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath, all round the world, to keep.

3 From east to west, the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still, when evening stretched her shade,
The stars came out to hear their songs.

4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble thou wert nigh:
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

5 Yet one prayer more!—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord:
Fulfill thy promise to thy Son;
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord!

BRADEN. S. M.



106 *Eccl. 9 : 10.* DODDRIDGE.

THE swift declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
And know, its Maker can command
At once eternal night.

3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

4 Then shall new lustre break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

107 *Jude 24, 25.* WATTS.

To God the only wise,
Who keeps us by his word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

2 Hosanna to the Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
And ever bless his name.

3 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

108 *Luke 24 : 29.* NEALE.

THE day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore!

109 *Rom. 16 : 27.* E. T. FITCH.

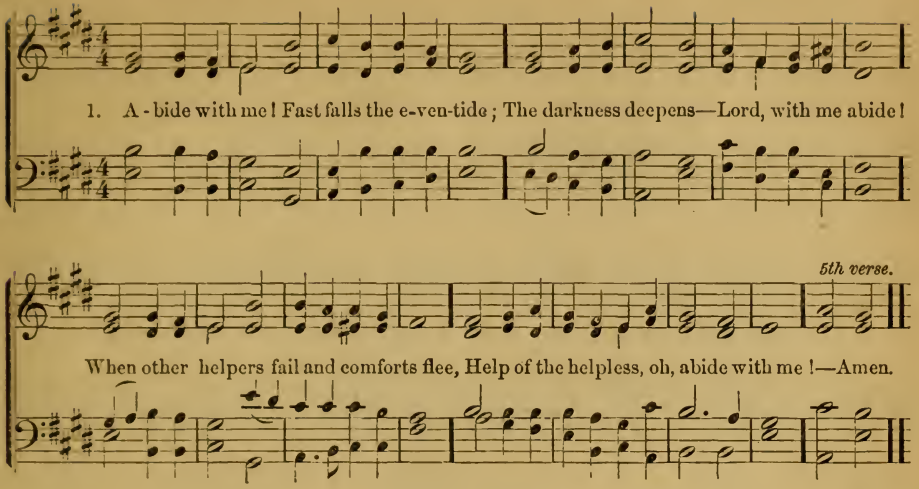
LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.

4 To God, the only wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

EVENTIDE. 10s.



110 *Luke 24 : 29.* LYTE.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour,
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4 Not a brief glance I long, a passing word;
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

111 *Luke 7 : 50.* ELLERTON.

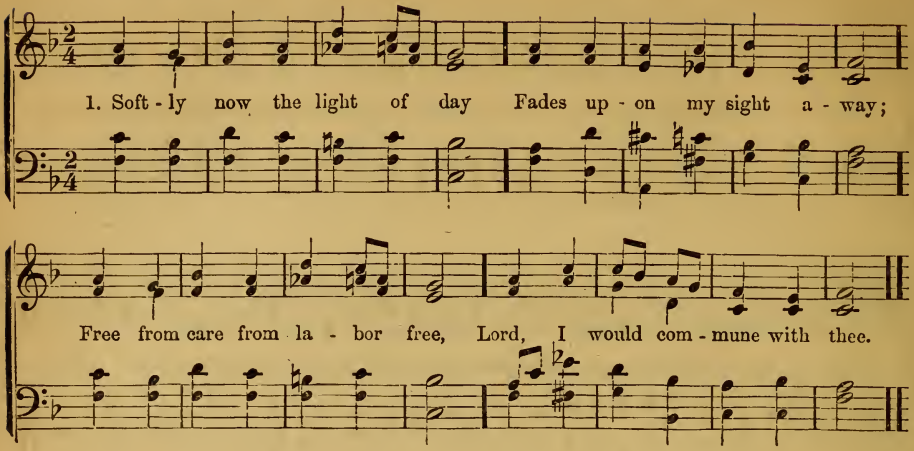
SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease,
And, now departing, wait thy word of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

SEYMOUR. 7s.



112 *Ps. 4 : 8.* DOANE.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

113 *Isa. 26 : 3.* NEWTON.

FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus! hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 Then if thou thy help afford,
Joyful songs to thee shall rise,
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who regards our humble cries.

114 *Ps. 121 : 4.* ANON.

THOU, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere,
Thou, who seest every heart,
Listen to our evening prayer.

2 Father, fill our hearts with love,
Love unfailing, full and free;
Love that no alarm can move,
Love that ever rests on thee.

3 Heavenly Father! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do thy will.

115 *1 Cor. 2 : 4.* KELLY

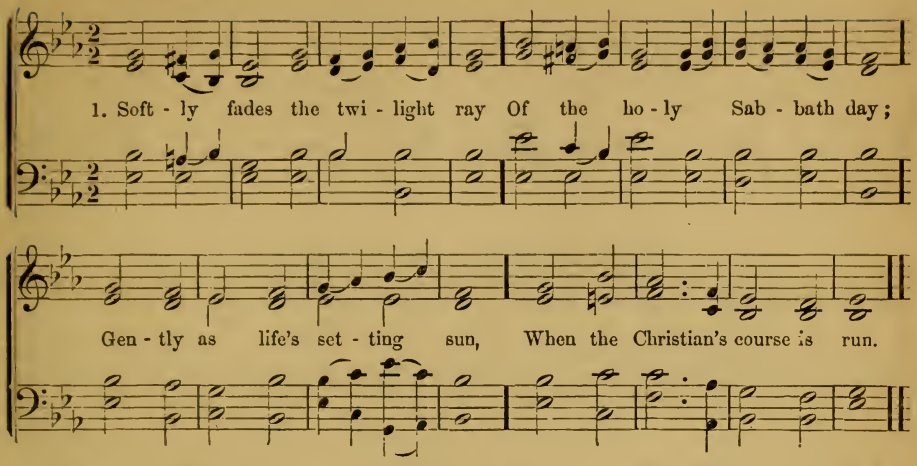
FATHER, bless thy word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove;
Oh, may sinners hear thy call,
Let thy people grow in love.

2 Thine own gracious message bless,
Follow it with power divine:
Give the gospel great success,
Thine the work, the glory thine.

3 Father, bid the world rejoice,
Send, oh, send thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear thy voice,
Hear it and return to God.

4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HOLLEY. 7s.



116 *Phil. 4 : 7.* S. F. SMITH.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God—
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour! may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

117 *Ps. 36 : 9.* ANON.

FATHER of our spirits! hear
Faith's effectual, fervent prayer;
Hear, and our petitions seal;
Let us now the answer feel.

2 Life of all that lives below!
Let thy Spirit in us flow;
Let us all thy life receive,
From thee, in thee, ever live.

118 *Heb. 13 : 20.* NEWTON.

Now may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our king and head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in his sight;
Make us perfect in his will,
And preserve us day and night!

3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

119 *Heb. 13 : 14, 15.* MONTGOMERY.

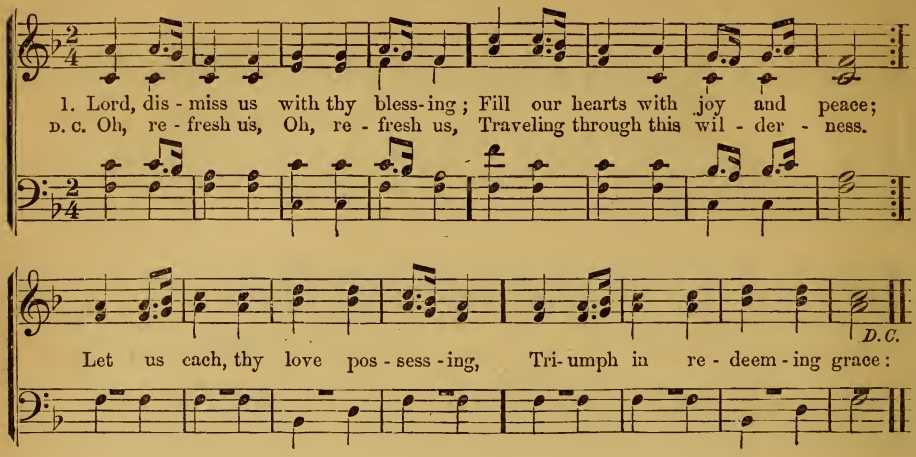
FOR the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth and King of heaven!

2 Cold our services have been,
Mingled every prayer with sin:
But thou canst and wilt forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.

3 While this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy children bend
To the rest which knows no end.

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.



120 *Phil. 1 : 11.* SHIRLEY.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

121 *1 Cor. 3 : 6.* EVANS.

COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed!
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 Oh, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word 's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

122 *2 Pet. 3 : 11.* KELLY.

GOD of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, oh, bless us, ere we go!
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow:
Saviour, keep us—
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our best and lasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

123 *Ps. 18 : 35.* HASTINGS.

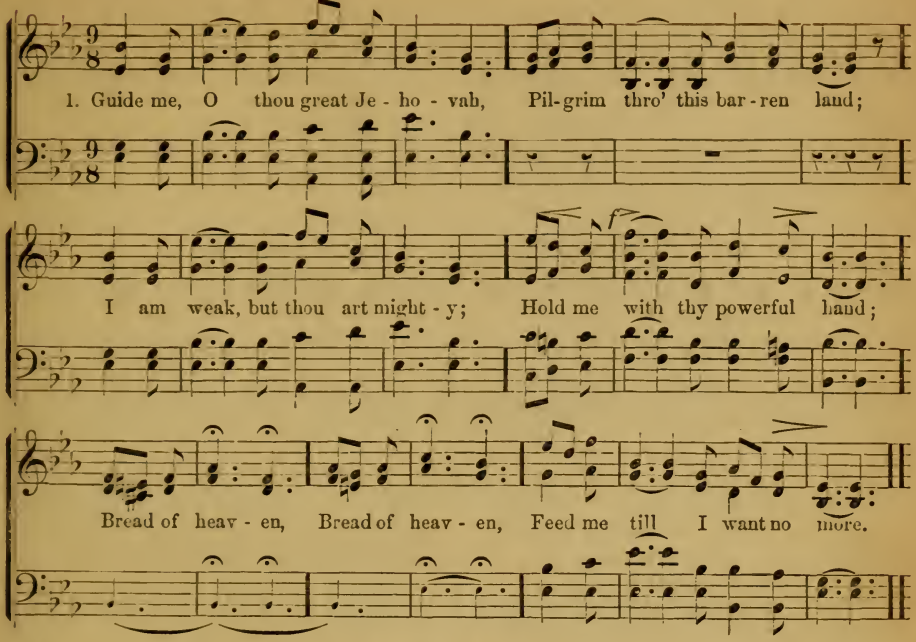
GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Thro' the changes thou 'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,—
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

SEGUR. 8s, 7s & 4s.



124 *Ex. 14: 19.* W. WILLIAMS.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's Destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

125 *1 Cor. 3: 21.* EDMESTON.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, feed us, keep us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

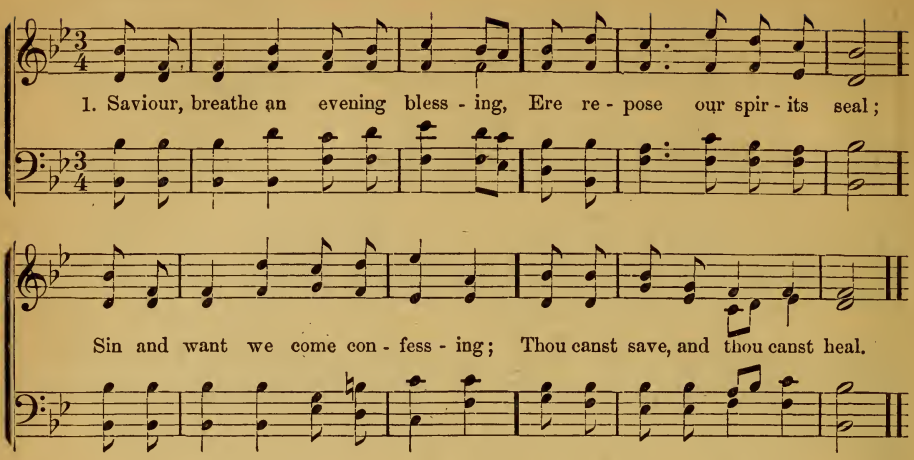
3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

126 *Ps. 91: 11.* ANON.

Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us ever:
Vain our hope, if left by thee;
We are thine; oh, leave us never,
Till thy glorious face we see;
Then to praise thee
Through a bright eternity.

2 Precious is thy word of promise,
Precious to thy people here;
Never take thy presence from us,
Jesus, Saviour, still be near:
Living, dying,
May thy name our spirits cheer.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.



127 *Ps. 4: 8.* EDMESTON.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

128 *Jer. 3: 15.* SMYTH.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase.

2 Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

3 Praise the Father, earth and heaven;
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

129 *Ps. 23: 2.* BICKERSTETH.

HEAVENLY Shepherd, guide us, feed us,
Through our pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead us,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.

2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly bending, we implore;
We have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

130 *2 Cor. 13: 14.* NEWTON.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!

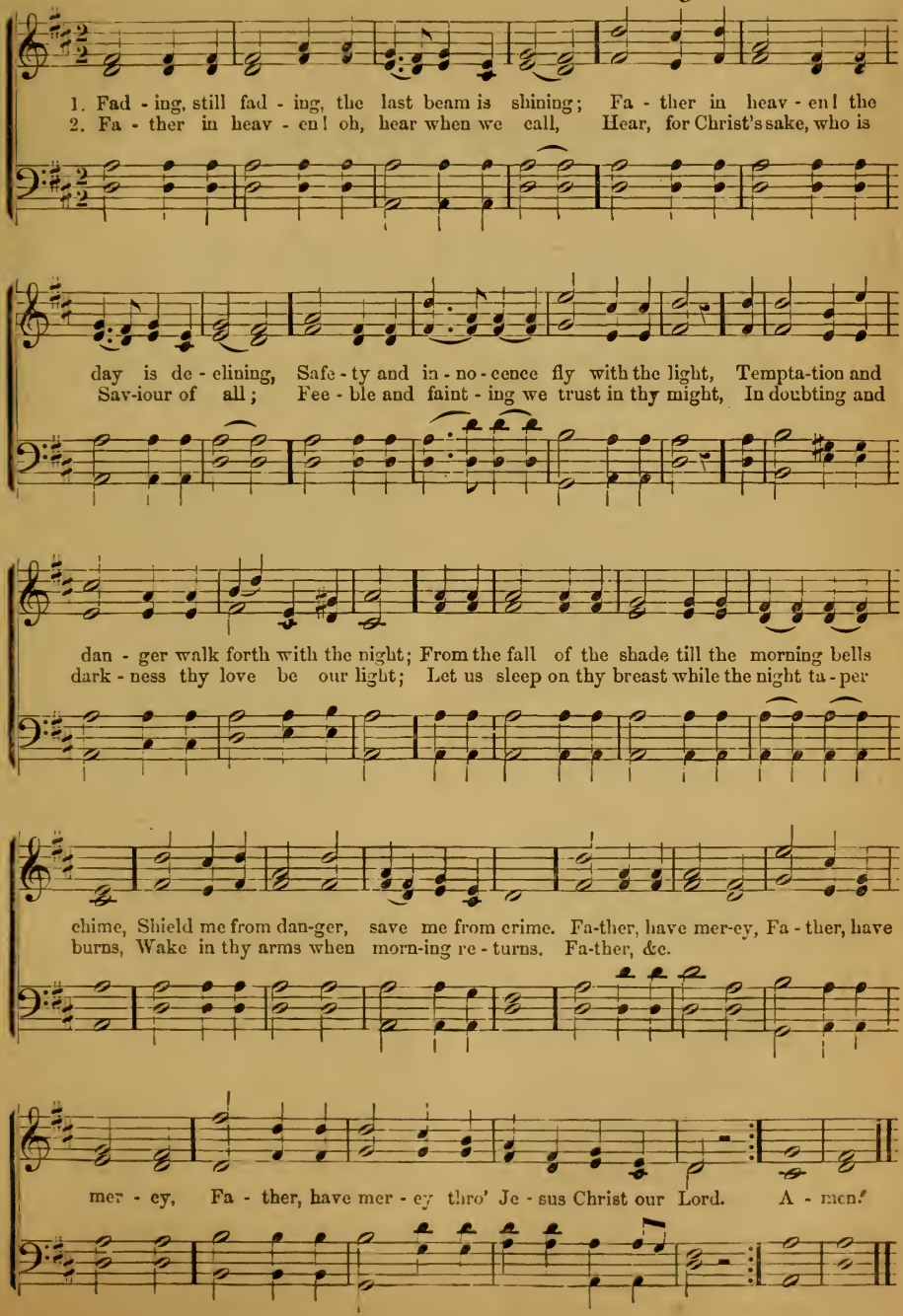
2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

131 *Ps. 139: 12.* ROBBINS.

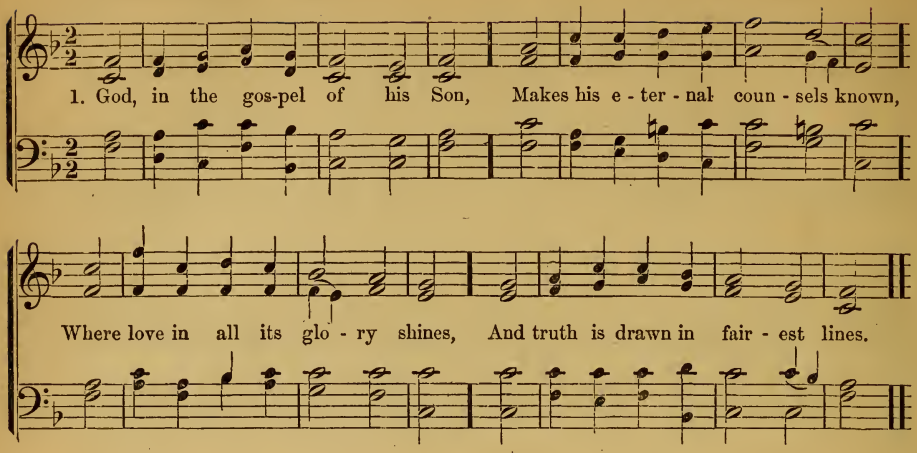
Lo, the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun which ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light!

2 While, thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, grant thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath thy wing!

LAST BEAM. P. M. HYMN 132 ANON.



UXBRIDGE. L. M.



133 *2 Cor. 4 : 3.* BEDDOME.

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known,
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here, sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 Here, faith reveals, to mortal eyes,
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here, shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 Oh! grant us grace, almighty Lord!
To read and mark thy holy word,
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

134 *Ps. 19.* WATTS.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess,
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.

135 *Ps. 19.* WATTS.

GREAT Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Oh, bless the world with heavenly light!
Thy gospel makes the simple wise:
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

2 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:—
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

136 *Ps. 19.* GRANT.

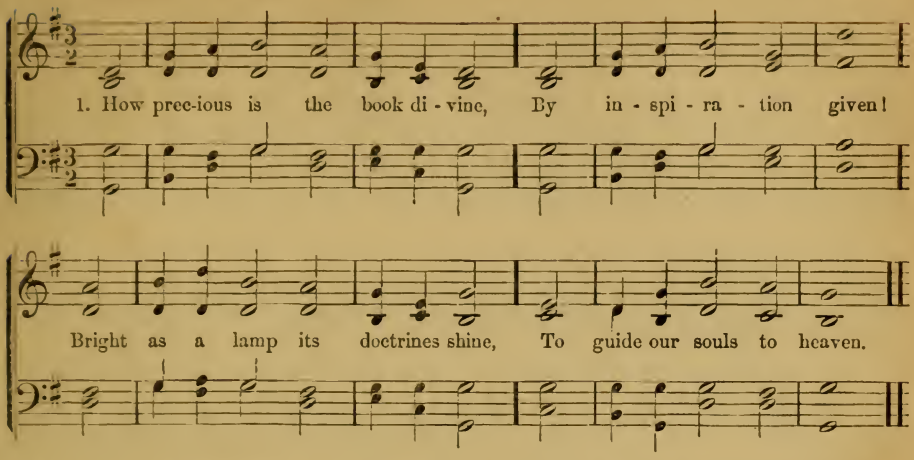
THE starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word.

2 The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truths divine and precepts wise,
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

3 Almighty Lord, the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radiant chorus of the sky;—

4 But fixed for everlasting years,
Unmoved, amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have passed away.

KNOX. C. M.



137 *Ps. 119.* FAWCETT.

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

138 *Titus 2 : 11.* STEELE.

Thou lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word,
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
Oh! come with blissful ray;
Break radiant thro' the shades of night
And chase my fears away.

5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

139 *Ps. 119.* WATTS.

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

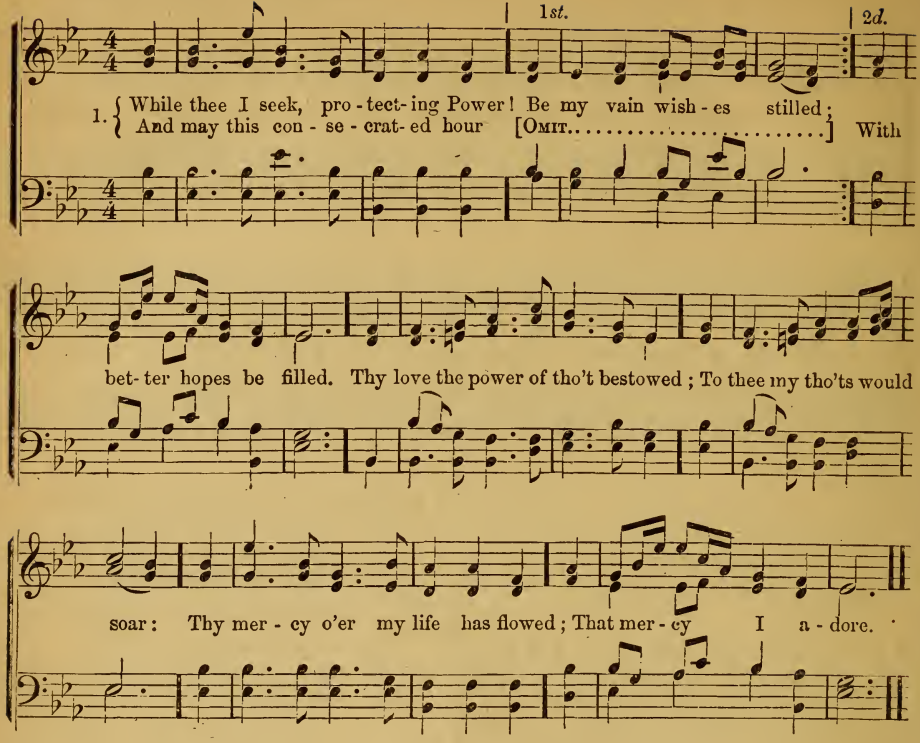
2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D.



140 Providence. Williams.

While thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled!
Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

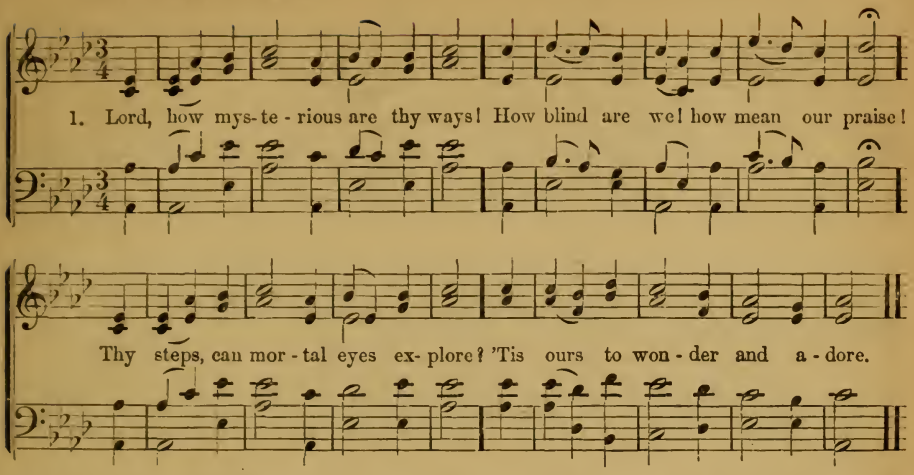
3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

141 Providence. Addison.

When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

2 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But oh! eternity 's too short
To utter all thy praise!

LOUVAN. L. M.



142 Incomprehensibleness. STEELE.

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we! how mean our praise!
Thy steps, can mortal eyes explore?
'T is ours to wonder and adore.

2 Great God! I would not ask to see
What in my coming life shall be;
Enough for me if love divine,
At length through every cloud shall shine.

3 Are darkness and distress my share?
Then let me trust thy guardian care;
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praise.

4 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below,
That Christ be mine;—this great request
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest!

143 Perfections.—*Ps. 103.* WATTS.

THE Lord! how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far has nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies:
Or, if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 His everlasting love is sure
To all his saints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

144 Omnipresence. HOLMES.

LORD of all being; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

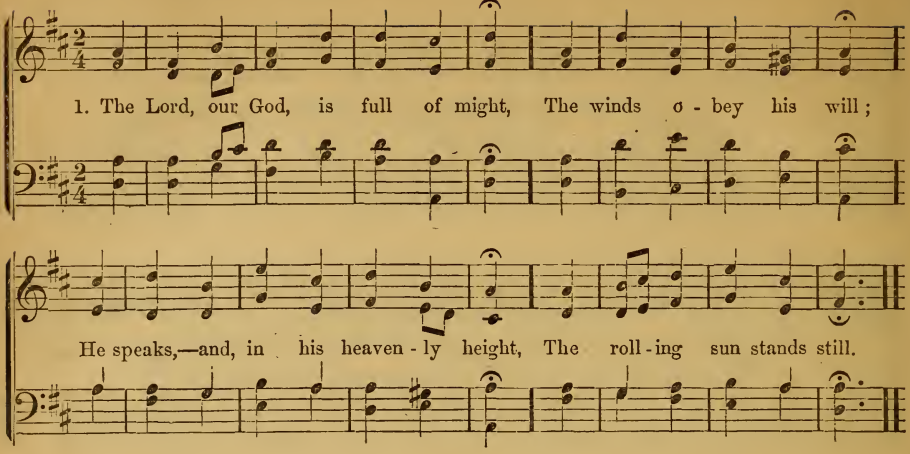
2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

ST. ANN'S. C. M.



145 Almighty Power. H. K. White.

The Lord, our God, is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks,—and, in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

146 Omnipotence.—*Isa. 12 : 4.* Watts.

The Lord, how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

2 Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe;
While with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

3 A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them as he please.

4 On angels, with unveiléd face
His glory beams above;
On men, he looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, Love.

147 Providence. Watts.

Keep silence, all created things!
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honors of her God.

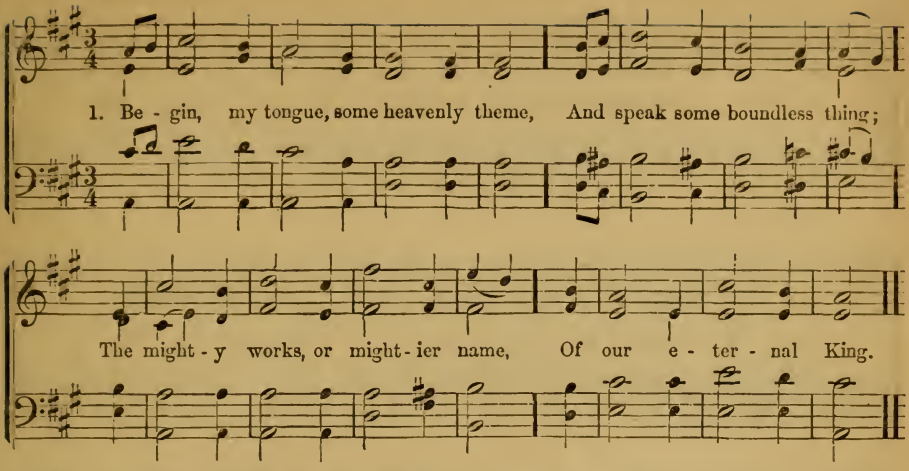
2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

4 My God! I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

5 In thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh! may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

MANOAH. C. M.



148 Faithfulness.—*Ps. 36 : 5.* WATTS.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

149 Providence. COWPER.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

150 Lord of All. H. K. WHITE.

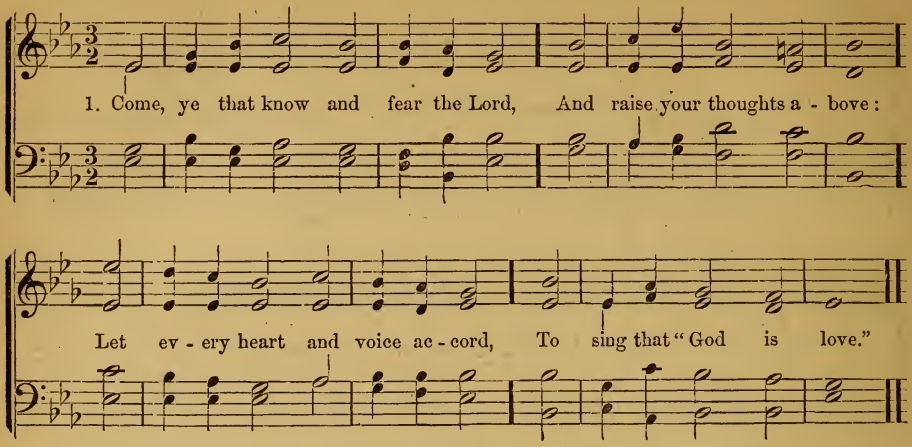
THE Lord our God is Lord of all;
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall;
I hear him in the wind.

2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

3 He smiles, we live! he frowns, we die!
We hang upon his word;
He rears his mighty arm on high,
We fall before his sword.

4 He bids his gales the fields deform;
Then, when his thunders cease,
He paints his rainbow on the storm,
And lulls the winds to peace.

DOWNS. C. M.



151 Love.—*1 John 4 : 8.* BURDER.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above:
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that "God is love."

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show that "God is love."

3 Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues,
To teach them—"God is love."

4 Oh, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that "God is love."

152 Grace.—*Isa. 61 : 10.* WATTS.

AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'T is he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far this heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,
And hope, and every grace:
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed,
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

153 Mercy.—*Ps. 116.* WATTS.

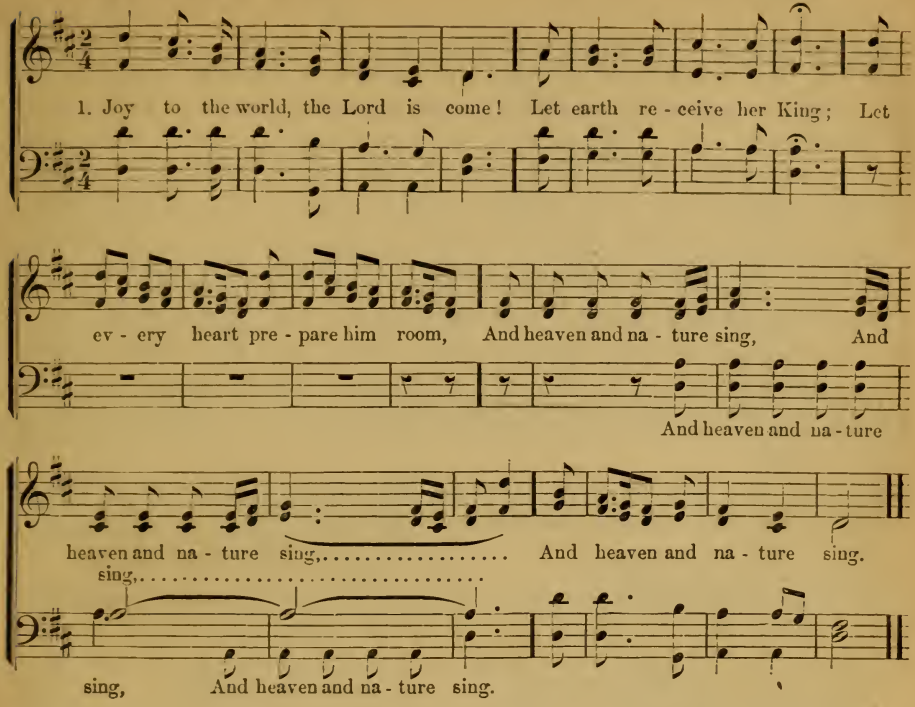
WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-blessèd God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight—
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord! I devote to thee.

ANTIOCH. C. M.



154 *Ps. 98.* WATTS.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

155 *Ps. 96.* WATTS.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

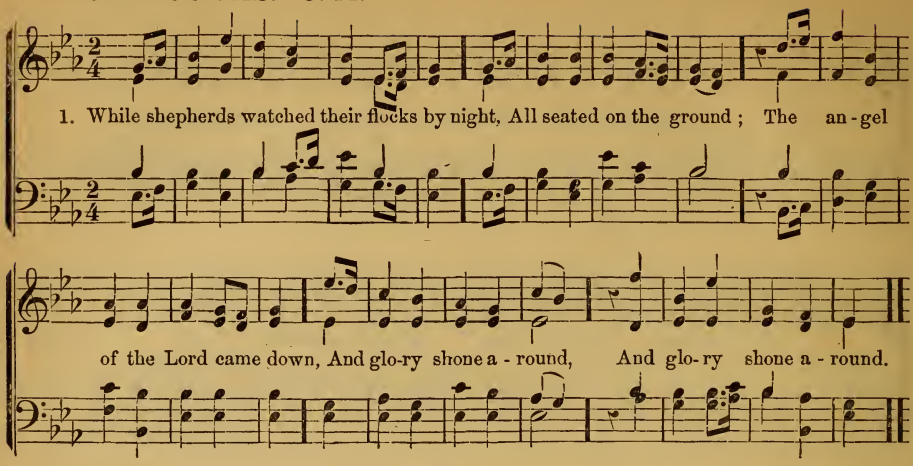
3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold, he comes; he comes to bless
The nations, as their God,
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

CHRISTMAS. C. M.



156 *Luke 2.* TATE.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground;
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;—

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

157 *Isa. 35.* LOGAN.

MESSIAH! at thy glad approach
The howling winds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

2 Renewed, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter Sun
Leads on the promised years.

3 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud hosanna sing;
With hallelujahs, and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King.

158 *John 1 : 14.* STEELE.

AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore the eternal Word.

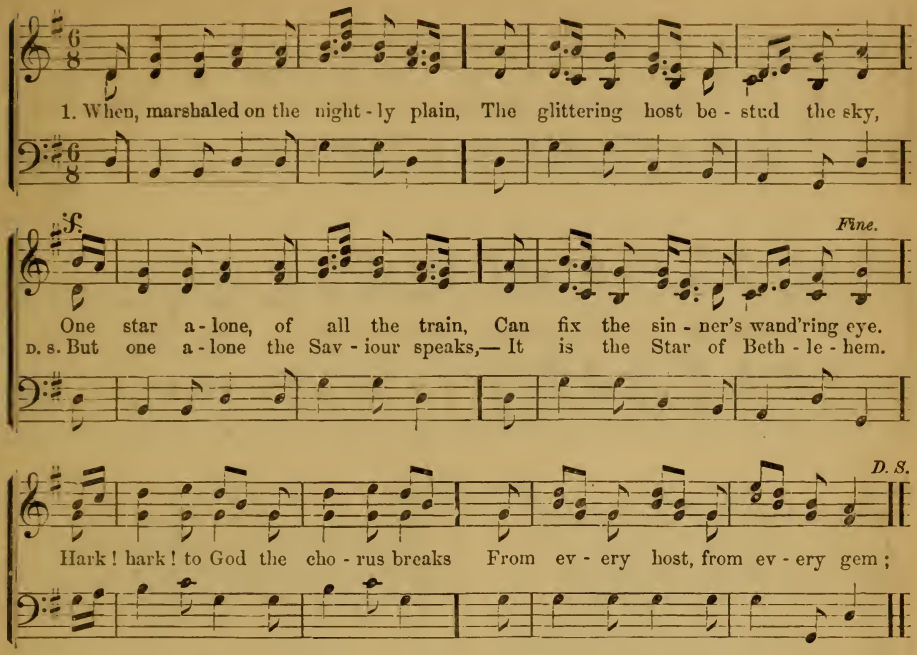
2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made—
Oh, happy morn! illustrious hour!—
Was once in flesh arrayed!

3 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 Adoring angels tuned their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

5 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

AYRSHIRE. L. M. D.



159 *Matt. 2 : 9.* H. K. White.

When, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

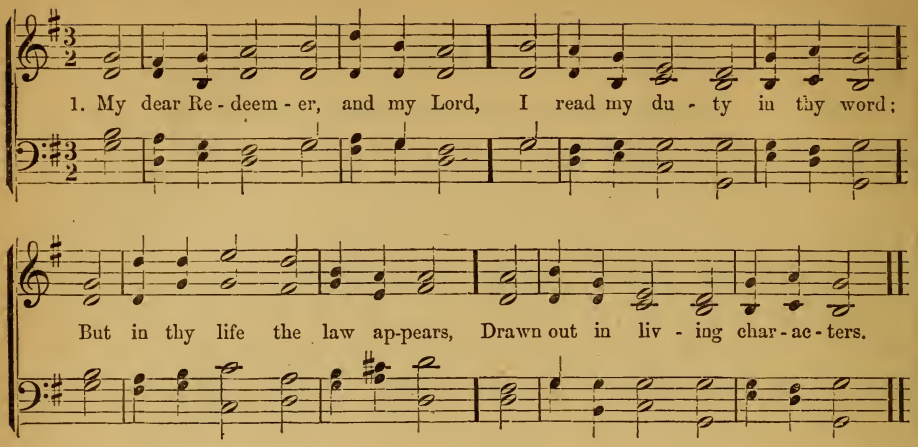
160 *Luke 24 : 51.* Cennick.

Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all the paths are peace.

2 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden, long had been
Because I could not cease from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the Way!"

3 Lo! glad I come; and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Yet help me, and thy praise I'll live:
I'll tell to all poor sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



161 *Rom. 8 : 29.* WATTS.

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

162 *Rom. 12 : 2.* STEELE.

Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee!
Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be!

2 To do thy heavenly Father's will
Was thy employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through thy life divinely bright.

3 But ah! how blind! how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.

163 *1 Tim. 1 : 15.* WATTS.

Not to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live:
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

164 *Matt. 11 : 28.* BOWRING.

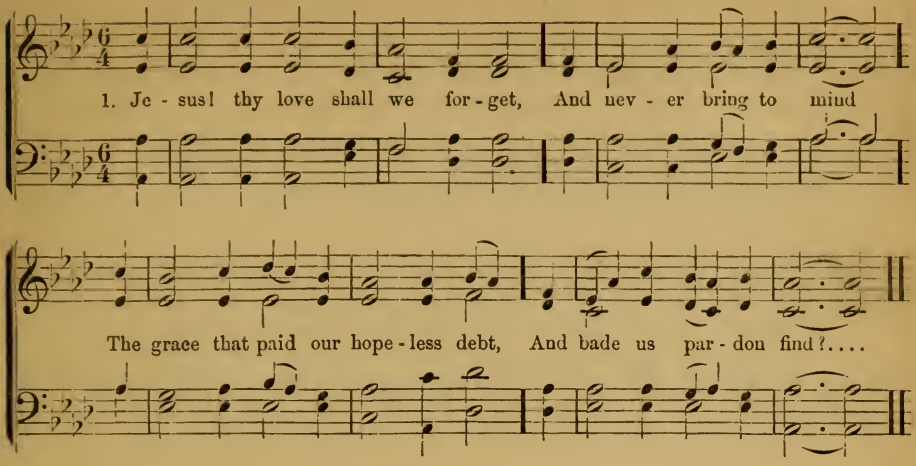
How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unvailing an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

4 Decay then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

HELENA. C. M.



165 *Luke 22 : 42.* MITCHELL.

JESUS! thy love shall we forget,
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?

2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy prayer;
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
To save us from despair?

3 Gethsemane can we forget—
Thy struggling agony;
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?

4 Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee, alone on thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—
Thine all the glory be!

5 Life's brightest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love;
But he who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

166 *Luke 9 : 23.* GURNEY.

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done!"

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

167 *John 14 : 6.* DOANE.

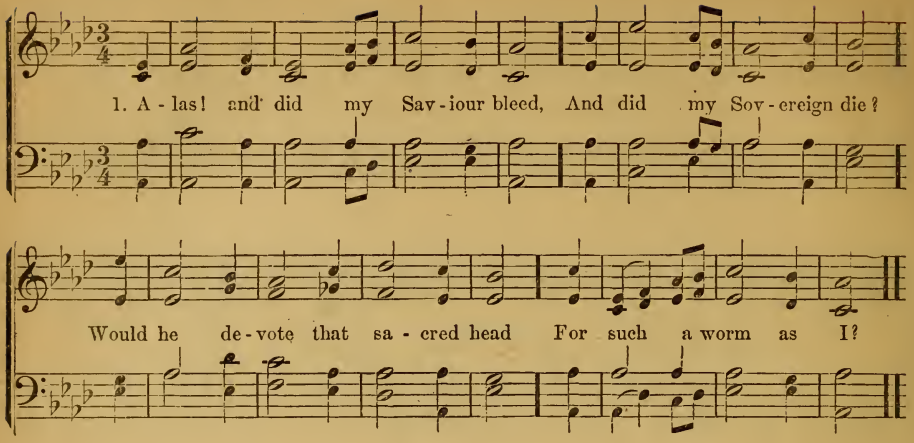
THOU art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm:
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us to know that Way;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

AVON. C. M.



168 *Matt. 27 : 45.* WATTS.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the great Creator, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

169 *Matt. 27 : 50-53.* WESLEY.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's vail asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'T is finished! now the ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See—how he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies!

4 But soon he 'll break death's iron chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God! was ever pain—
Was ever love like thine!

170 *Gal. 5 : 24.* WATTS.

OH! if my soul were formed for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

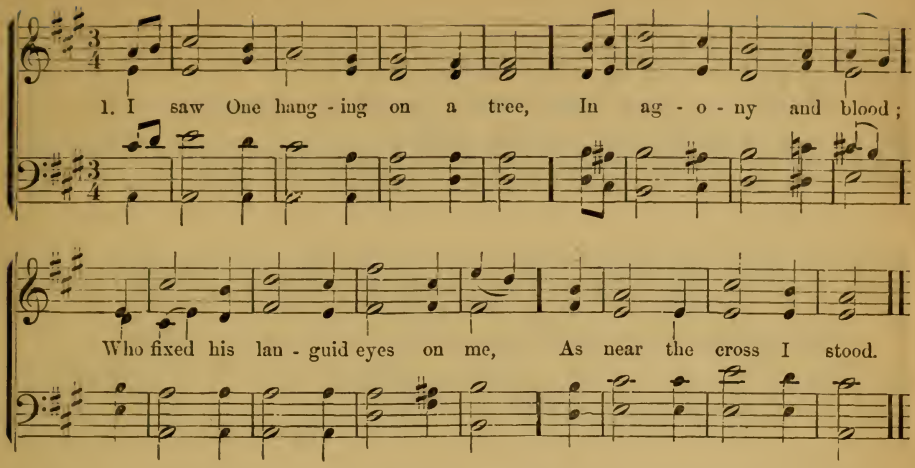
2 'T was for my sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the curséd tree,
And groaned away a dying life
For thee, my soul! for thee.

3 Oh! how I hate these lusts of mine
That crucified my Lord;
Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer—they shall die;
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 While with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

MANOAH. C. M.



171 *Luke 22 : 61.* NEWTON.

I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood;
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 Alas! I knew not what I did,—
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain!

4 A second look he gave, that said,
"I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

5 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too!

172 *Rom. 5 : 8.* XAVIER.

Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;—

2 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself; and all for one
That was thine enemy!

3 Then why, O blesséd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;—

4 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast lovéd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

5 Ev'n so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

173 *Rom. 5 : 7, 8.* WATTS.

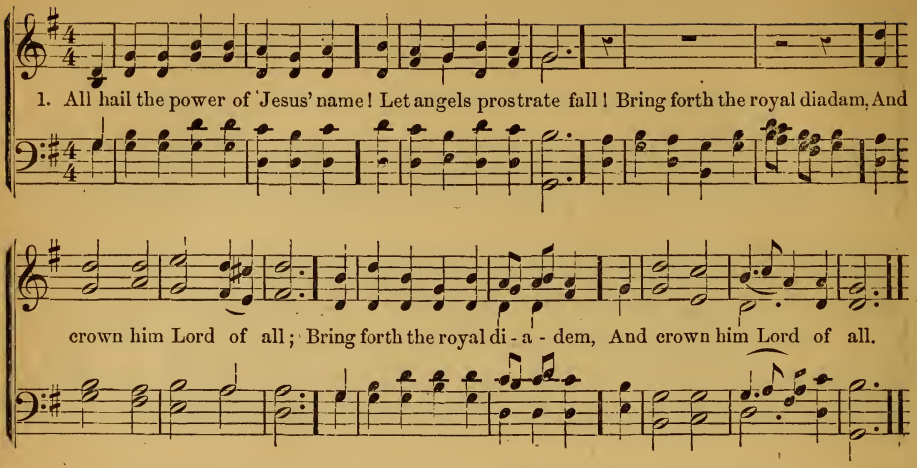
How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

3 This was compassion, like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

CORONATION. C. M.



174 *Phil. 2 : 10, 11.* PERRONETT.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

175 *Rev. 5 : 6-10.* WATTS.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid!
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head!

4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

176 *Eph. 4 : 8.* WATTS.

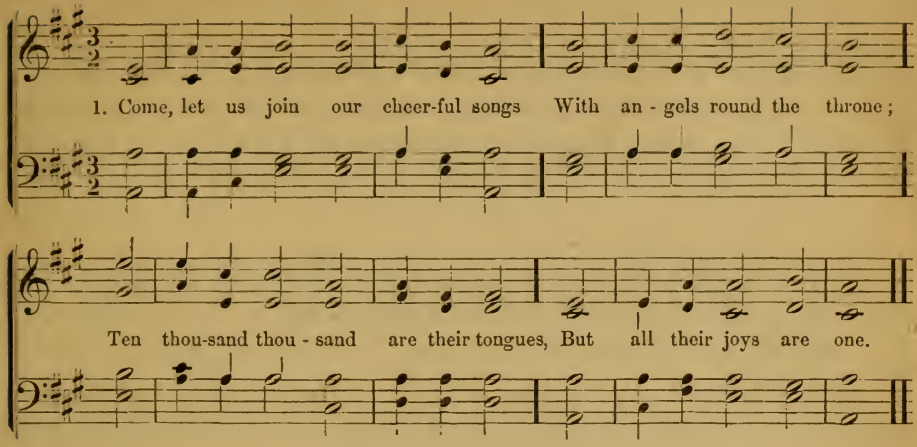
HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed himself in clay;
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

3 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

4 Bright angels! strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

DENFIELD. C. M.



177 *Rev. 5 : 12.* WATTS.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine!

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

178 *Heb. 2 : 9.* KELLY.

THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is his by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;—

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 To them the cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

179 *Acts 1 : 9, 10.* WATTS.

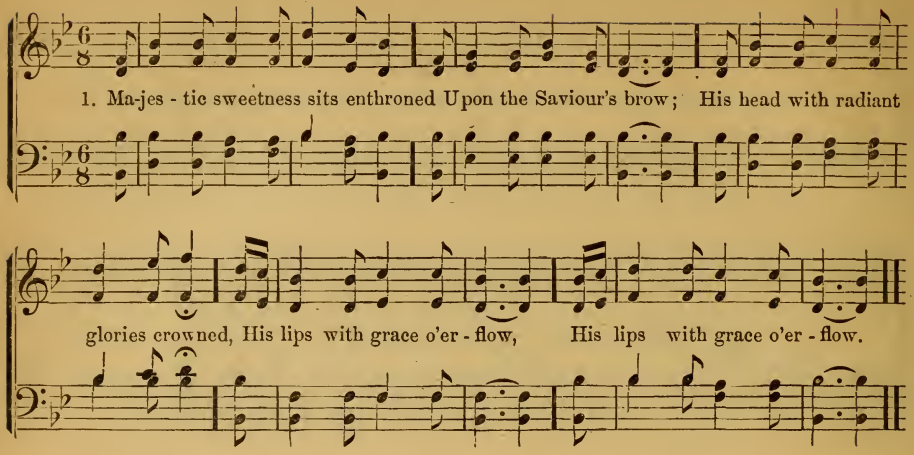
OH! for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King:
Let all the lands their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honor sing;—
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise, with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.



180 *Cant. 5 : 10-16.* STENNETT.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

181 *1 Tim. 1 : 15.* STEELE.

THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes
And hailed the incarnate God.

3 Oh! the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

182 *Matt. 1 : 21.* C. WESLEY.

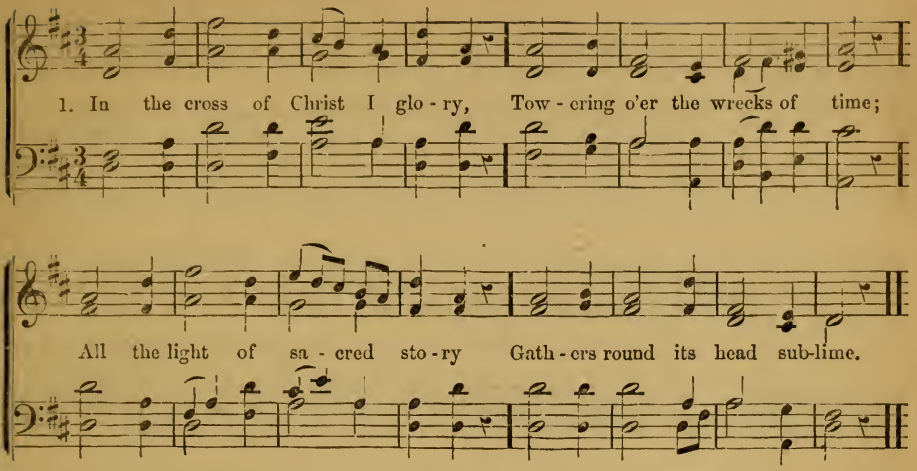
On! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'Tis music to my ravished ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.



183 *Gal. 6 : 14.* BOWRING.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

184 *Rom. 10 : 20.* ROBINSON.

SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I'm come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

185 *Prov. 8 : 17.* GUYON.

I WOULD love thee, God and Father!
My Redeemer, and my King!
I would love thee; for, without thee,
Life is but a bitter thing.

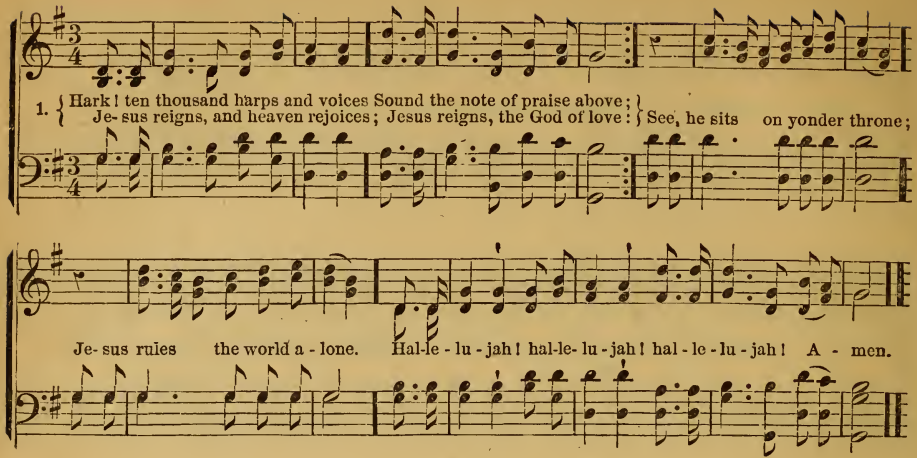
2 I would love thee; every blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne:
I would love thee—he who loves thee
Never feels himself alone.

3 I would love thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye:
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.

4 I would love thee; may thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes!
I would love thee; may thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

5 I would love thee, I have vowed it;
On thy love my heart is set:
While I love thee, I can never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.



186 *Heb. 1 : 6.* KELLY.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign forever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;—
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—
"Glory, glory to our King!"

187 *Rev. 19 : 12.* BAKEWELL.

HAIL, thou once despiséd Jesus!
Crowned in mockery a king!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

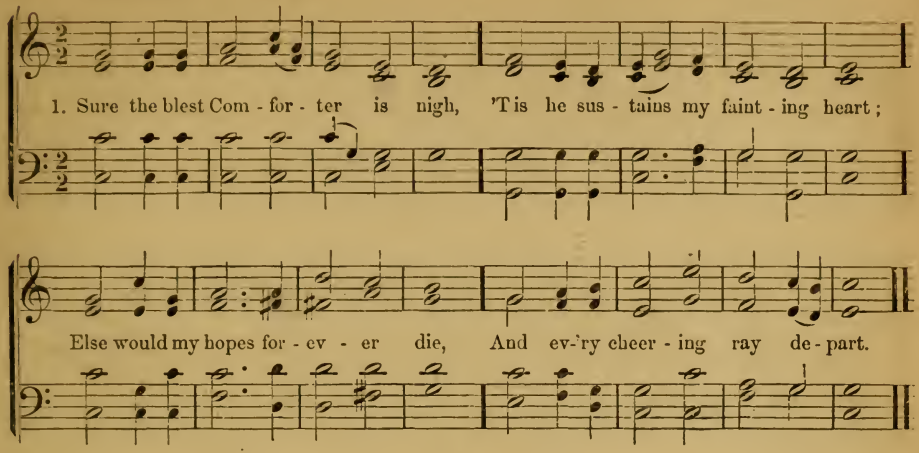
3 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

188 *Heb. 12 : 2.* KELLY.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious!
See the Man of Sorrows now
From the fight returned victorious;
Every knee to him shall bow.
Crown the Saviour! angels, crown him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
Crown the Saviour King of kings!

2 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels! crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name.
Hark, those bursts of acclamation,
Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

ZEPHYR. L. M.



189 *John 14 : 26.* STEELE.

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh,
'T is he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 Whene'er, to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,—
Can it be less than power divine,
That animates these strong desires?

3 And, when my cheerful hope can say,—
I love my God and taste his grace,—
Lord! is it not thy blissful ray,
That brings this dawn of sacred peace?

4 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart,—
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

190 *Ps. 51 : 11.* C. WESLEY.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

3 Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest!
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

191 *John 14 : 26.* BURDER.

COME, Holy Spirit! calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame;
Make me burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

192 *Rom. 8 : 14.* BROWNE.

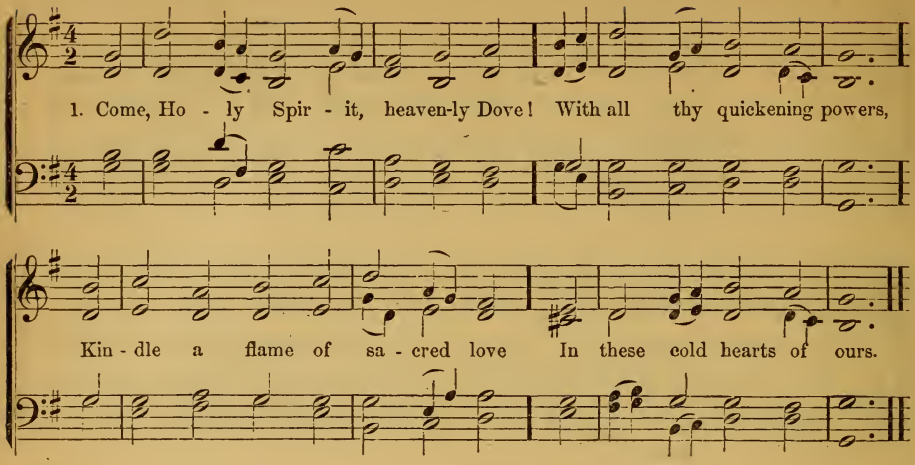
COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy forever there!

STEPHENS. C. M.



193 *John 16 : 7.* WATTS.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

194 *1 Cor. 2 : 10.* REED.

SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame:
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

5 Spirit Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

195 *John 14 : 16.* TATE.

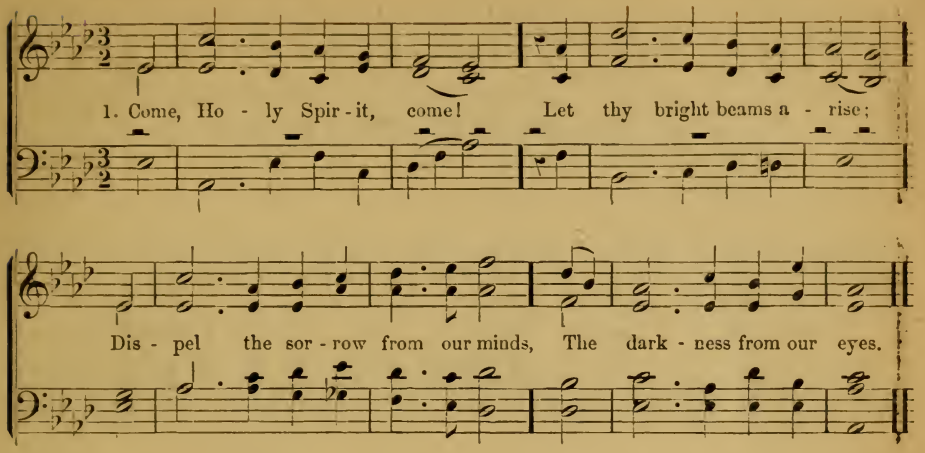
COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of thine;
Till every heart which thou hast made
Be filled with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

3 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

4 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

HAYDN. S. M.



196 *John 14 : 26.* HART.

COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise:
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

197 *Acts 2 : 4.* MONTGOMERY.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost
Descend in all thy power!

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide!
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

198 *1 Cor. 2 : 10.* SIGOURNEY.

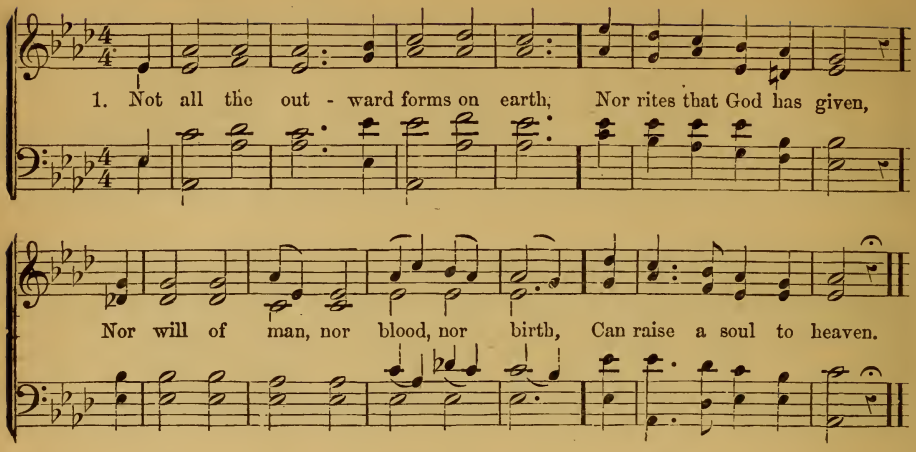
BLEST Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Turn us, with gentle voice,
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And ev'n the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh! fill thou every heart
With love to all our race;
Great Comforter, to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

HUMMEL. C. M.



199 *John 1 : 12, 13.* WATTS.

Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

200 *Matt. 7 : 14.* WATTS.

Strait is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
'T is but a few that find the gate
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Belovéd self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfill a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

201 *Rom. 3 : 19.* WATTS.

Vain are the hopes, the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,
And all their actions, guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 Jesus! how glorious is thy grace;—
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness,
That makes the sinner just.

202 *Zech. 9 : 12.* WATTS.

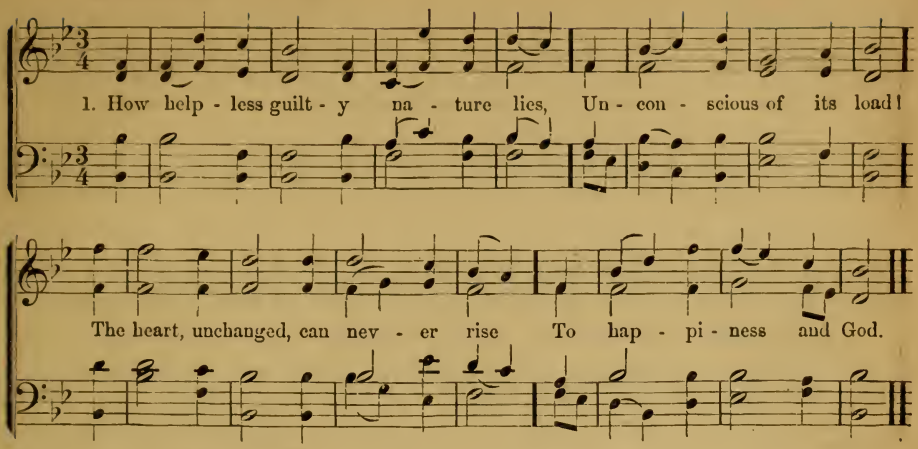
How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin—how deep it stains!
And Satan holds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a pardoning Lord."

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord:
Oh, help my unbelief!

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Saviour and my All.

MONSON. C. M.



203 *Rom. 8 : 8.* STEELE.

How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, almighty Spirit! thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall,
From reason's darkened eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.

5 Oh, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

204 *Gal. 2 : 16.* WATTS.

In vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Nothing, O Saviour! but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threatenings of the broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.

3 But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answered these demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are offered by thy hands.

4 'T is by thy death we live, O Lord!
'T is on thy cross we rest:
Forever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blessed.

205 *Rom. 7 : 7-13.* WATTS.

Lord, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

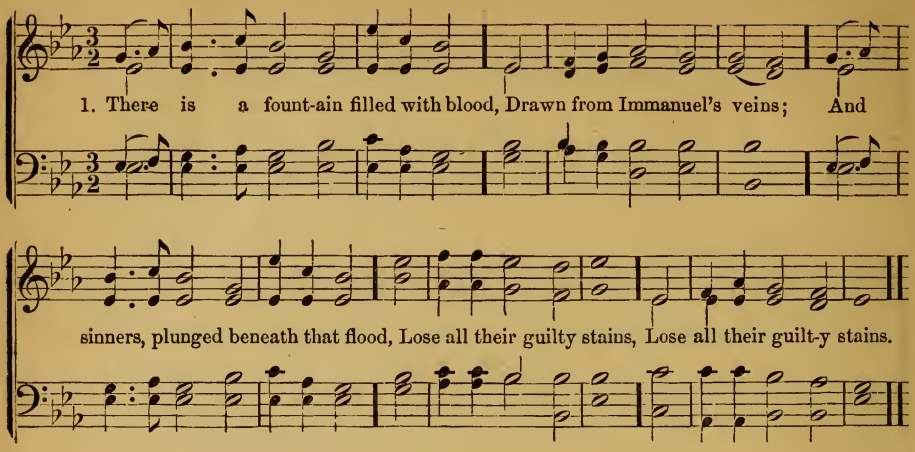
2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins revived again:
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

COWPER. C. M.



206 *Zech. 13 : 1.* COWPER.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

207 *John 3 : 17.* WATTS

COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With an avenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was merciful and mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

208 *Ps. 40.* LYTE.

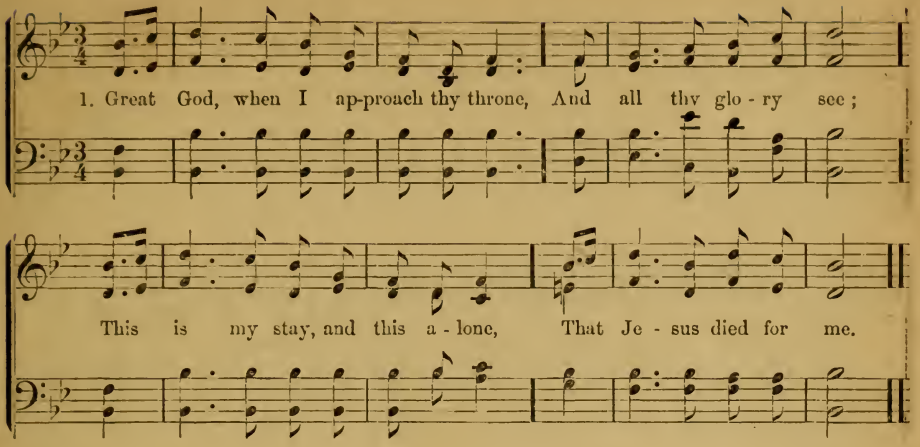
O LORD, how infinite thy love!
How wondrous are thy ways!
Let earth beneath, and heaven above,
Combine to sing thy praise.

2 Man in immortal beauty shone,
Thy noblest work below;
Too soon by sin made heir alone
To death and endless woe.

3 Then, "Lo! I come," the Saviour said;
Oh, be his name adored,
Who, with his blood, our ransom paid,
And life and bliss restored!

4 O Lord, how infinite thy love!
How wondrous are thy ways!
Let earth beneath, and heaven above,
Combine to sing thy praise.

GLASGOW. C. M.



209 *Gal. 2 : 20.* ANON.

GREAT God, when I approach thy throne,
And all thy glory see;
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.

2 How can a soul condemned to die,
Escape the just decree?
Helpless, and full of sin am I,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
Oh, how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.

4 And Lord, when I behold thy face,
This must be all my plea;
Save me by thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

210 *Luke 15 : 7.* NEEDHAM.

OH, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And, with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns.

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;—
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

211 *Ps. 68 : 19.* WATTS.

SALVATION!—oh, the joyful sound!
'T is pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;—
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation!—let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

212 *Rom. 5 : 8.* STEELE.

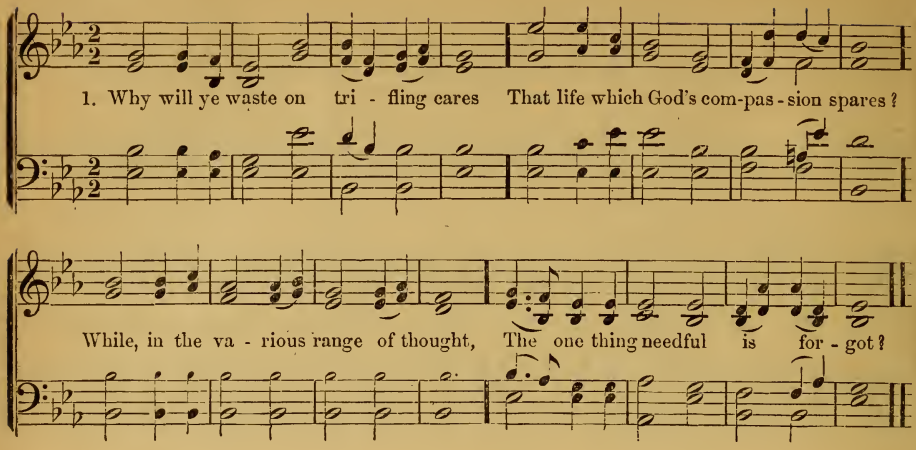
JESUS,—and didst thou leave the sky,
To bear our griefs and woes?
And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,
For thy rebellious foes?

2 Well might the heavens with wonder view
A love so strange as thine!
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

3 Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine control?
Descend, O sovereign love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul.

4 Oh! may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

BERA. L. M.



213 *Luke 10 : 42.* DODDRIDGE.

WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue:
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

214 *Ps. 88.* DWIGHT.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Now God invites—how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

215 *Gen. 6 : 3.* HYDE.

SAY, sinner! hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

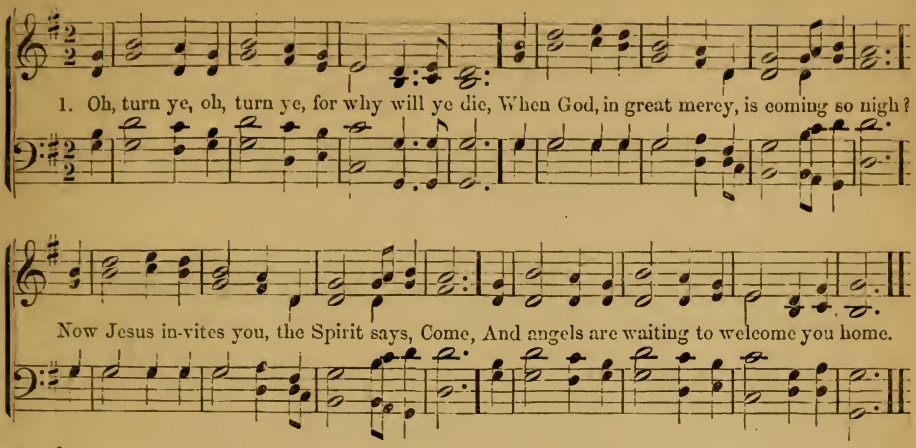
2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard, in time, the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps, this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh! shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s.



216 *Ezek. 33 : 11.* ANON.

OH, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
Oh! how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'T is you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

217 *Ps. 119 : 60.* HASTINGS.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

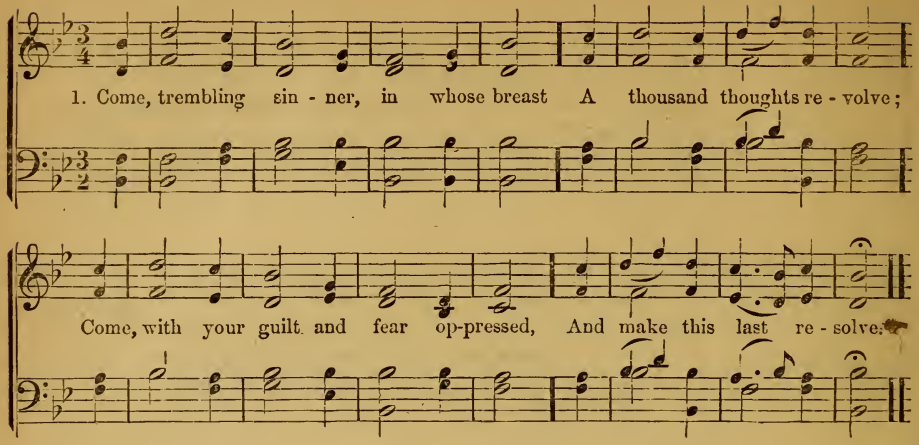
5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, will lend thee its aid!

218 *Job 22 : 21.* KNOX.

ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on thy head,
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy Safeguard in danger that threatens thy path;
Thy Joy in the valley and shadow of death.

BALERMA. C. M.



219 *Est. 4 : 16.* JONES.

COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Like mountains round me close
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

220 *Gen. 6 : 3.* ALEXANDER.

THERE is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

2 To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

3 Oh! where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?

4 How far may we go on to sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

5 An answer from the skies is sent,—
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart."

221 *Luke 18 : 13.* ANON.

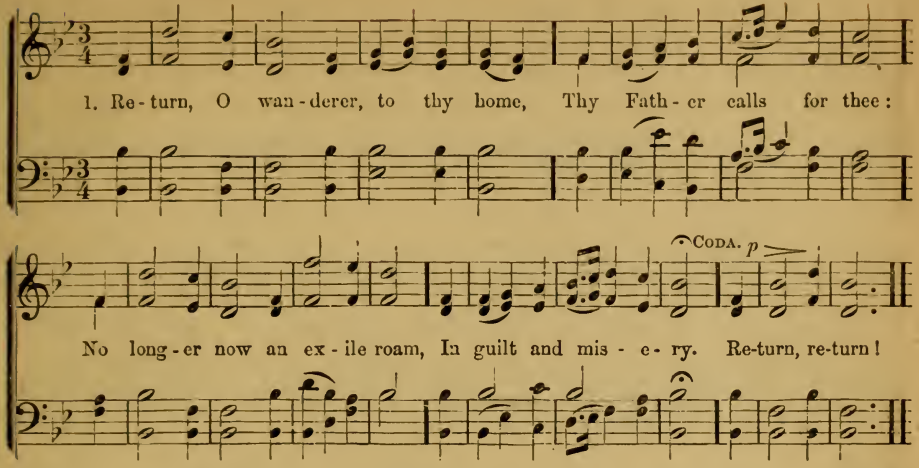
O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer,
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee;
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

3 Oh! let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.

4 O righteous Judge! if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

RETURN. C. M.



222 *Luke 15: 18.* HASTINGS.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee:
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Saviour calls for thee:
"The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"
Oh, now for refuge flee!

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'T is madness to delay:
There are no pardons in the tomb;
And brief is mercy's day!

223 *Isa. 55: 7.* COLLYER.

RETURN, O wanderer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return!
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return!
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear!
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn:
His love invites thee near.

224 *Gen. 7: 1.* ANON.

COME to the ark, come to the ark;
To Jesus come away:
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.

3 Come to the ark; the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near!

3 Come to the ark, all, all that weep
Beneath the sense of sin:
Without, deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within.

4 Come to the ark, ere yet the flood
Your lingering steps oppose;
Come, for the door which open stood
Is now about to close.

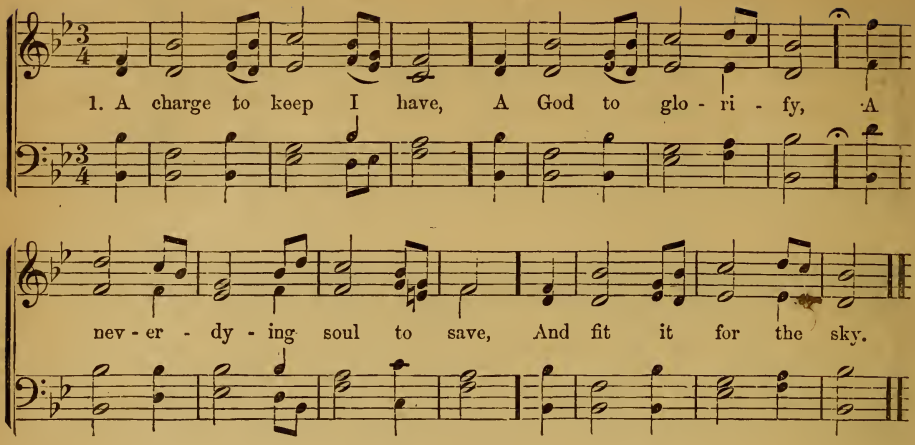
225 *2 Cor. 5: 10.* ADDISON.

WHEN rising from the bed of death
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face—
Oh! how shall I appear!

2 Ev'n now, while pardon may be found
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.

3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh! how shall I appear!

KENTUCKY. S. M.



226 *Mark 13 : 37.* C. WESLEY.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

227 *Eph. 4 : 30.* HYDE.

AND canst thou, sinner! slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

228 *Luke 19: 41.* BEDDOME.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

229 *Rev. 22 : 17.* ONDERDONK.

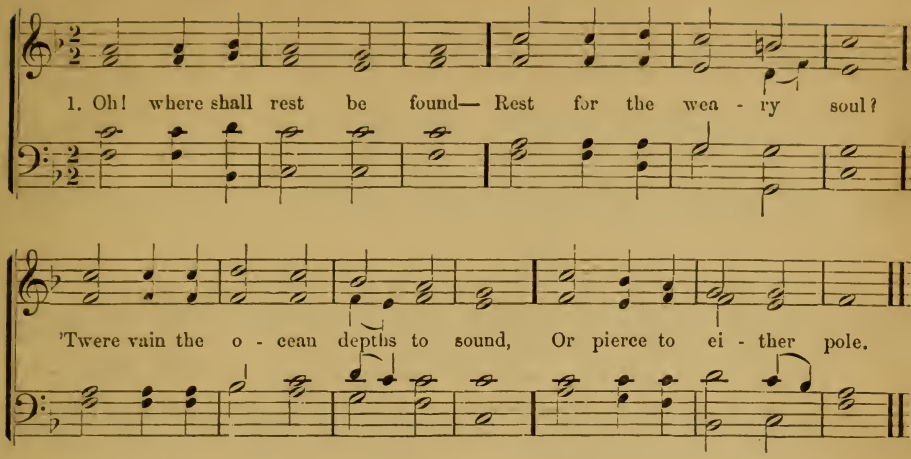
THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims,
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh! let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

DETROIT. S. M.



230 *Deut. 30 : 19.* MONTGOMERY.

OH! where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!
Teach us that death to shun:
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

231 *Matt. 25 : 13.* C. WESLEY.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear:—

2 Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
Oh! fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:—

3 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down!

4 Oh, may we all be found
Obedient to thy word,—
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!

5 Oh, may we all insure
A home among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

232 *2 Cor. 6 : 2.* DOBELL.

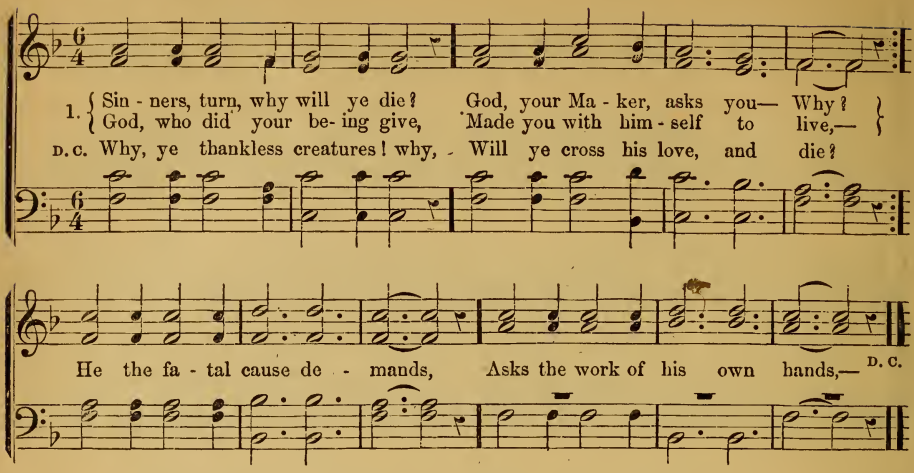
Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
O sinners! come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late;—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise, in his word,
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels spread their wings,
And bear the news above.

MARTYN. 7s. D.



233 *Ezek. 33 : 11.* C. WESLEY.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you—Why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit asks you—Why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners! why,
Why will ye forever die?

234 *Matt. 11 : 28.* CRABBE.

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait:
Knock—he knows the sinner's cry:
Weep—he loves the mourner's tears;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
Wait, till heavenly grace appears.

2 Hark! it is the Saviour's voice,
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest:
Safe, from all the lures of vice;
Owned, by joys the contrite know;
Bought by love, and life the price;
Blest, the mighty debt to owe.

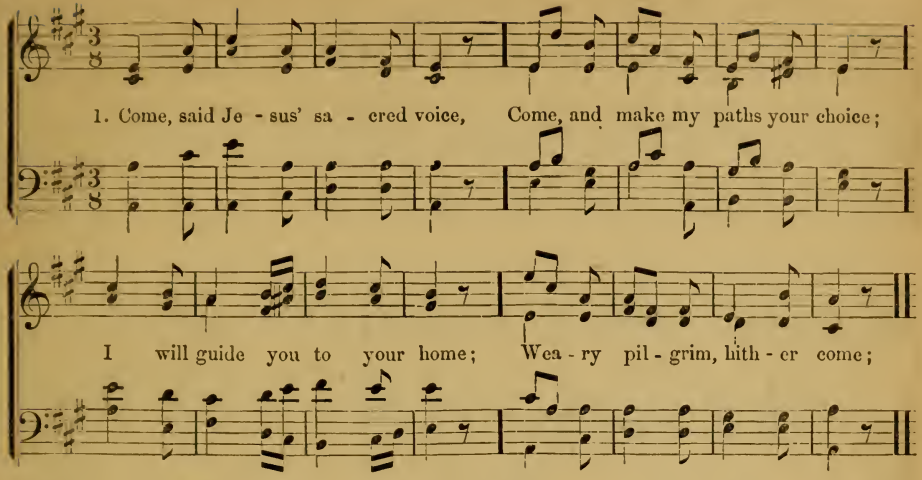
3 Holy pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains:
Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly,
Shame, from glory's view retire;
Doubt, in full belief, shall die,
Pain, in endless bliss, expire.

235 *Eph. 5 : 14.* ANON.

SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Be not blind and foolish still;
Called of Jesus, learn his will;
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

HORTON. 7s.



236 *Matt. 11 : 28.* BARBAULD.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn;
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound!
Peace, that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

237 *John 3 : 14.* TOPLADY.

WEARY sinner! keep thine eyes
On the atoning Sacrifice;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee.

2 Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne;
Weeping soul, no longer mourn;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him;
Find him mighty to redeem:
At his feet thy burden lay;
Look thy doubts and care away.

4 Lord, come thou with power to heal;
Now thy mighty arm reveal:
At thy feet myself I lay;
Take, oh, take my sins away!

238 *Jas. 4 : 13.* T. SCOTT.

HASTEN, sinner! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if thou still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner! to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner! to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

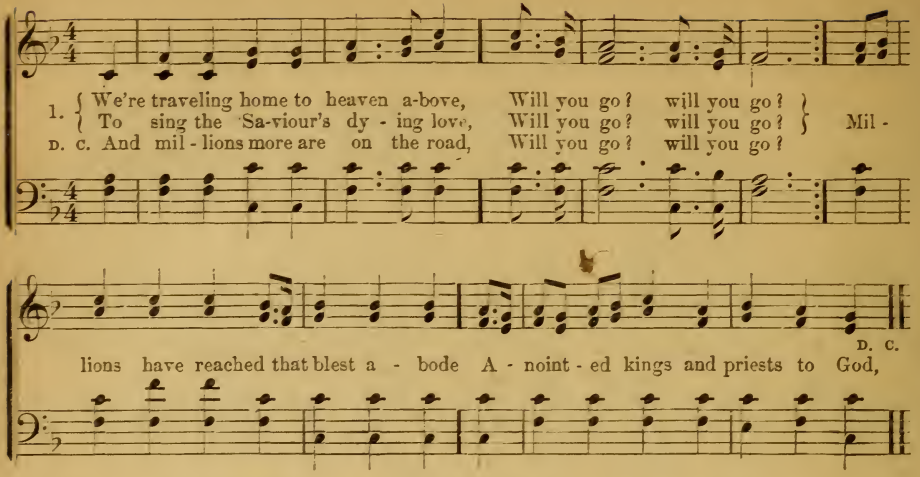
239 *Luke 15 : 18.* CLARKE.

BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother; homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother: God can save.

3 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy faintest prayer can hear;
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near.

WILL YOU GO? 8s & 3s.



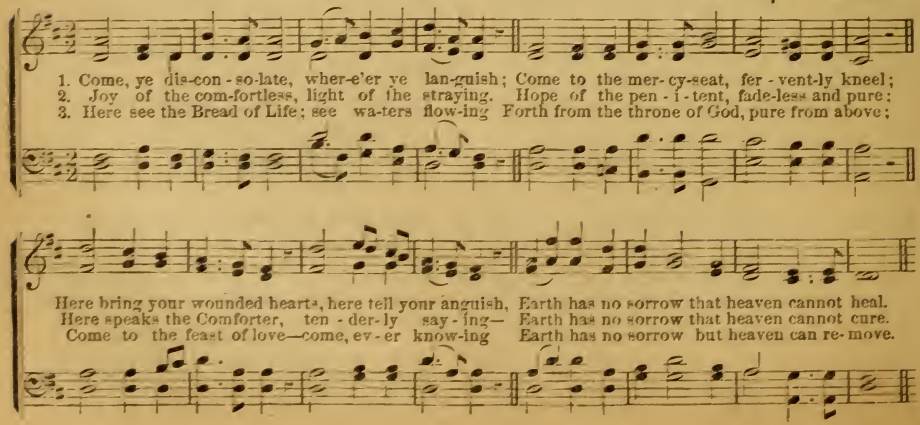
240 *Num. 10 : 29.* ANON.

WE 'RE traveling home to heaven above,
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road,
Will you go?

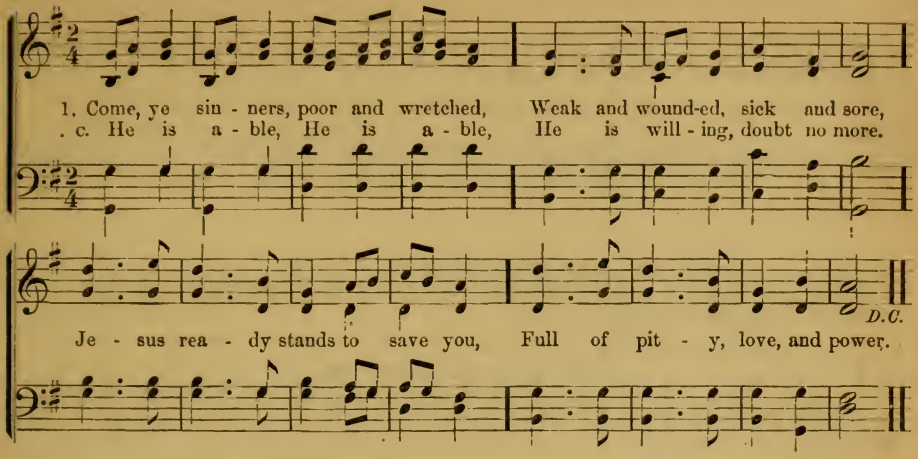
2 We 're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we 'll share,
Will you go?

3 We 're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Will you go?

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s. HYMN 241 MOORE.



BELMONT. 8s, 7s & 4s.



242 *Isa. 55 : 1.* HART.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power.
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Ho, ye needy; come, and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify!
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

243 *2 Cor. 6 : 2.* REED.

HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you,
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls;
Hear, O sinner!
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour!
Seek his mercy while you may·
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away:
Haste, O sinner!
You must perish if you stay.

244 *Luke 15 : 10.* ALLEN.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Coming from the courts above?
Mercy beams in every passage;
Every line is full of love;
Oh! believe it,
Every line is full of love.

2 Now the heralds of salvation
Joyful news from heaven proclaim!
Sinners freed from condemnation,
Through the all-atoning Lamb!
Life receiving
Through the all-atoning Lamb.

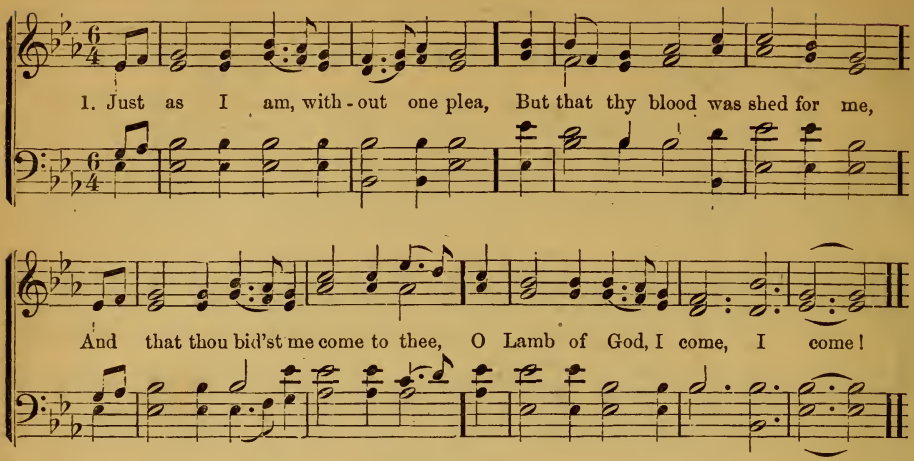
3 O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

245 *Ps. 51 : 10.* ANON.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer—
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine.
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near;
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

WOODWORTH. L. M.



246 *John 1 : 29.* C. Elliott.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

247 *Matt. 11 : 28.* C. Elliott.

With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me;"

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; Come to me!"

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me!"

248 *Ps. 31 : 5.* Anon.

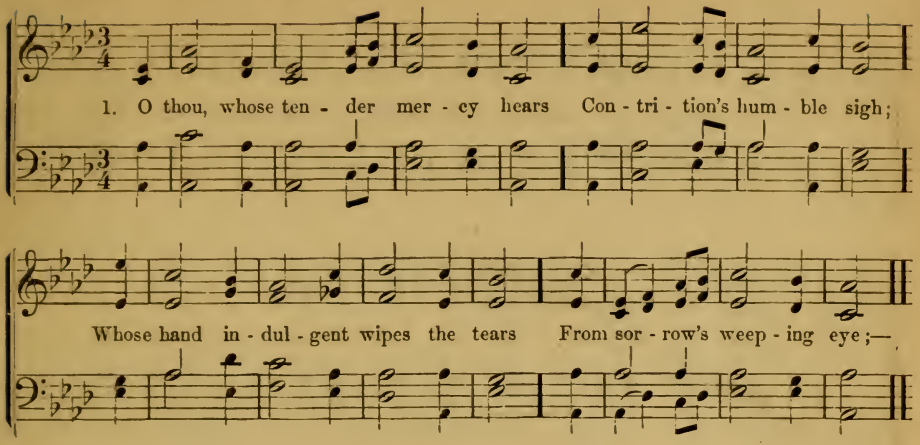
God of my life! thy boundless grace
Chose, pardoned, and adopted me;
My rest, my home, my dwelling-place;
Father! I come, I come to thee.

2 Jesus, my hope, my rock, my shield!
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into thy hands my soul I yield;
Saviour! I come, I come to thee.

3 Spirit of glory and of God!
Long hast thou deigned my guide to be;
Now be thy comfort sweet bestowed;
My God! I come, I come to thee.

4 I come to join that countless host
Who praise thy name unceasingly;
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
My God! I come, I come to thee.

AVON. C. M.



249 *Hos. 14 : 1.* STEELE.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, Lord, before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
The sense of joy divine.

250 *Prov. 23 : 26.* BRYDGES.

MY God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine;
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.

3 Let every thought, and work, and word
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

251 *Prov. 23 : 26.* BOURNE.

WELCOME, O Saviour! to my heart;
Possess thine humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake—
To thee, I all resign;
My longing heart, O Jesus! take,
And fill with love divine.

3 Oh! may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide—
I give it all to thee.

252 *Ps. 51.* WATTS.

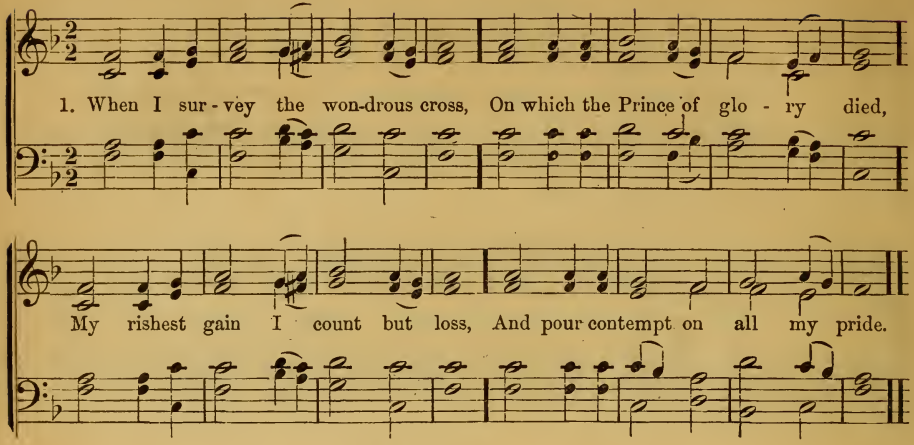
O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone:
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul, oppressed with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

HAMBURG. L. M.



253 *Gal. 6 : 14.* WATTS.

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

254 *Ps. 51.* WATTS.

Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

255 *Ps. 51.* WATTS.

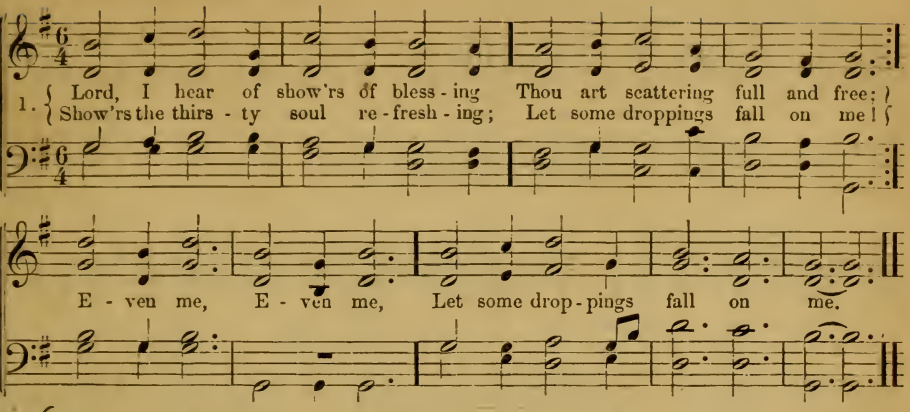
A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

EVEN ME. P. M.



256 *Ps. 85 : 6.* CODNER.

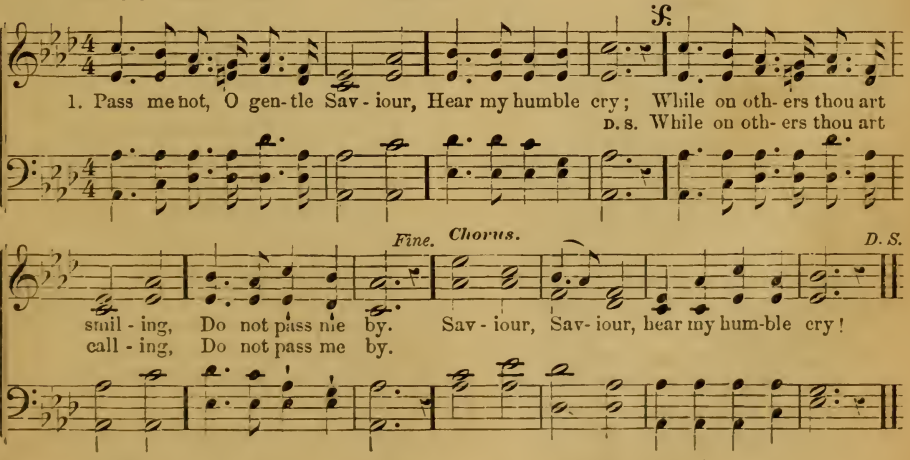
LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty soul refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me!—*Ref.*

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Lost and sinful though I be;
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me.—*Ref.*

3 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving thee!
Has the world my heart been keeping,
Oh! forgive and rescue me!—*Ref.*

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of peace to me.—*Ref.*

PASS ME NOT. 8s & 5s.



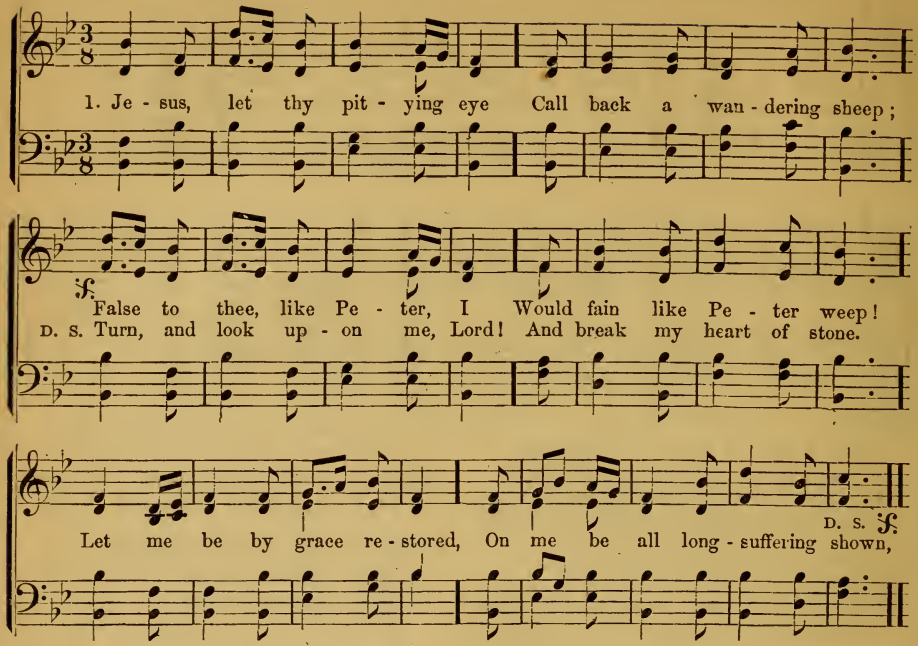
257 *Gen. 27 : 34.* CROSBY.

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.—*Cho.*

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.—*Cho.*

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.—*Cho.*

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8s.



258 *Matt. 26 : 75.* C. WESLEY.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep!
Let me be by grace restored,
On me be all long-suffering shown,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love
Beam from thy gracious eye:
If thy mercies now are stirred,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord!
And break my heart of stone.

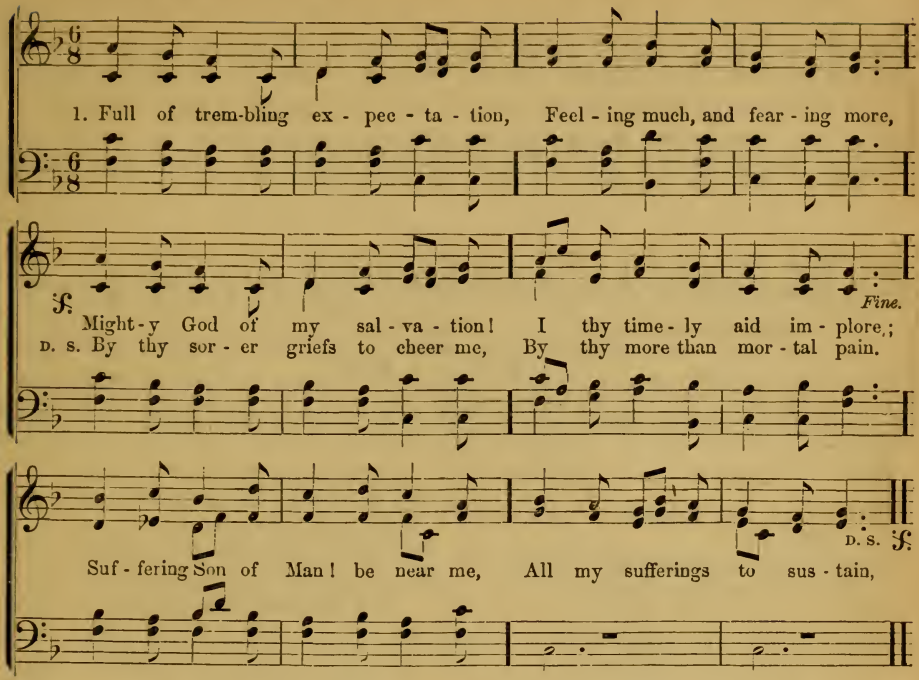
259 *1 Cor. 2 : 2.* C. WESLEY.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forego;
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus, crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
'T is all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,—
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus, crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end:
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus, crucified.

GAYLORD. 8s & 7s. D.



260 *Heb. 2 : 18.* C. WESLEY.

FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation!
I thy timely aid implore;
Suffering Son of Man! be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain,
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In thy days of flesh below;
When thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe;
When thou didst our curse inherit,
Groan beneath our guilty load,
Burdened with a wounded spirit,
Bruiséd by the wrath of God.

3 By thy most severe temptation,
In that dark, satanic hour;
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power!
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

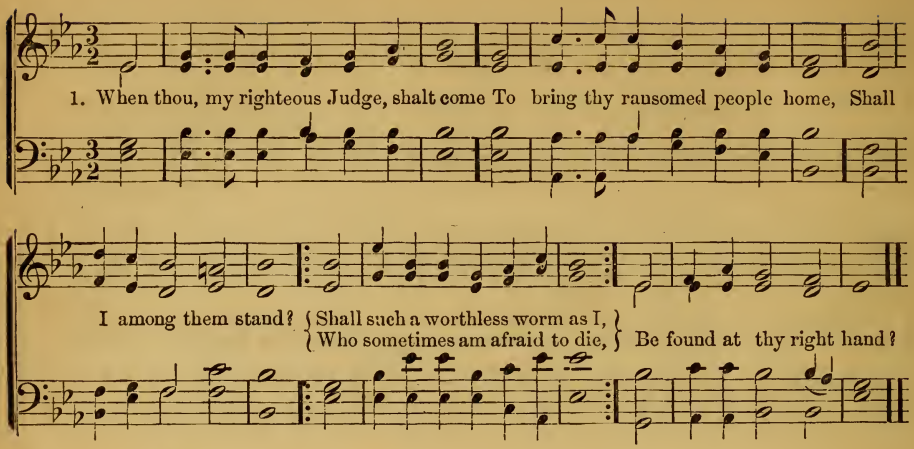
261 *Ps. 51 : 10.* RAY PALMER.

TAKE me, O my Father, take me!
Take me, save me, through thy Son;
That which thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let thy will in me be done.
Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to thy love, my God!

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
To thy household take me in.
Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer—
Gift unworthy love like thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bare our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee;
Father, take me! all forgiving
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy love forever living,
I must be forever blest!

MERIBAH. C. P. M.



262 *Matt. 25 : 46.* HUNTINGDON.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

263 *2 Cor. 5 : 21.* TOPLADY.

O THOU who hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffered once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
Thy merit, Lord, my robe shall be;
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

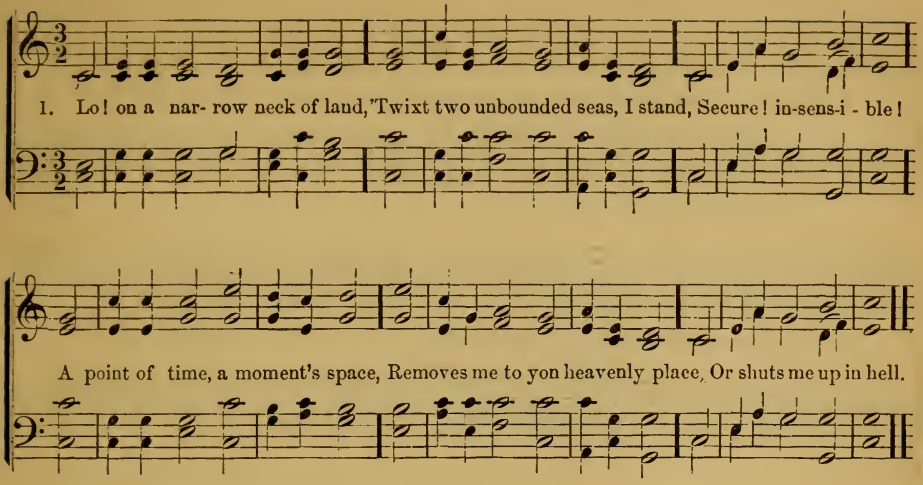
264 *Gen. 24 : 56.* STEELE.

THE mind was formed to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapors dim her sight,
And hang, with cold oppressive weight,
Upon her drooping wings.

2 Bright scenes of bliss,—unclouded skies,
Invite my soul;—oh, could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below,
I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
And say, to every tempting snare,—
Heaven calls, and I must go:—

3 Heaven calls,—and can I yet delay?
Can aught on earth engage my stay?
Ah! wretched lingering heart!
Come, Lord! with strength, and life, and light,
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

GANGES. C. P. M.



265 *2 Cor. 6 : 2.* C. WESLEY.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure! insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord! shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom!

4 Be this my one great business here,—
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

5 Then Saviour, then my soul receive,
Then bid me in thy presence live,
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

266 *John 3 : 3.* OCKUM.

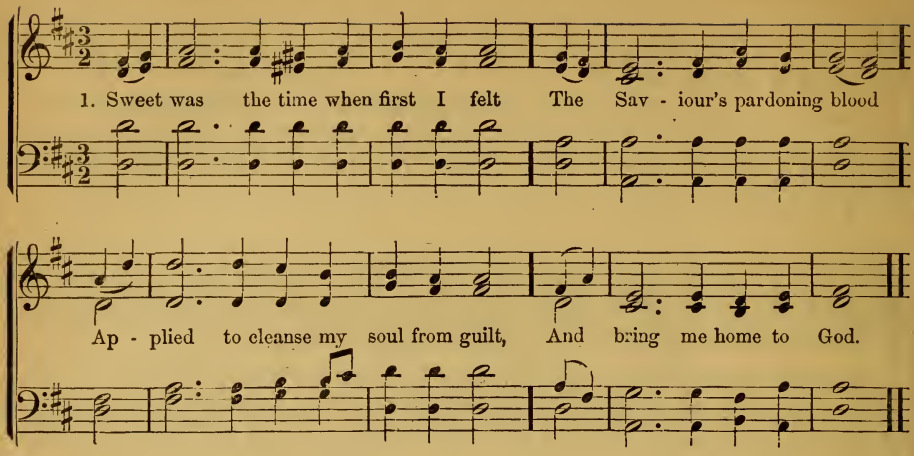
AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
One solemn truth increased my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink to endless woe.

2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul—
A vast oppressive load;
All creature-aid I saw was vain;
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

3 The saints I heard with rapture tell—
How Jesus conquered death and hell
To bring salvation near;
Yet still I found this truth remain—
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour passed that way,
My bondage to remove;
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

COOLING. C. M.



267 *Job 29 : 2.* NEWTON.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And, when the evening shade prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

268 *Rom. 7 : 24.* STENNETT.

WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here, at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure, never was a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3 Reason, I hear, her counsels weigh,
And all her words approve;
But still I find it hard to obey,
And harder yet to love.

4 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

5 Break, sovereign grace, oh, break the charm,
And set the captive free;
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

269 *Isa. 66 : 2.* C. WESLEY.

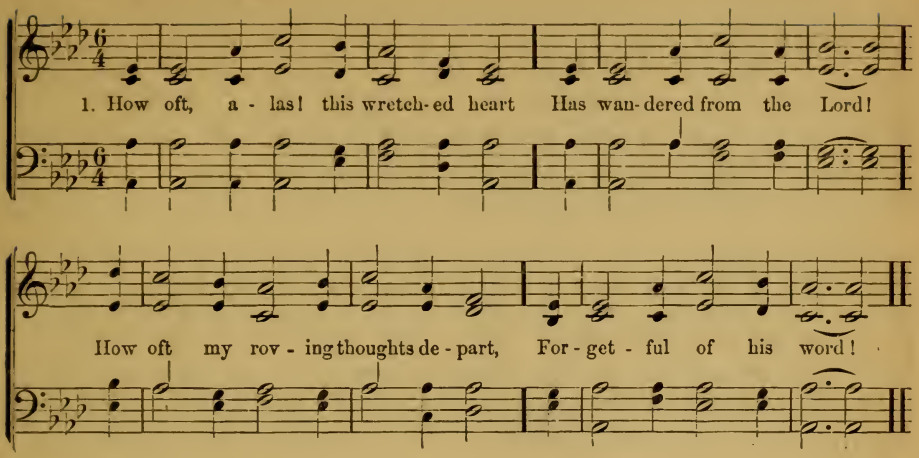
OH! for that tenderness of heart,
That bows before the Lord;
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word.

2 Oh! for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That sense of guilt which, trembling, fears
The long-suspended blow!

3 Saviour! to me, in pity give,
For sin, the deep distress;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace.

4 Oh! fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,—
Thyself to me reveal.

EVAN. C. M.



270 *Jer. 3 : 22.* STEELE.

How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn:
Oh, take the wanderer home!

3 And canst thou,—wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more!

271 *Ps. 139 : 23.* G. P. MORRIS.

SEARCHER of hearts! from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to thee!

2 Hearer of prayer! oh, guide aright
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory thine.

3 Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost!
Thou glorious Three in One!
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let thy will be done.

272 *Gen. 5 : 24.* COWPER.

OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,—
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

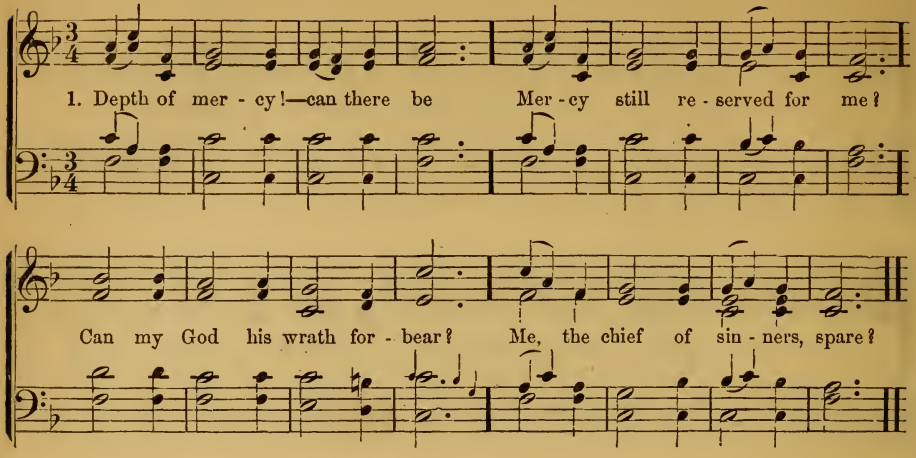
3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

ALETTA. 7s.



273 *Hos. 11 : 8.* C. WESLEY.

DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, How shall I give thee up?—
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands!
God is love! I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

274 *Matt. 5 : 3.* C. WESLEY.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and vile in mine own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below?
Only guided by thy light,
Only mighty in thy might?

3 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness?
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

275 *Ps. 6 : 1, 2.* LYTE.

GENTLY, gently, lay the rod
On my sinful head, O God!
Stay thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink beneath its sway.

2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for thy grace I seek;
This my only plea I make,—
Heal me for thy mercy's sake.

3 Lo! he comes—he heeds my plea;
Lo! he comes—the shadows flee;
Glory round me dawns once more;
Rise, my spirit! and adore.

276 *Isa. 32 : 17.* ANON.

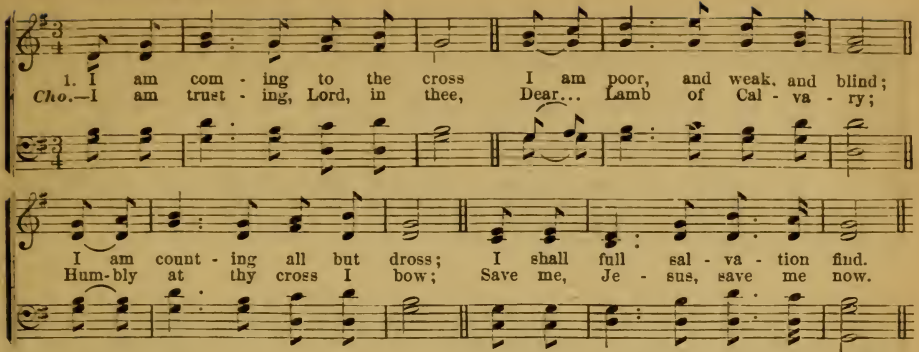
PRINCE of Peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease;
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour! at thy feet I fall;
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let thy happy servant be
One forevermore with thee!

TRUSTING. 7s.



277 *1 John 1 : 7.* McDONALD.

I am coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.—*Cho.*

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.—*Cho.*

3 Here I give my all to thee,—
Friends and time and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine forevermore.—*Cho.*

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.—*Cho.*

278 *John 21 : 16.* NEWTON.

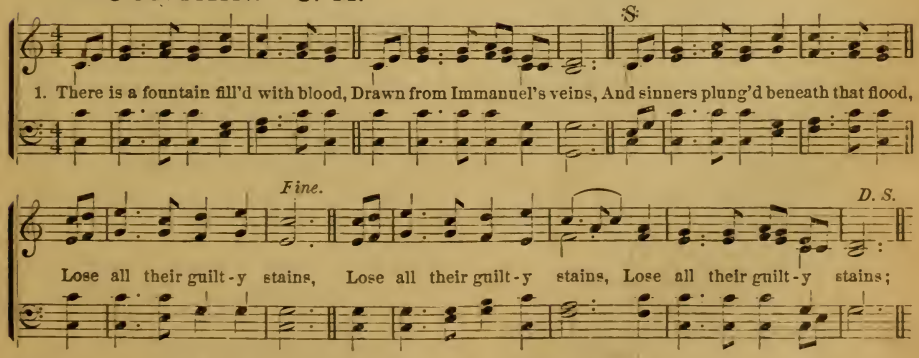
'T is a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

3 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

4 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's Sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

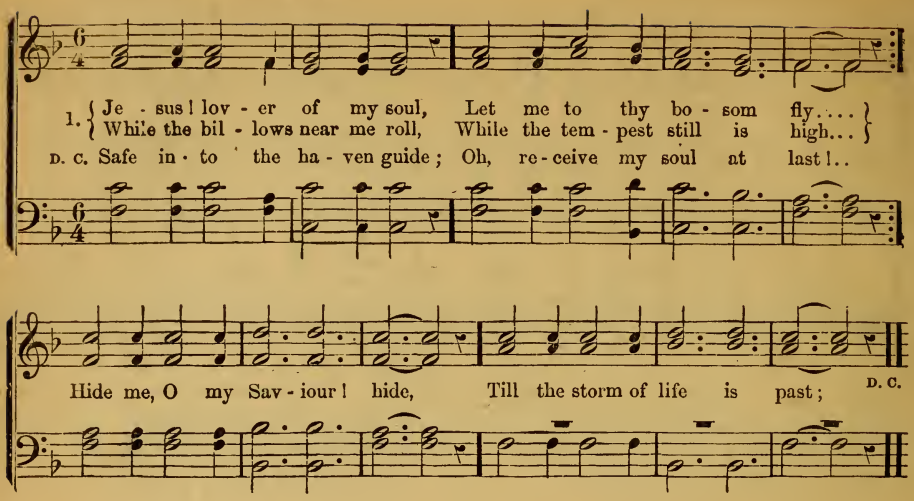


279 *Zech. 13 : 1.* COWPER.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God,
Are saved, to sin no more.

MARTYN. 7s. D.



280 *Ps. 57 : 1.* C. WESLEY.

JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

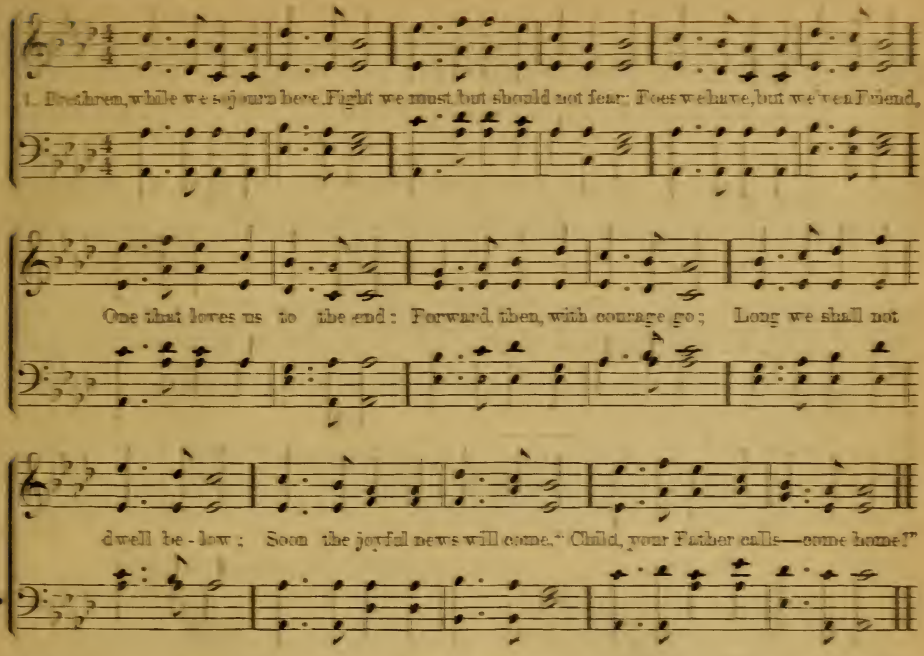
281 *Deut. 32 : 31.* FRANCKE.

LORD, thou art my rock of strength,
And my home is in thine arms;
Thou wilt send me help at length,
And I feel no wild alarms:
Sin nor death can pierce the shield
Thy defence has o'er me thrown,
Up to thee myself I yield,
And my sorrows are thine own.

2 When my trials tarry long
Unto thee I look and wait,
Knowing none, though keen and strong
Can my trust in thee abate;
And this faith I long have nursed,
Comes alone, O God, from thee;
Thou my heart didst open first,
Thou didst set this hope in me.

3 Let thy mercy's wings be spread
O'er me, keep me close to thee;
In the peace thy love doth shed,
Let me dwell eternally!
Be my all: in all I do,
Let me only seek thy will;
Let my heart to thee be true
And thus peaceful, calm, and still.

MESSIAH. 7s. D.



282 *2 Cor. 7 : 5.* ANON.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we 've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part:
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin
Like the foes that dwell within:
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls—come home!"

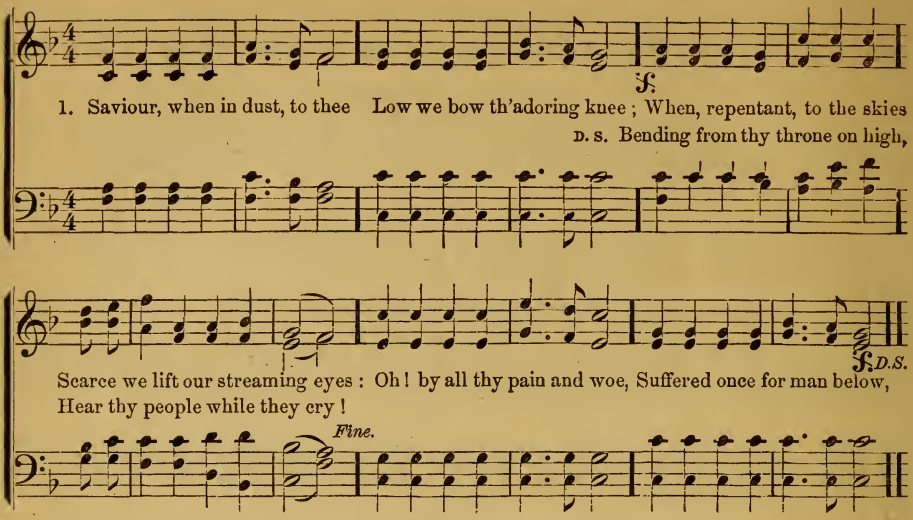
283 *1 Cor. 12 : 27.* ANON.

WHEN along life's thorny road,
Faints the soul beneath the load,
By its cares and sins oppressed,
Finds on earth no peace or rest;
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubt and fear:
Jesus, to thy feet we flee,
Jesus, we will look to thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne
List'nest to thy people's moan;
Thou, the living Head, dost share
Every pang thy members bear:
Full of tenderness thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
Full of power, thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.

3 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave;
Thou the bars of death hast riven,
Opened wide the gates of heaven;
Soon in glory thou shalt come,
Taking thy poor pilgrims home;
Jesus, then we all shall be,
Ever—ever—Lord, with thee.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.



284 *The Litany.* GRANT.

SAVIOUR, when in dust, to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes :
Oh ! by all thy pain and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear thy people while they cry.

2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness :
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
Hear thy people while they cry.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorn ;
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries ;
By thy perfect sacrifice ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
Hear thy people while they cry.

4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save ;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
Hear thy people while they cry.

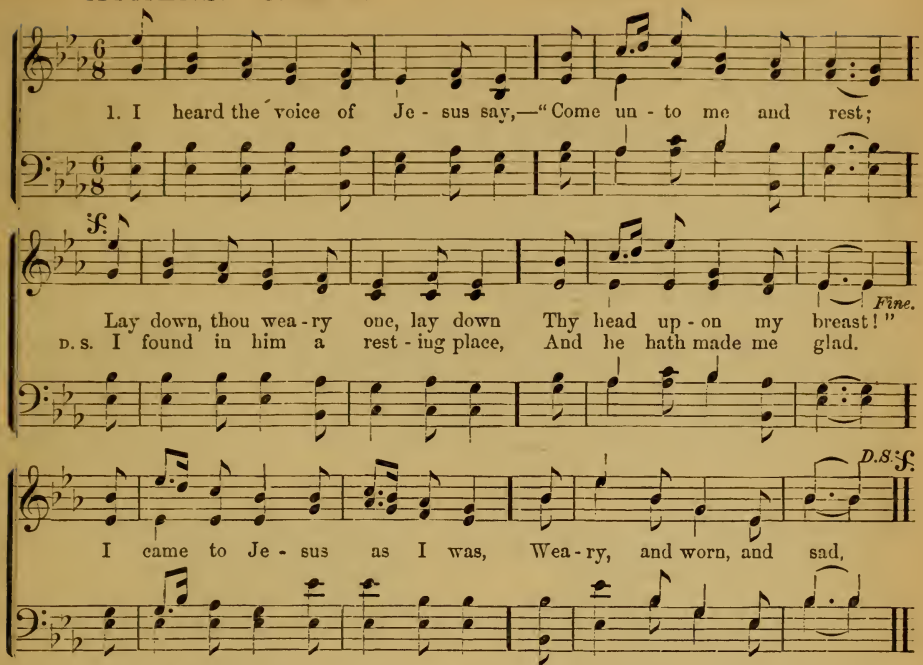
285 *2 Cor. 7 : 5.* BONAR.

OH, this soul, how dark and blind !
Oh, this foolish, earthly mind !
Oh, this froward, selfish will,
Which refuses to be still !
Oh, these ever-roaming eyes,
Upward that refuse to rise !
Oh, these wayward feet of mine,
Found in every path but thine !

2 Oh, this stubborn, prayerless knee,
Hands so seldom clasped to thee,
Longings of the soul, that go
Like the wild wind, to and fro !
To and fro, without an aim,
Turning idly whence they came,
Bringing in no joy, no bliss,
Only adding weariness !

3 Giver of the heavenly peace !
Bid, oh, bid these tumults cease ;
Minister thy holy balm ;
Fill me with thy Spirit's calm :
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Leave me not in sin to stay ;
Bearer of the sinner's guilt,
Lead me, lead me, as thou wilt !

ATHENS. C. M. D.



286 *Matt. 11 : 28.* BONAR.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,—
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

287 *John 21 : 15.* DODDRIDGE.

Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.
Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

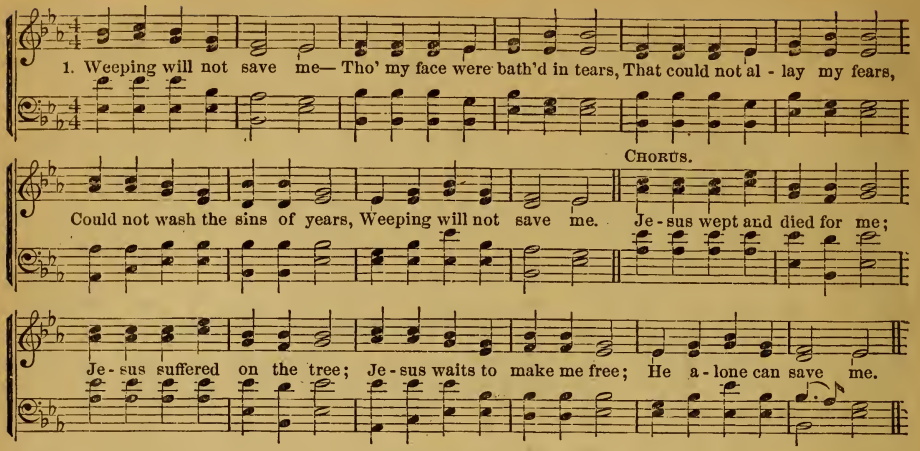
2 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?
Thou knowest that I love thee, Lord;
But oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

288 *Matt. 18 : 3.* ANON.

OH, see how Jesus trusts himself
Unto our childish love!
As though by his free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.
His sacred name a common word
On earth he loves to hear;
There is no majesty in him
Which love may not come near.

2 The light of love is round his feet,
His paths are never dim;
And he comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to him.
Let us be simple with him then,
Not backward, stiff, nor cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old.

NONE BUT JESUS. P. M.



289 *Acts 4 : 12.* LOWRY.

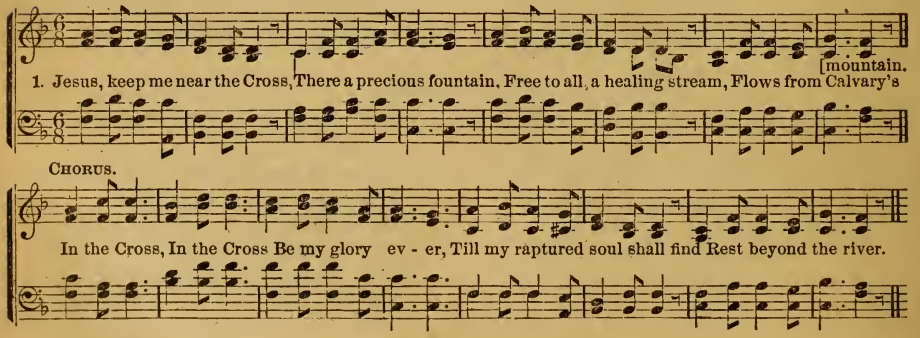
WEEPING will not save me—
Though my face were bathed in tears,
That could not allay my fears,
Could not wash the sins of years,
Weeping will not save me.—*Cho.*

2 Working will not save me—
Purest deeds that I can do,
Honest thought and feelings too,
Cannot form my soul anew,
Working will not save me.—*Cho.*

3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
In my ear is mercy's cry;
If I wait I can but die—
Waiting will not save me.—*Cho.*

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
Let me trust thy weeping Son;
Trust the work that he has done;
To his arms, Lord, help me run—
Faith in Christ will save me.—*Cho.*

NEAR THE CROSS. 7s & 6s.



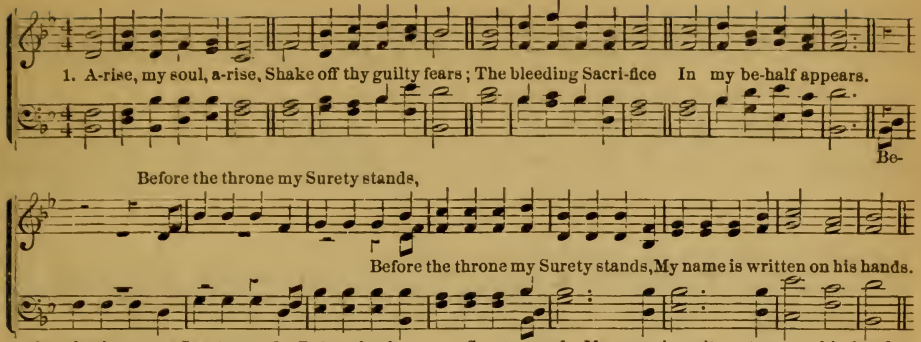
290 *John 19 : 25.* CROSBY.

JESUS, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.—*Cho.*

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Sheds its beams around me.—*Cho.*

3 Near the Cross! oh, Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.—*Cho.*

LENOX. H. M.



291 *Heb. 7 : 22.* C. WESLEY.

ARISE, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands:
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

292 *Phil. 4 : 4.* J. RIPPON.

REJOICE! the Lord is King!
Your God and King adore;
Mortals! give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart—lift up the voice—
Rejoice aloud, ye saints! rejoice.

2 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up the heart—lift up the voice—
Rejoice aloud, ye saints! rejoice.

3 He all his foes shall quell—
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart—lift up the voice—
Rejoice aloud, ye saints! rejoice.

293 *Ps. 118 : 22.* CHANDLER.

CHRIST is our Corner-stone;
On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On his great love | Of present grace
Our hopes we place, | And joys above.

2 Oh, then, with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring!
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim | Both loud and long,
In joyful song, | That glorious Name.

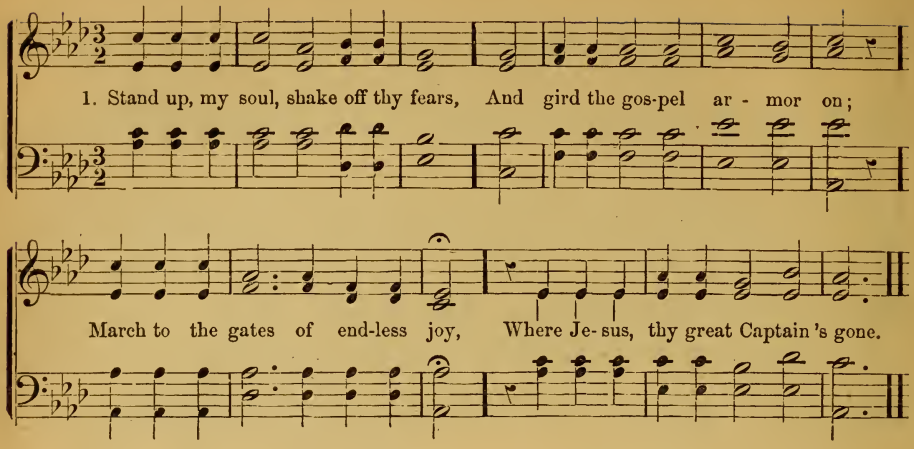
294 *Luke 4 : 19.* C. WESLEY.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb!
Redemption by his blood,
Through every land, proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.



295 *Eph. 6 : 14.* WATTS.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

296 *Isa. 40 : 28-31.* WATTS.

AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on!

2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road!

297 *Eph. 6 : 12.* BARBAULD.

AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

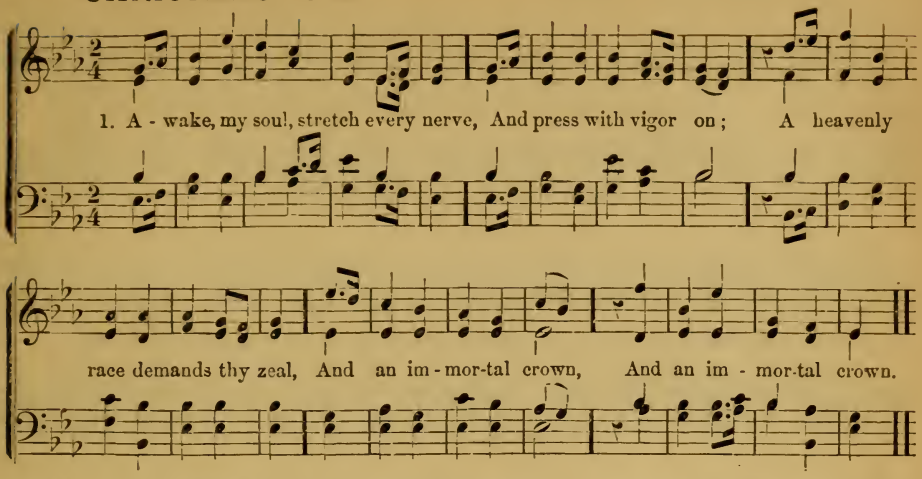
2 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

3 Thou treadest on enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part—
But most the traitor in thy heart.

4 The terror and the charm repel,
The powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here:
Why should his faithful followers fear?

5 Come then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor, from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.



298 *Phil. 3 : 14.* DODDRIDGE.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

299 *2 Tim. 2 : 3.* WATTS.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

300 *2 Tim. 1 : 12.* WATTS.

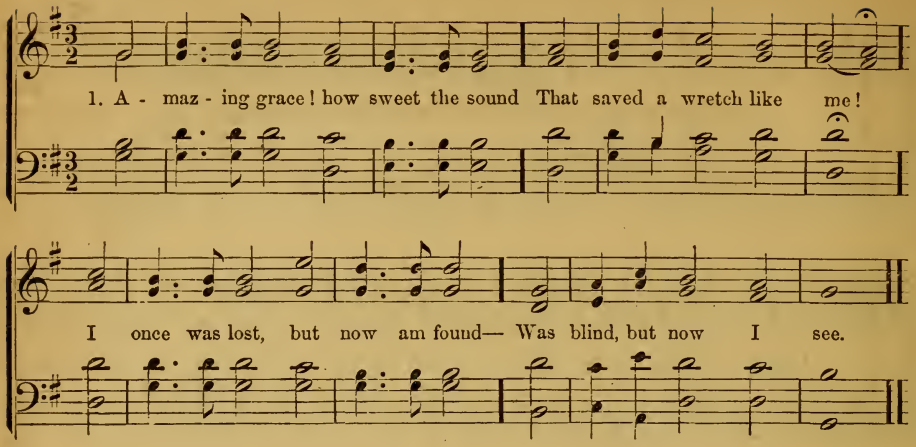
I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

ARLINGTON. C. M.



301 *Eph. 2 : 8.* NEWTON.

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yea—when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

5 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

302 *Is. 40 : 28-31.* WATTS.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise,
And where 's our courage fled?
Has restless sin, or raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot the almighty Name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease;
But we who wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

303 *Heb. 11 : 13.* NEEDHAM.

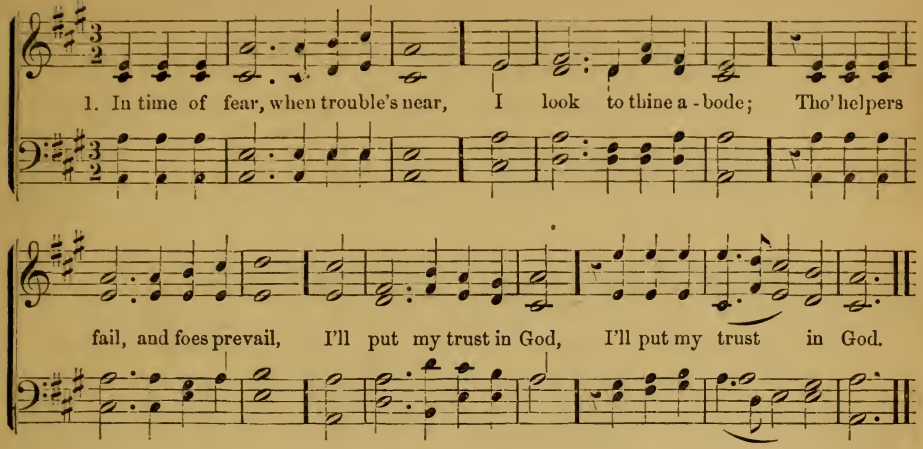
RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'T was through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessèd road
That led them safe to heaven.

ARCADIA. C. M.



304 *Isa. 26 : 3.* HASTINGS.

In time of fear, when trouble's near,
I look to thine abode;
Though helpers fail, and foes prevail,
I'll put my trust in God.

2 And what is life, 'mid toil and strife?
What terror has the grave?
Thine arm of power, in peril's hour,
The trembling soul will save.

3 In darkest skies, though storms arise,
I will not be dismayed:
O God of light, and boundless might,
My soul on thee is stayed!

305 *Isa. 35 : 8-10.* DODDRIDGE.

Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing:
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.

3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye
While laboring up the hill.

306 *Ps. 76 : 10.* BEDDOME.

Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell:
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

307 *Rom. 8 : 31.* FABER.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

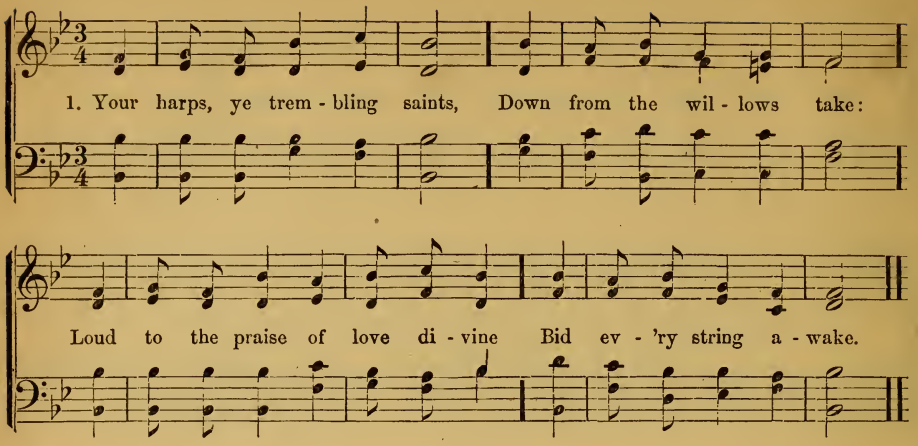
2 Oh, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

3 And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

4 Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

5 And right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

OLMUTZ. S. M.



308 *Rom. 13 : 11.* TOPLADY.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O Lord,
Who stays himself on thee;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

309 *Ps. 27 : 14.* GERHARDT.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

4 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

310 *Isa. 54 : 8.* GALLAGHER.

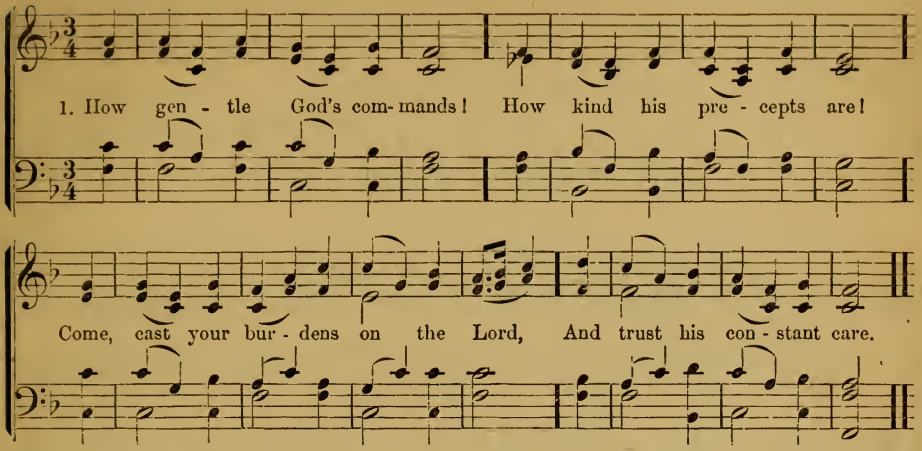
THE sun himself shall fade,
The starry worlds shall fall;
Yet through a vast eternity,
Shall God be all in all.

2 Though now his ways are dark,
Concealed from mortal sight,
His counsels are divinely wise,
And all his judgments right.

3 In God my trust shall stand,
While waves of sorrow roll;
In life or death his name shall be
The refuge of my soul.

4 Cease, cease my tears to flow,
Cease, cease my heart to moan
Betide what may to me, I 'll say,
His holy will be done!

DENNIS. S. M.



311 *1 Pet. 5 : 7.* DODDRIDGE.

How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

312 *Gen. 22 : 14.* SWAIN.

I STAND on Zion's mount,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can thrust me down.

2 The lofty hills and towers,
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be leveled low in dust—
Their very names shall die.

3 The vaulted heavens shall fall,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens, the Rock
Of my salvation stands!

313 *Ps. 126 : 5.* BURGESS.

THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come, at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

314 *Rev. 21 : 3, 4.* ANON.

THE people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
There they obtain their great reward;
The prize will there be given.

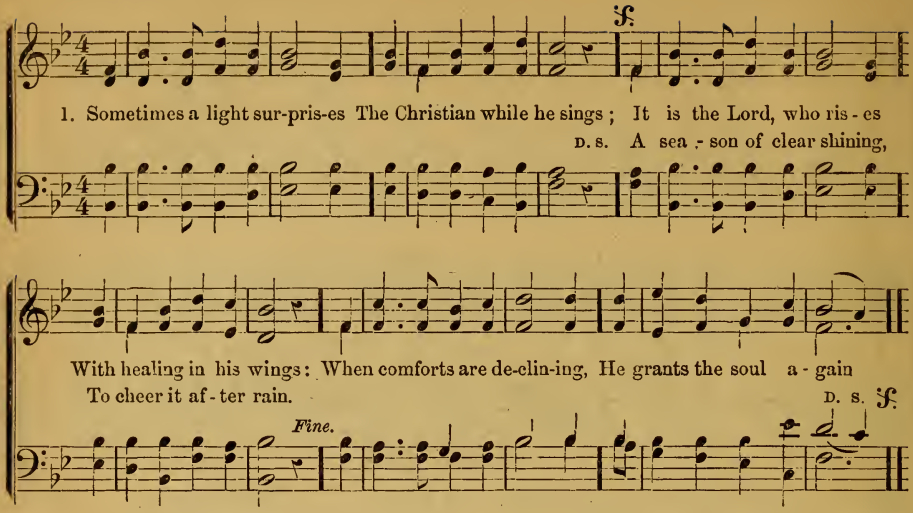
2 'T is conflict here below;
'T is triumph there, and peace:
On earth we wrestle with the foe;
In heaven our conflicts cease.

3 'T is gloom and darkness here;
'T is light and joy above;
There all is pure, and all is clear;
There all is peace and love.

4 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care:
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there.

5 Then let us joyful sing;
The conflict is not long:
We hope in heaven to praise our King
In one eternal song.

WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.



315 *Matt. 6 : 25–34.* COWPER.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

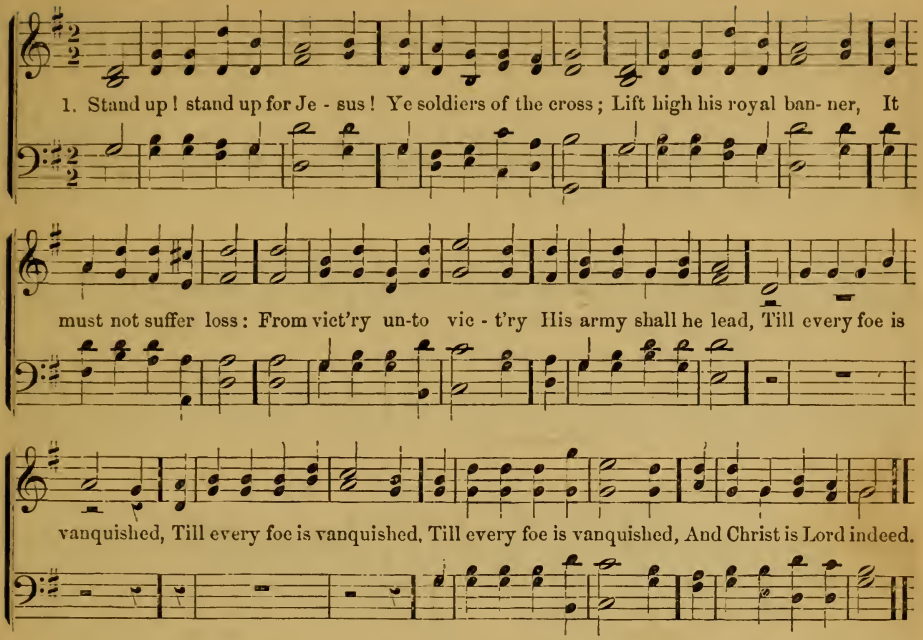
316 *Isa. 26 : 3.* WARING.

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

YARMOUTH. 7s & 6s. D.



317 *Eph. 6 : 13.* DUFFIELD.

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

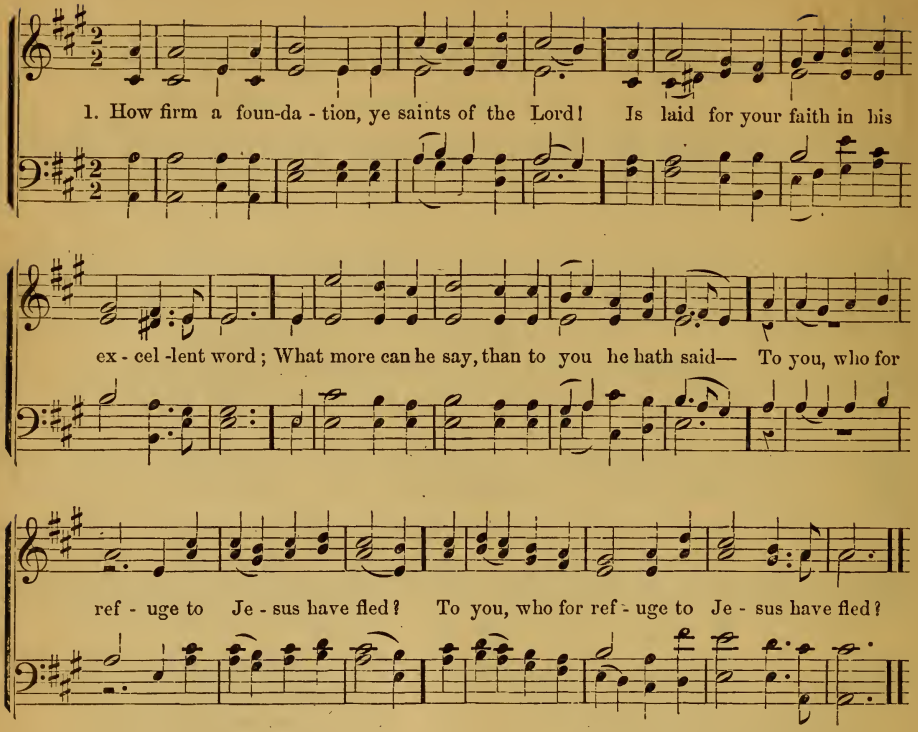
4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

318 *Ps. 27.* MONTGOMERY.

GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate:
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy day shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace!

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.



319 *Heb. 13 : 5.* KIRKHAM.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,—
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

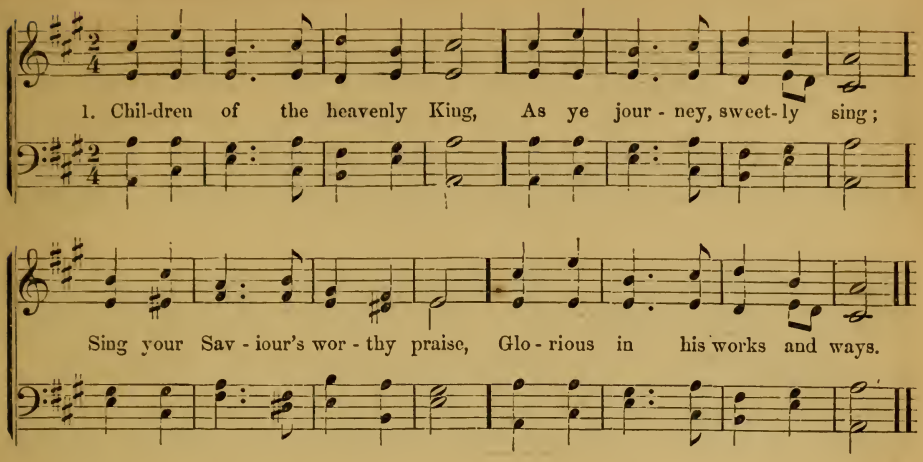
3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.



320 *Isa. 35 : 8-10.* CENNICK.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

321 *Acts 4 : 19, 20.* LOWELL.

THEY are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than, in silence, shrink
From the truth they needs must think.

2 They are slaves, who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves, who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

322 *1 Tim. 6 : 12.* H. K. WHITE.

MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight; and worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not: much doth yet remain;
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians—will ye yield?
Will ye quit the battle-field?
Fight till all the conflict's o'er,
Nor your foes shall rally more.

4 But, when loud the trumpet blown,
Speaks their forces overthrown,
Christ, your Captain, shall bestow
Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow.

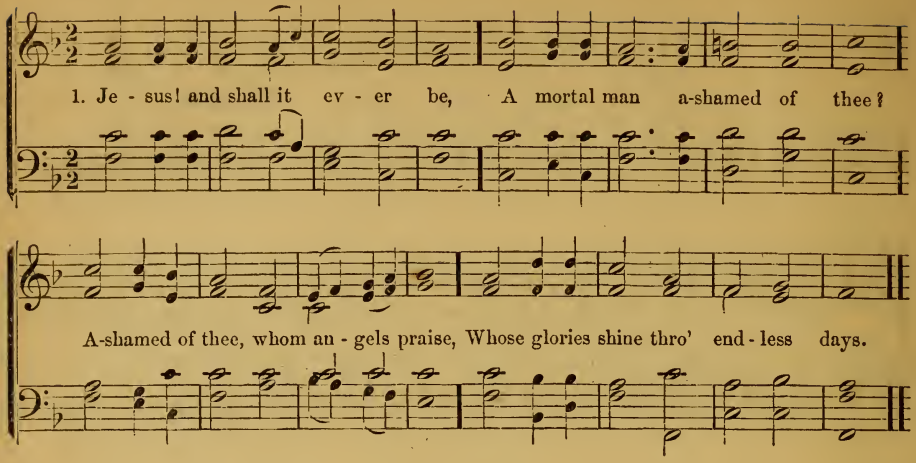
323 *Eph. 6 : 13.* MAITLAND.

CHRISTIAN, let your heart be glad!
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight! nor think the battle long;
Victory soon will tune your song.

2 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

3 Onward then to battle move!
More than conqu'ror you shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldier, onward go!

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



324 *Mark 8 : 38.* GRIGG.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

325 *John 14 : 19.* STEELE.

WHEN sins and fears, prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes;
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die?
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word—
That word which built the earth and sky.

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here may I build, and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Forever sure the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

326 *1 Cor. 6 : 19.* S. F. SMITH.

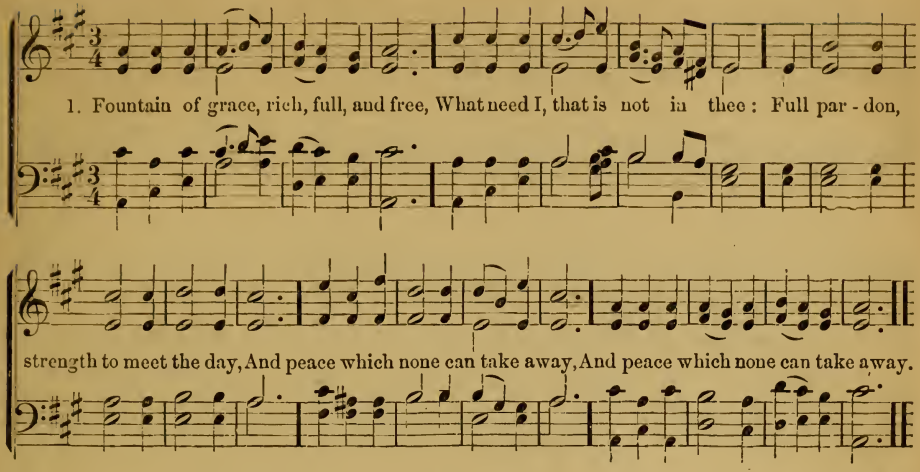
OH, not my own these verdant hills,
And fruits, and flowers, and stream, and wood;
But his who all with glory fills,
Who bought me with his precious blood.

2 Oh, not my own this wondrous frame,
Its curious work, its living soul;
But his who for my ransom came;
Slain for my sake, he claims the whole.

4 Oh, not my own the grace that keeps
My feet from fierce temptations free;
Oh, not my own the thought that leaps,
Adoring, blessèd Lord, to thee.

4 Oh, not my own; I'll soar and sing,
When life, with all its toils, is o'er,
And thou thy trembling lamb shalt bring
Safe home, to wander nevermore.

PARK STREET. L. M.



327 *Col. 1 : 19.* ANON.

FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in thee:
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear,
'T is sweet to know that thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried,
'T is sweet to know that Christ hath died.

3 In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently vails the eyes,—
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

328 *Heb. 2 : 16.* GISBORNE.

SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee;
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapped in shades of death for me.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn;
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell;
Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze;
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel;
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

329 *Col. 4 : 12.* MRS. HINSDALE.

MY soul complete in Jesus stands!
It fears no more the law's demands;
The smile of God is sweet within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.

2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace his pardon gives;
Receives the grace his death secured,
And pleads the anguish he endured.

3 My soul its every foe defies,
And cries—"Tis God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?

4 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
To our eternal, glorious King!
Shall worship humbly at his feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

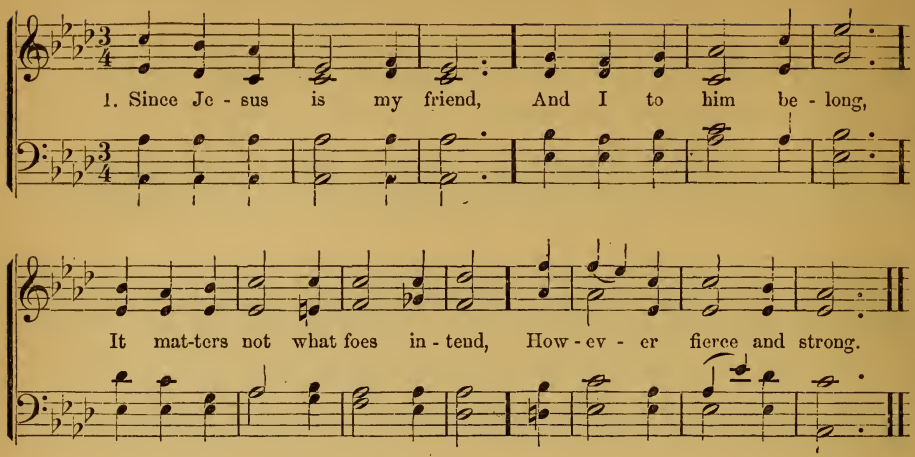
330 *Eph. 3 : 10.* ANON.

LIGHT of the soul! O Saviour blest!
Soon as thy presence fills the breast,
Darkness and guilt are put to flight,
And all is sweetness and delight.

2 Son of the Father! Lord most high!
How glad is he who feels thee nigh!
Come in thy hidden majesty;
Fill us with love, fill us with thee.

3 Jesus is from the proud concealed,
But evermore to babes revealed;
Through him, unto the Father be
Glory and praise eternally!

GREENWOOD. S. M.



331 *John. 14 : 3.* GERHARDT.

SINCE Jesus is my friend,
And I to him belong,
It matters not what foes intend,
However fierce and strong.

2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find him near;—

3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

332 *Ps. 31.* LYTE.

MY spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline,
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

2 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

3 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,—
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

333 *Ps. 23 : 4.* STEELE.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear:
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

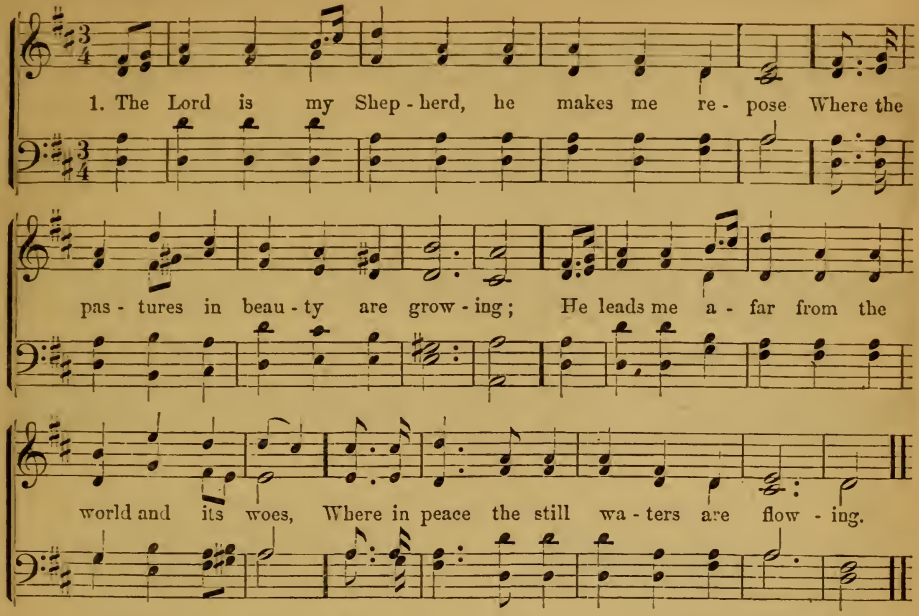
334 *1 Pet. 1 : 8.* WATTS.

NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

SHEPHERD. 11s & 10s.



335 *Ps. 23.* KNOX.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me repose
Where the pastures in beauty are growing,
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.

2 He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path
Where the arms of his love shall enfold me,
And when I walk through the dark valley of death,
His rod and his staff will uphold me!

336 *Cant. 1 : 7, 8.* HASTINGS.

OH, tell me, thou Life and Delight of my soul,
Where the flock of thy pasture are feeding;
I seek thy protection, I need thy control,
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.

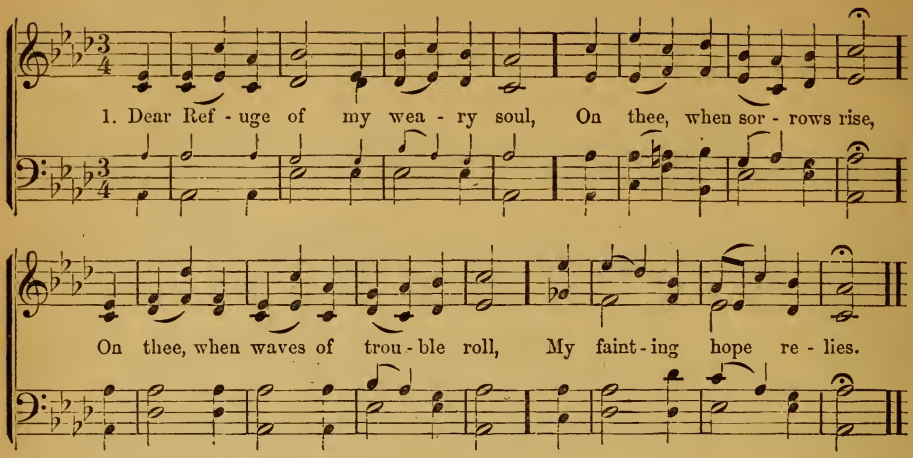
2 Oh, tell me the place where thy flock are at rest,
Where the noontide will find them reposing;
The tempest now rages, my soul is distressed,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.

3 And why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,
In the desert where now they are roving;
Where hunger and thirst, where contentions and woes
And fierce conflicts their ruin are proving?

4 Ah, when shall my woes and my wandering cease,
And the follies that fill me with weeping?
O Shepherd of Israel, restore me that peace,
Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping!

5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids me return,
By the way where the footprints are lying;
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn:
And homeward my spirit is flying.

CHURCH. C. M.



337 *Jer. 16 : 19.* STEELE.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust:
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

338 *Ps. 25 : 14.* WESLEY.

SPEAK to me, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here on earth I rove;
Speak to my heart, and let me feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, I forget
All time and toil and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
Thy face, O God, I seek,—
Attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

4 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

339 *1 Cor. 1 : 22-24.* WATTS.

DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

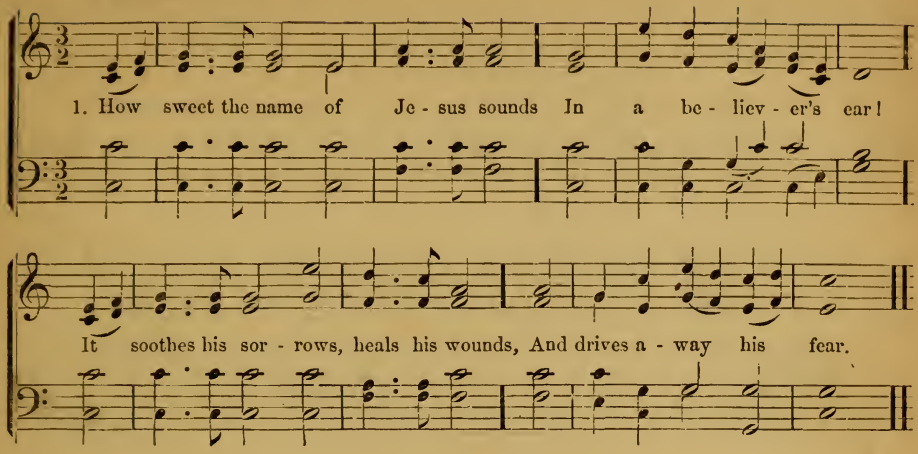
2 'T is by the merits of thy death
Thy Father smiles again;
'T is by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin:
His name forbids my slavish fear;
His grace removes my sin.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

HEBER. C. M.



340 *1 Pet. 2 : 7.* NEWTON.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

341 *Matt. 1 : 21.* DODDRIDGE.

JESUS! I love thy charming name,
'T is music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes!—thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

342 *Matt. 17 : 8.* BERNARD.

JESUS, the very thought of thee,
With sweetness fills my breast:
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

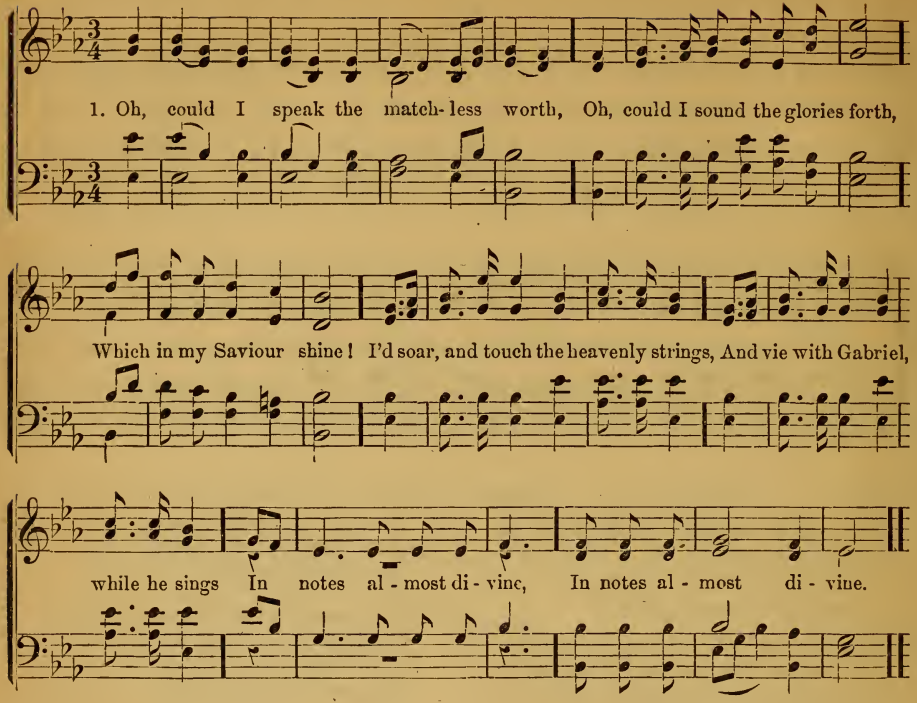
2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

ARIEL. C. P. M.



343 *1 Pet. 2 : 7.* MEDLEY.

Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt,
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

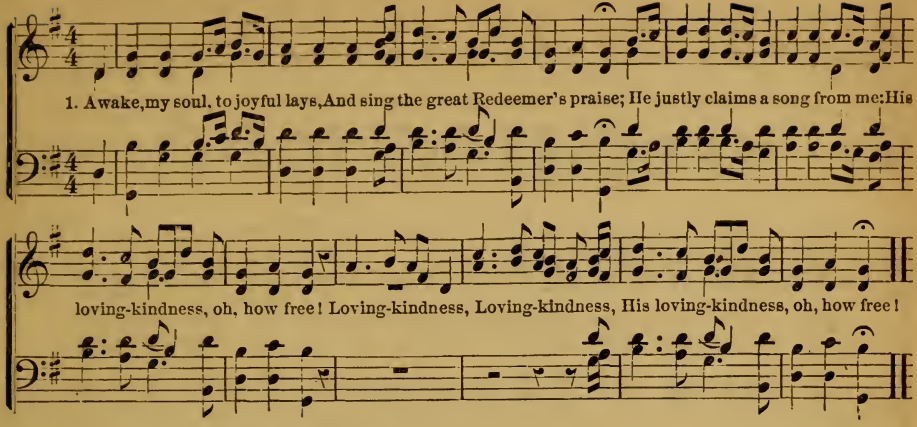
344 *Luke 10 : 42.* C. WESLEY.

Oh, that I could forever sit,
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice,—
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

2 Oh that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast:
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord! to find in thee
My everlasting rest!

3 God only knows the love of God;
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For this I sigh; for thee I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine the better part!

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.



345 *Ps. 36 : 7.* MEDLEY.

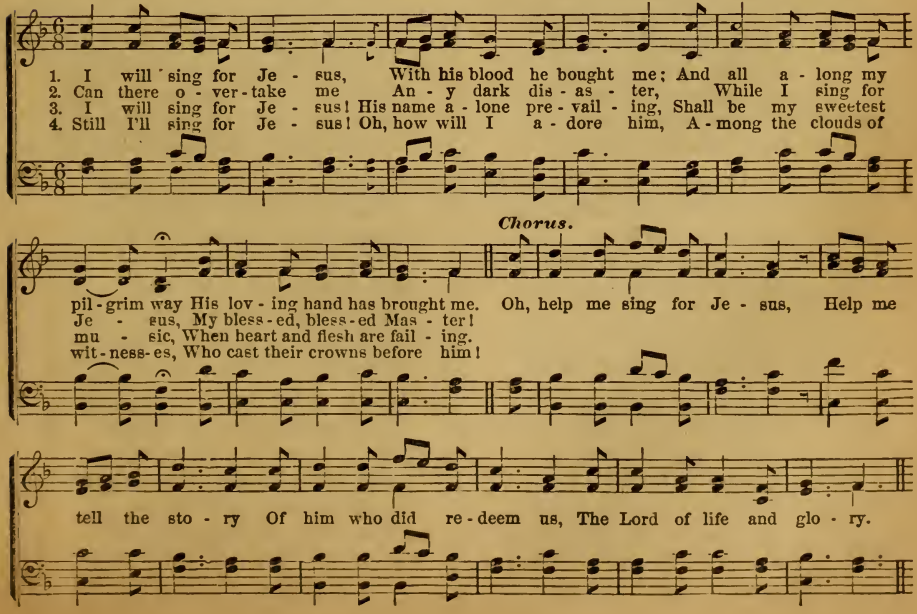
AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

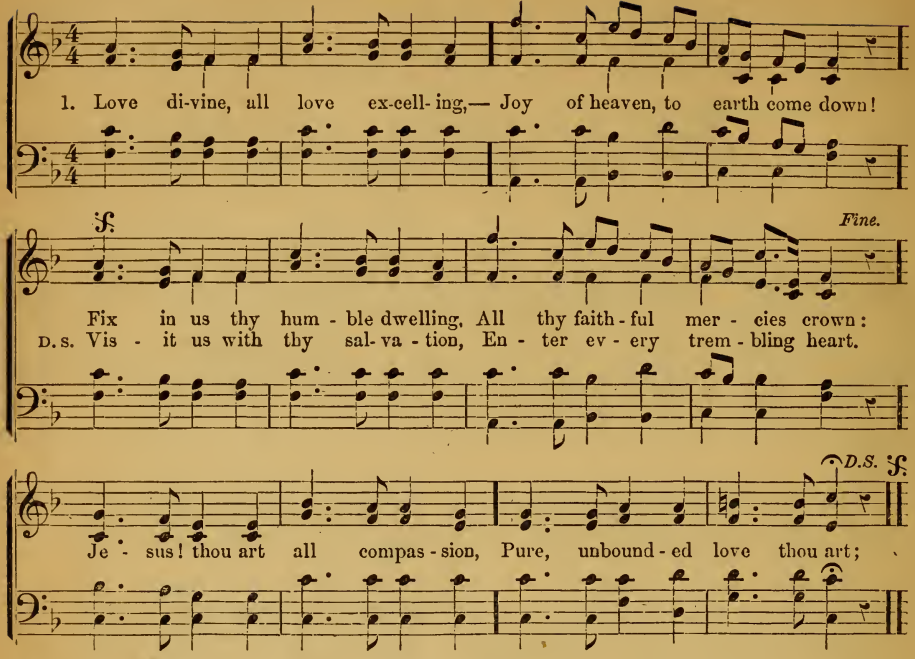
3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

SING FOR JESUS. P. M. HYMN 346 CROSBY.



BAYLEY. 8s & 7s. D.



347 *Phil. 1 : 6.* C. WESLEY.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,—
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest:
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

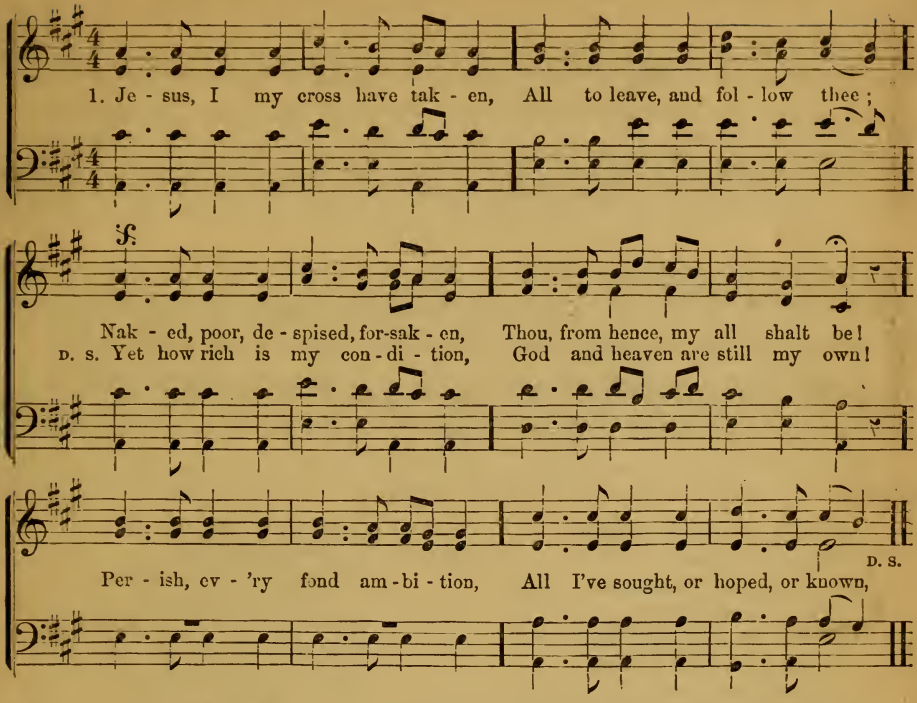
348 *John 15 : 4.* SPITTA.

ALL is dying; hearts are breaking
Which to ours were closely bound:
And the lips have ceased from speaking
Which once uttered such sweet sound;
And the arms are powerless lying,
Which were our support and stay;
And the eyes are dim and dying,
Which once watched us night and day.

2 Everything we love and cherish
Hastens onward to the grave;
Earthly joys and pleasures perish,
And whate'er the world e'er gave.
All is fading, all is fleeing;
Earthly flames must cease to glow,
Earthly beings cease from being,
Earthly blossoms cease to blow.

3 Yet unchanged while all decayeth,
Jesus stands upon the dust;
Lean on me alone, he sayeth;
Hope and love, and firmly trust!
Oh, abide, abide with Jesus,
Who himself forever lives,
Who from death eternal frees us,
Yea, who life eternal gives!

ELLESDIE. 8s & 7s. D.



349 *Luke 9 : 23.* LYTE.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh! while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh! 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

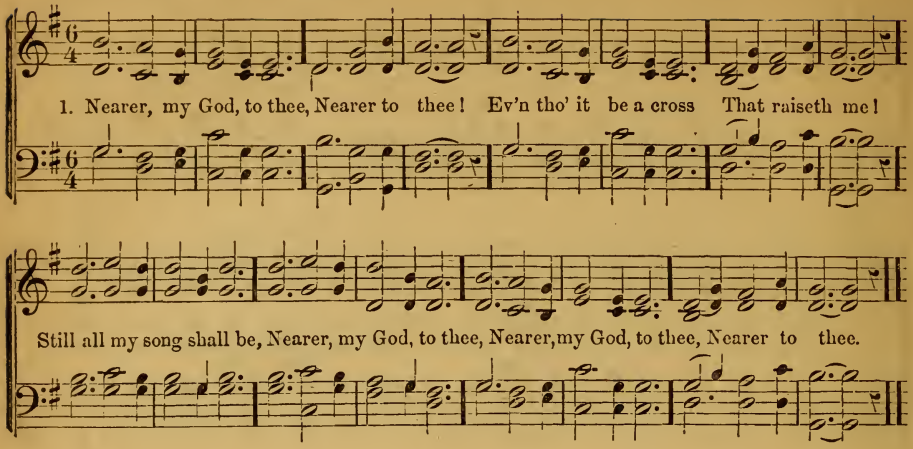
4 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

350 *1 John 3 : 1.* LYTE.

SOUL, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer!
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.



351 *Gen. 28 : 10-22.* S. F. ADAMS.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

352 *Isa. 42 : 16.* C. S. R.

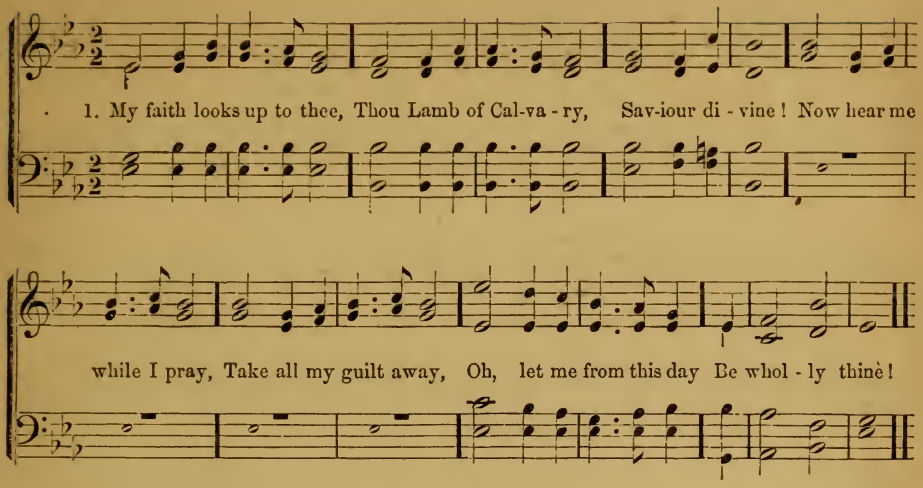
SAVIOUR! I follow on,
Guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand
That leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill,
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe!"

3 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought;
And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent,
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught.

4 Saviour! I long to walk
Closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand,
Ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me!

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.



353 *Isa. 45 : 22.* RAY PALMER.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to-day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

354 *Heb. 12 : 2.* HASTINGS.

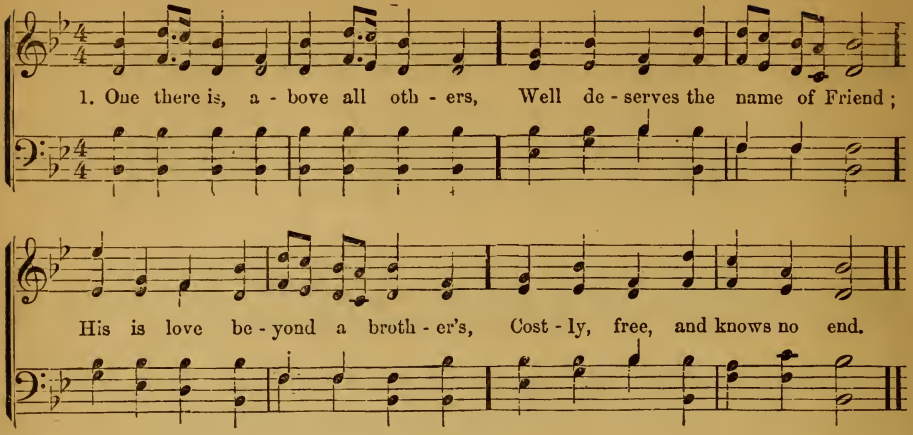
Saviour, I look to thee,
Be not thou far from me,
'Mid storms that lower:
On me thy care bestow,
Thy loving-kindness show,
Thine arms around me throw,
This trying hour.

2 Saviour, I look to thee,
Feeble as infancy,
Gird up my heart:
Author of life and light,
Thou hast an arm of might,
Thine is the sovereign right,
Thy strength impart.

3 Saviour, I look to thee,
Let me thy fullness see,
Save me from fear;
While at thy cross I kneel,
All my backslidings heal,
And a free pardon seal,
My soul to cheer.

4 Saviour, I look to thee,
Thine shall the glory be,
Hearer of prayer:
Thou art my only aid,
On thee my soul is stayed,
Naught can my heart invade,
While thou art near.

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.



355 *Prov. 18 : 24.* NEWTON.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften,
Teach us, Lord, at length, to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

356 *Matt. 17 : 8.* NASON.

JESUS only, when the morning
Beams upon the path I tread;
Jesus only, when the darkness
Gathers round my weary head.

2 Jesus only, when the billows
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;
Jesus only, when the trumpet
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

3 Jesus only, when in judgment
Boding fears my heart appall;
Jesus only, when the wretched
On the rocks and mountains call.

4 Jesus only, when, adoring,
Saints their crowns before him bring;
Jesus only, I will, joyous,
Through eternal ages sing.

357 *John 8 : 36.* ANON.

SAVIOUR, hear us, through thy merit
Lowly bending at thy feet;
Oh, draw near us by thy Spirit;
Prostrate at thy mercy-seat.

2 For the joys of thy salvation,
Still we raise our cries to thee;
Hear the voice of supplication,
Set our souls at liberty.

358 *Matt. 28 : 20.* NEVIN.

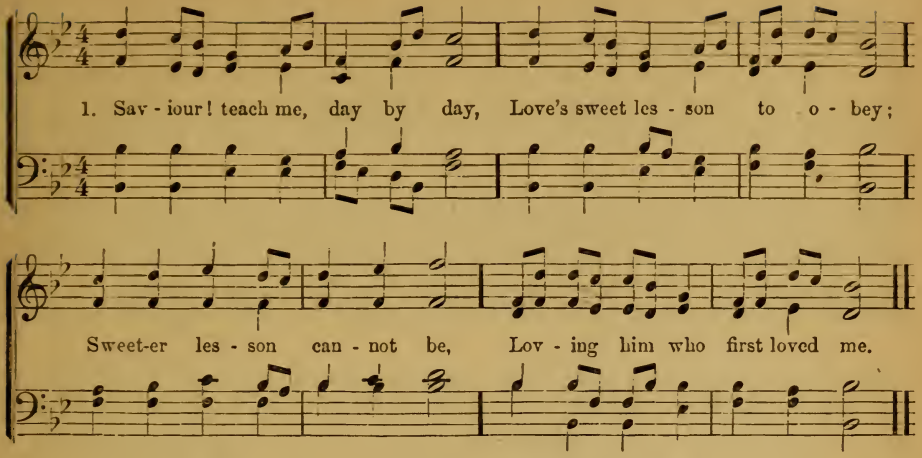
ALWAYS with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

FULTON. 7s.



359 *1 John 4 : 19.* ANON.

SAVIOUR! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

360 *John 14 : 6.* FURNESS.

FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die?
Who, O God! my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

2 Blesséd Father, gracious One!
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die.

4 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Saviour, near.

361 *1 Cor. 15 : 10.* KELLY.

BLESSÉD fountain, full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me,
To this source alone I trace
What I am and hope to be.

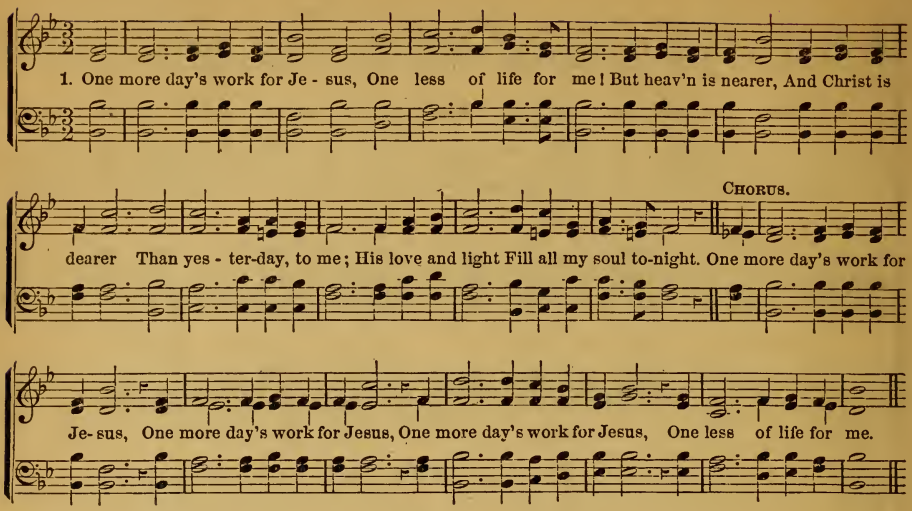
2 What I am, as one redeemed,
Saved and rescued by the Lord;
Hating what I once esteemed,
Loving what I once abhorred.

3 What I hope to be ere long,
When I take my place above;
When I join the heavenly throng;
When I see the God of love.

4 Then I hope like him to be,
Who redeemed his saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Through a vail that stands between.

5 Blesséd fountain, full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me;
To this source alone I trace
What I am, and hope to be.

ONE MORE DAY. P. M.



362 *Rom. 13 : 11.* ANON.

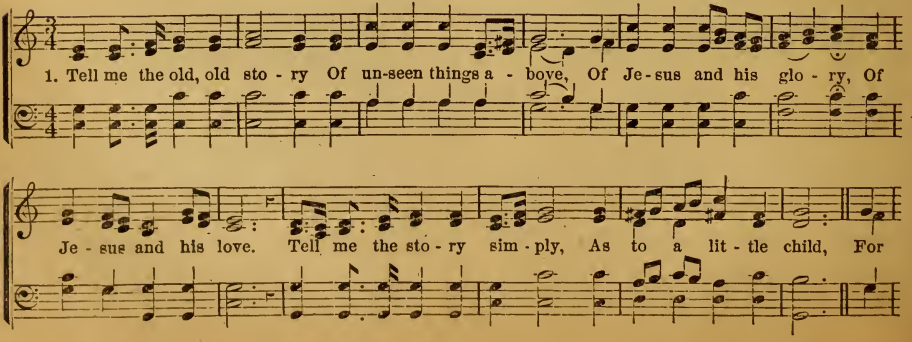
ONE more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!
But heaven is nearer,
And Christ is dearer
Than yesterday, to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.—*Cho.*

2 One more day's work for Jesus;
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story,
To show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!—*Cho.*

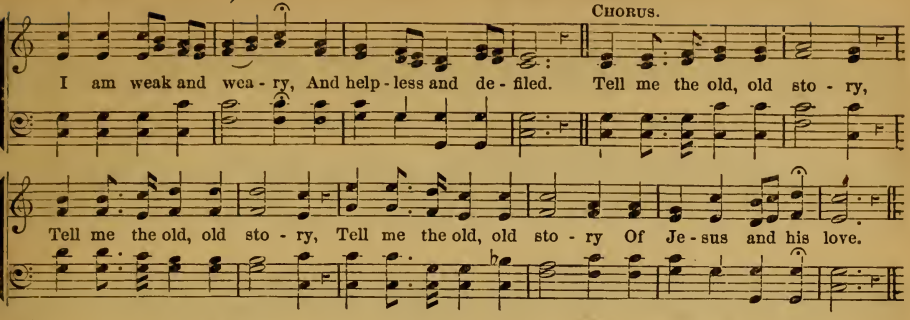
3 One more day's work for Jesus—
Oh, yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer
And rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before his face I fall.—*Cho.*

4 Oh, blesséd work for Jesus!
Oh, rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure,
My wants are treasure,
And pain for him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!—*Cho.*

THE OLD, OLD STORY. 7s & 6s. D.



THE OLD, OLD STORY. Concluded.



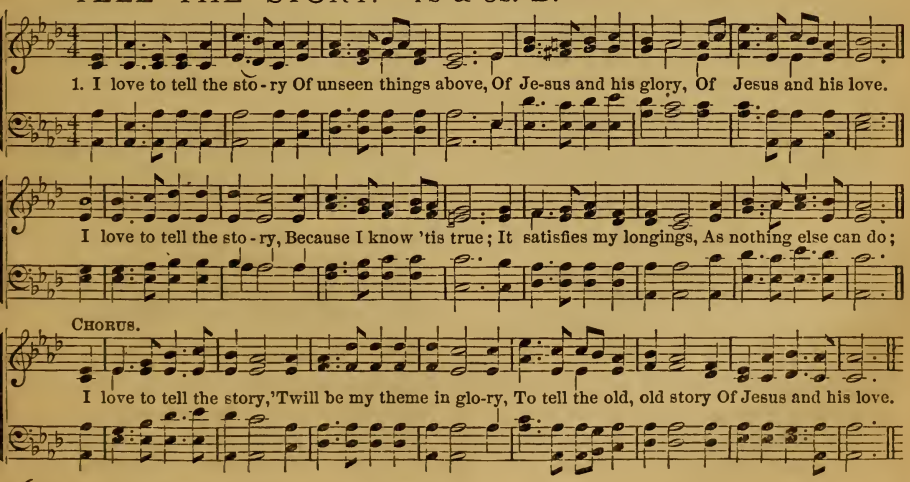
363 *John 3 : 16.* ANON.

TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.—*Cho.*

2 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.—*Cho.*

3 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."—*Cho.*

TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s. D.

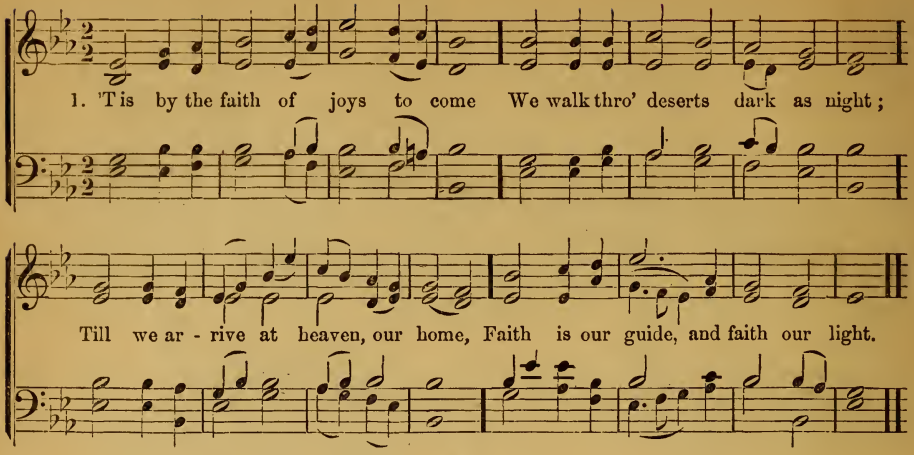


364 *1 Tim. 1 : 15.* ANON.

2 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—*Cho.*

3 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long!—*Cho.*

DUKE STREET. L. M.



365 Faith.—*Heb. 11 : 8.* WATTS.

'T is by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

366 Self-denial.—*Luke 9 : 23.* KEBLE.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set, to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

2 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

3 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

4 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

367 Love.—*1 Cor. 13 : 1.* WATTS.

Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell—
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

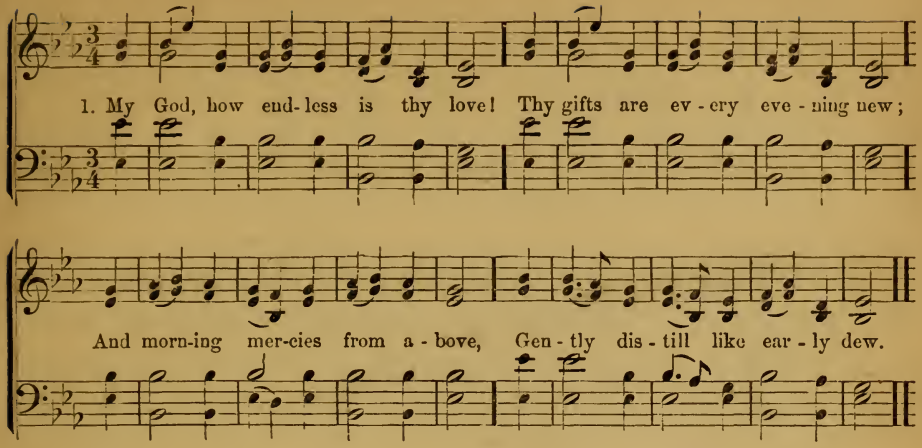
368 Consistency.—*Titus 2 : 10-13.* WATTS.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on his word.

GRATITUDE. L. M.



369 Gratitude.—*Lam. 3 : 23.* WATTS.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

370 Completeness.—*Col. 2 : 10.* A. R. W.

COMPLETE in thee! no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

2 Complete in thee—no more shall sin,
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more—complete in thee.

4 Dear Saviour! when, before thy bar
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among thy chosen may I be
At thy right hand—complete in thee.

371 Contentment.—*Phil. 4 : 11.* GUION.

O LORD, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time;
Our country is in every clime:
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

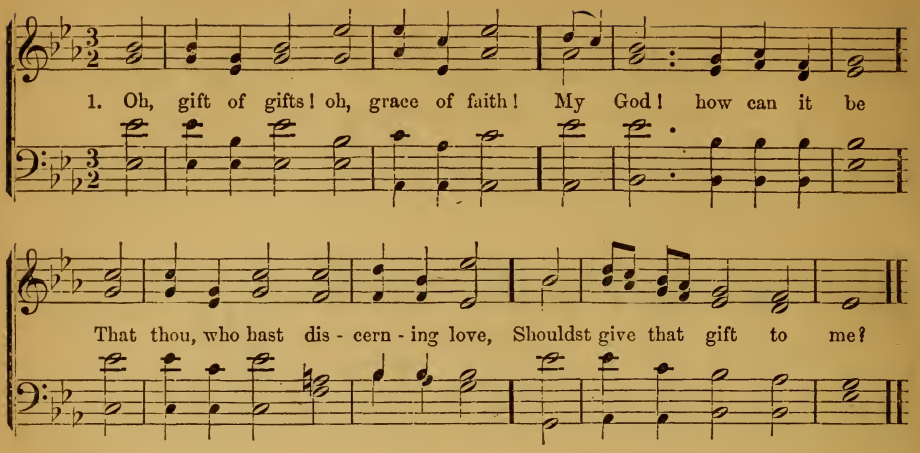
372 Meekness.—*Matt. 5 : 5.* J. SCOTT.

HAPPY the meek whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath th' Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild!
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess:
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us as we aim to bless.

VALENTIA. C. M.



373 Faith.—*Eph. 2 : 8.* FABER.

Oh, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

2 How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light—
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death!

374 Godly Sincerity.—*Eph. 5 : 8.* BARTON.

Walk in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
Thy path, though thorny, bright,
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

375 Gentleness.—*2 Tim. 2 : 24.* BATES.

Speak gently—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

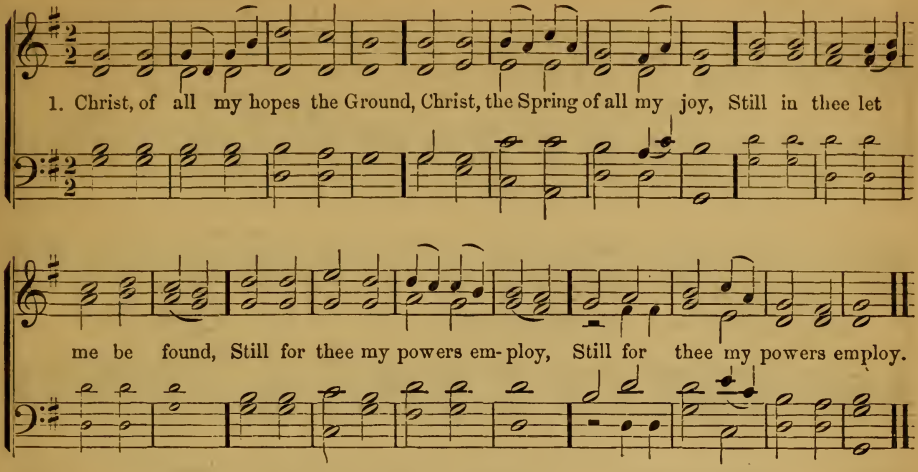
2 Speak gently to the young—for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may
'T is full of anxious care.

3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

4 Speak gently to the erring ones—
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!

5 Speak gently—'t is a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

HENDON. 7s.



376 In Christ.—*Phil. 1 : 21.* WARDLAW.

CHRIST, of all my hopes the Ground,
Christ, the Spring of all my joy,
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live!"

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blessèd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll!
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus,—oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

377 Likeness to Christ. MONTGOMERY.

FATHER of eternal grace!
Glorify thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above,—
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To thy will:—thy will be done
Give me, Lord! the perfect mind
Of thy well beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,—
Rise with him, to thee, my God!

378 Fellowship.—*Eph. 4 : 5.* WESLEYAN

FATHER, hear our humble claim;
We are met in thy great name;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here.

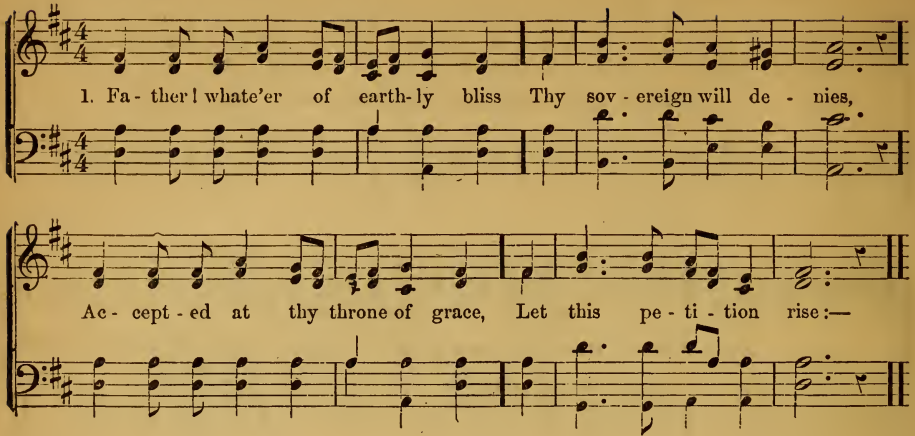
2 Lord, our fellowship increase;
Knit us in the bond of peace;
Join our hearts, O Father! join
Each to each, and all to thine.

3 Move and actuate and guide,
Diverse gifts to each divide;
Placed according to thy will,
Let us each his work fulfill.

4 Build us in one spirit up,
Called in one high calling's hope,
One the spirit, one the aim,
One the pure baptismal flame;—

5 One the faith, and one the Lord,
Whom, by heaven and earth adored,
We our God and Father call;—
O'er all, through all, with us all.

NAOMI. C. M.



379 Humble Devotion. STEELE.

FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

380 Humility.—*Ps. 131.* WATTS.

Is there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

381 Humility.—*Isa. 57 : 15.* ANON.

THY home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.

2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
I'll build a house for thee.

3 Who made this breathing heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest!

382 Calmness.—*Isa. 26 : 3.* BONAR.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let thine outstretchéd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

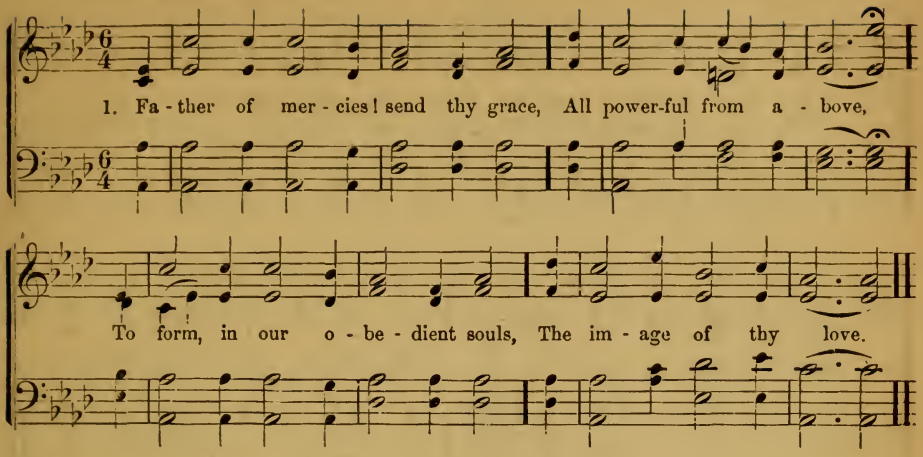
2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,—

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,—

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

REMSEN. C. M.



383 Brotherly Kindness. DODDRIDGE.

FATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And mid the embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

384 Charity. BARBAULD.

BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:—

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms,
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Peace from the bosom of his God,
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

385 Trivial Efforts.—*Eccl. 11: 6.* ANON.

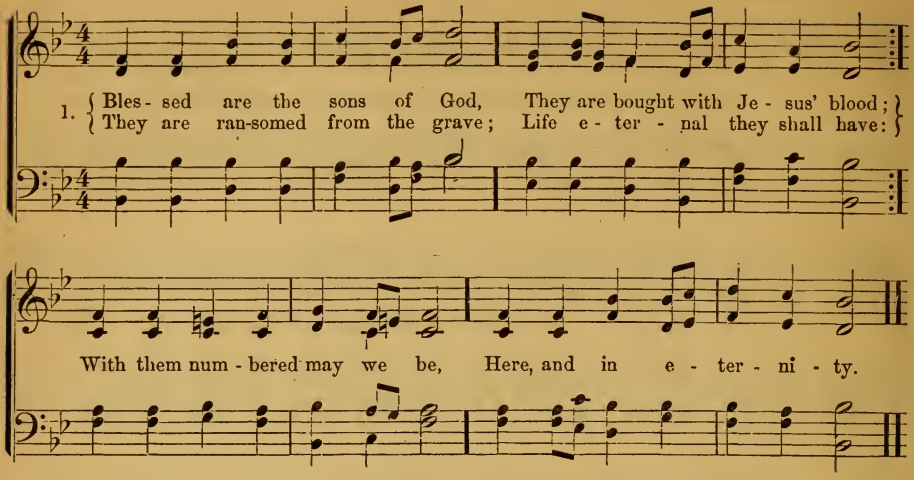
SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.



386 Brotherly love. HUMPHREYS.

BLESSÉD are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are lights upon the earth,—
Children of a heavenly birth,—
One with God, with Jesus one:
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

387 Spirituality.—*Rom. 8 : 15.* C. WESLEY.

ABBA, Father, hear thy child,
Late in Jesus reconciled;
Hear, and all the graces shower,
All the joy, and peace, and power;
All my Saviour asks above,
All the life and heaven of love.

2 Heavenly Father, Life divine,
Change my nature into thine:
Move and spread throughout my soul,
Renovate and fill the whole;
Lord, I will not let thee go
Till the blessing thou bestow.

3 Holy Ghost, no more delay;
Come, and in thy temple stay:
Now, thine inward witness bear,
Strong, and permanent, and clear:
Spring of life, thyself impart;
Rise eternal in my heart.

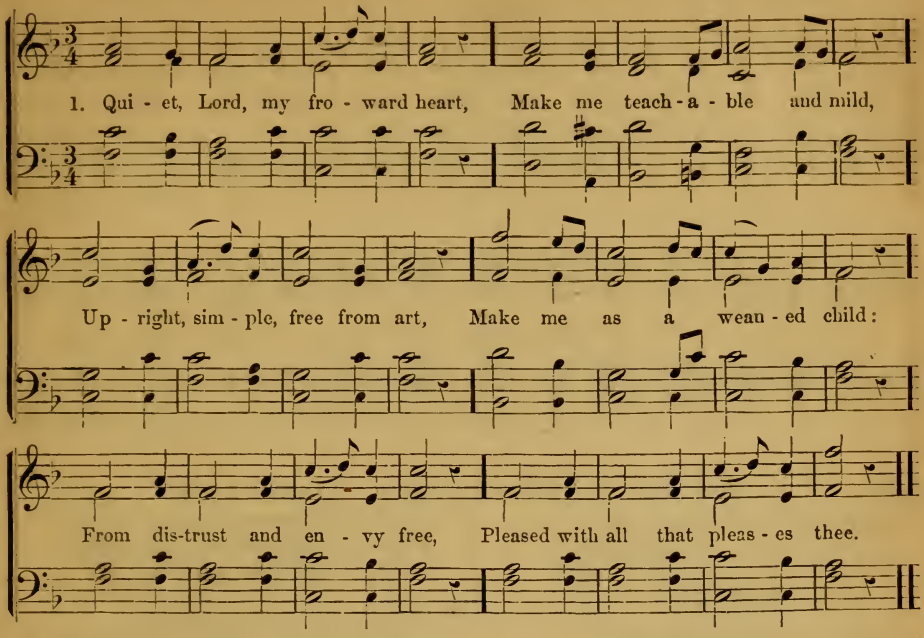
388 Charity.—*1 Cor. 13 : 1.* LANGE.

THOUGH I speak with angel tongues
Bravest words of strength and fire,
They are but as idle songs,
If no love my heart inspire;
All the eloquence shall pass
As the noise of sounding brass.

2 Though I lavish all I have
On the poor in charity,
Though I shrink not from the grave,
Or unmoved the stake can see,—
Till by love the work be crowned,
All shall profitless be found.

3 Come, thou Spirit of pure love,
Who didst forth from God proceed,
Never from my heart remove;
Let me all thy impulse heed;
Let my heart henceforward be
Moved, controlled, inspired by thee.

REPOSE. 7s. 6 lines.



389 Tranquillity.—*Ps. 131.* NEWTON.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanéd child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'T is enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;—
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

390 Trust.—*Isa. 12 : 2.* NEVINS.

HAPPY, Saviour, would I be,
If I could but trust in thee;
Trust thy wisdom me to guide;
Trust thy goodness to provide;
Trust thy saving love and power;
Trust thee every day and hour:—

2 Trust thee as the only light
In the darkest hour of night;
Trust in sickness, trust in health;
Trust in poverty and wealth;
Trust in joy and trust in grief;
Trust thy promise for relief:—

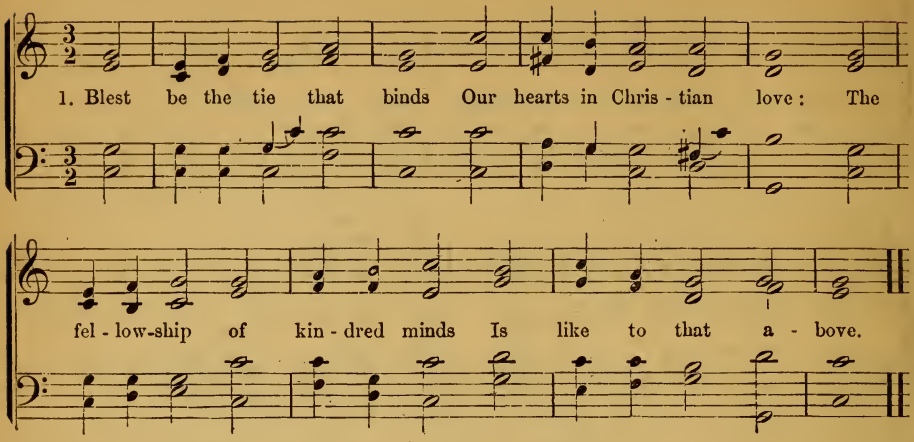
3 Trust thy blood to cleanse my soul;
Trust thy grace to make me whole;
Trust thee living, dying too;
Trust thee all my journey through;
Trust thee till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

391 Consecration.—*Ps. 119 : 94.* ANON.

NOW, O God, thine own I am!
Now I give thee back thine own:
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I!
Happier still if thine I die.

2 Take me, Lord, and all my powers;
Take my mind, and heart, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do—
Take my soul and make it new!

BOYLSTON. S. M.



392 *Rom. 12 : 5.* FAWCETT.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way:
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

393 *Matt. 18 : 20.* C. WESLEY.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget.

3 We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

4 Present we know thou art,
But oh, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.

5 Oh, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

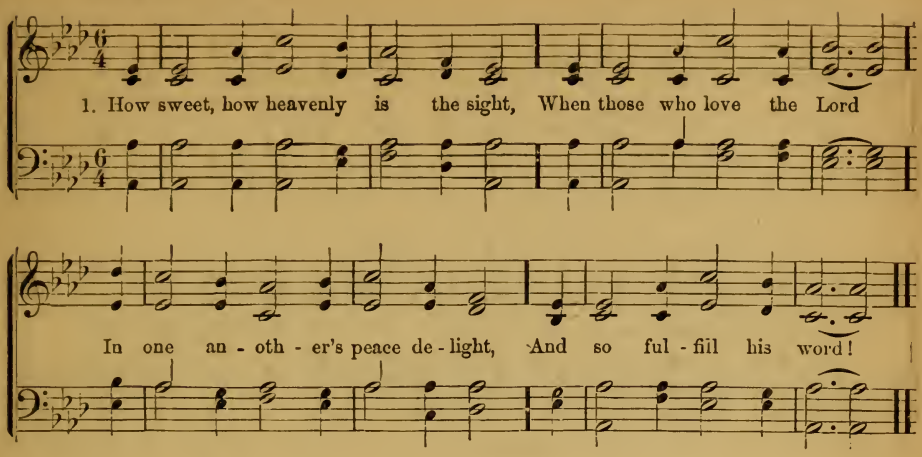
394 *1 Cor. 12 : 13.* BEDDOME.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

EVAN. C. M.



395 *1 John 4 : 21.* SWAIN.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

396 *1 Cor. 12 : 27.* C. WESLEY.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
And thence our spirits rise;
For he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

397 *John 13 : 1.* RAY PALMER.

LORD, thou on earth didst love thine own,
Didst love them to the end;
Oh, still from thy celestial throne,
Let gifts of love descend.

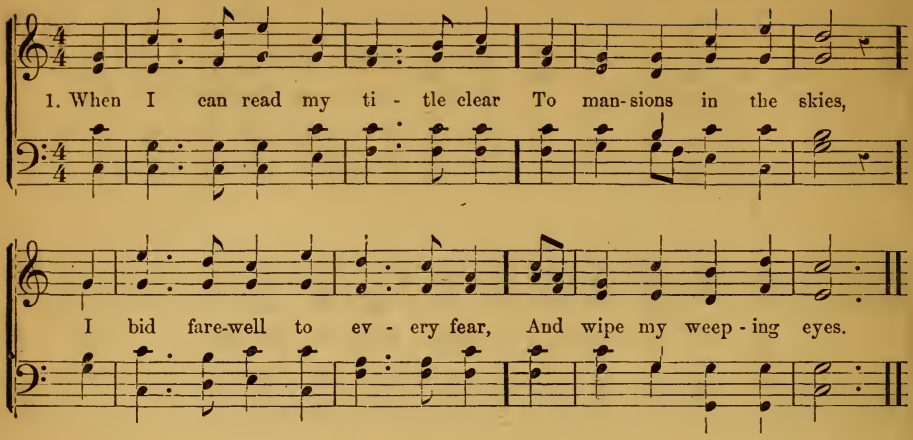
2 The love the Father bears to thee,
His own eternal Son,
Fill all thy saints, till all shall be
In pure affection one.

3 As thou for us didst stoop so low,
Warmed by love's holy flame,
So let our deeds of kindness flow
To all that bear thy name.

4 One blessèd fellowship of love,
Thy living church should stand,
Till, faultless, she at last above
Shall shine at thy right hand.

5 Oh, glorious day, when she, the Bride,
With her dear Lord appears!
Then robed in beauty at his side,
She shall forget her tears!

BROWN. C. M.



398 Assurance.—*2 Pet. 1 : 10.* WATTS.

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!—

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

399 Reconciliation.—*2 Cor. 5 : 19.* GERMAN.

Father, thy thoughts are peace towards [me,
Safe am I in thy hands;
Could I but firmly build on thee,
For sure thy counsel stands!

2 Though mountains crumble into dust,
Thy covenant standeth fast;
Who follows thee in pious trust,
Shall reach the goal at last.

3 Tho' strange and winding seems the way
While yet on earth I dwell;
In heaven my heart shall gladly say,
Thou, God, dost all things well!

400 Friends of God. DODDRIDGE.

Unite, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet:
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

3 By all its joys, I charge my heart,
To grieve his love no more;
But charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

401 The Covenant. DODDRIDGE.

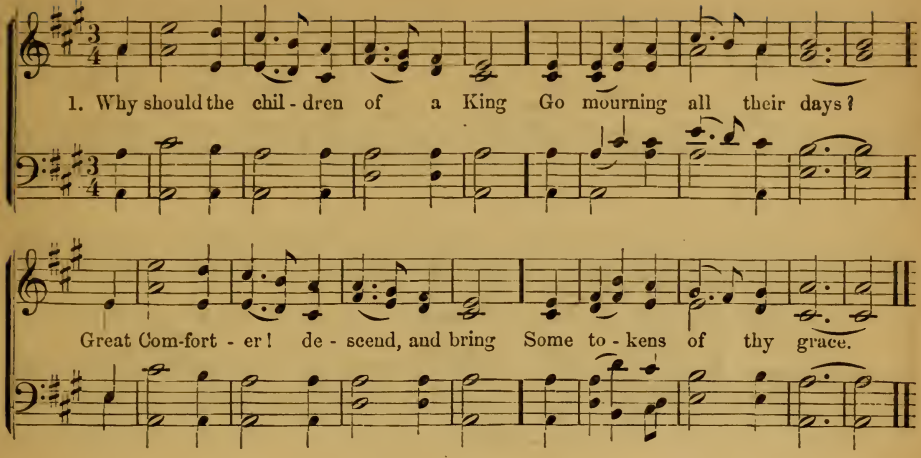
My God, the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;—

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

BOARDMAN. C. M.



402 Earnest of the Spirit. WATTS.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some token of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove!
Will safe convey me home.

403 Adoption.—*Rom. 8 : 15.* DODDRIDGE.

MY Father, God! how sweet the sound,
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

3 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
My spirit Abba, Father! cries,
Nor can the sign deceive.

404 Perseverance. WATTS.

FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All, whom his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

405 Adoption.—*Heb. 12 : 7.* STEELE.

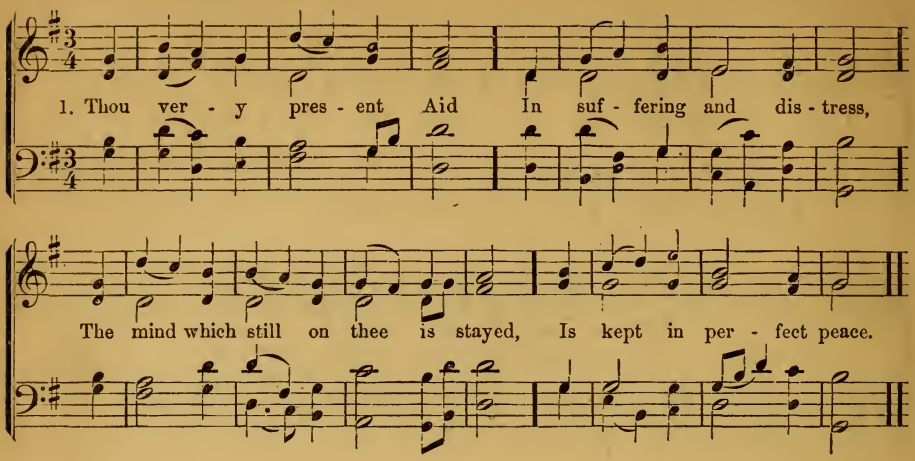
MY God, my Father, blissful name!
Oh, may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 Whate'er thy providence denies
I calmly would resign,
For thou art good and just and wise:
Oh, bend my will to thine!

3 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh, give me strength to bear!
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

4 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all thy ways are right.

THATCHER. S. M.



406 Peace.—*Isa. 26 : 3.* C. WESLEY.

THOU very present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The mind which still on thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms, exults to find
An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in thee.

5 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

6 Stripped of each earthly friend,
I find them all in one,
And peace and joy which never end,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

407 Love of God. ANON.

IN every trying hour
My soul to Jesus flies;
I trust in his almighty power,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear me up;
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing
To our Redeemer's name;
In joy or sorrow—life or death—
His love is still the same.

408 Adoption.—*1 John 3 : 1–3.* WATTS.

BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

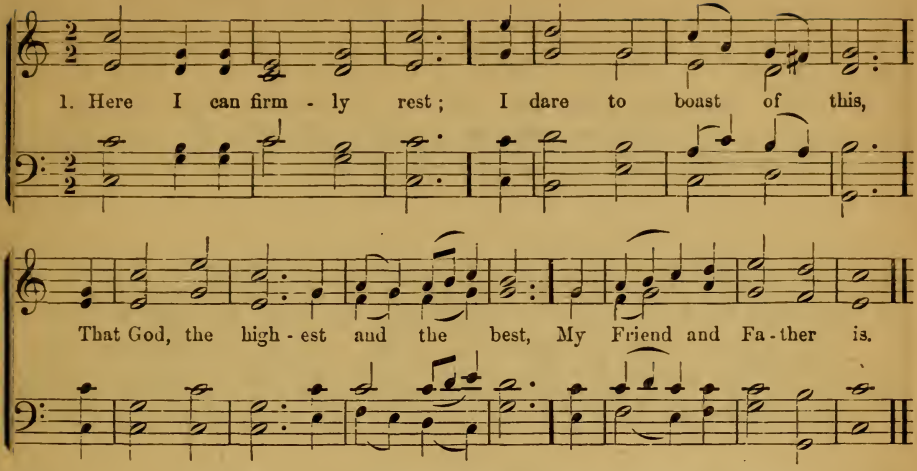
2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour there,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And thou the kindred own.

SILVER STREET. S. M.



409 *Ps. 37 : 3-7.* GERHARDT.

HERE I can firmly rest;
I dare to boast of this,
That God, the highest and the best,
My Friend and Father is.

2 Naught have I of my own,
Naught in the life I lead;
What Christ hath given, that alone
I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and his blood;
It is through him that I have found
My soul's eternal good.

4 At cost of all I have,
At cost of life and limb,
I cling to God who yet shall save;—
I will not turn from him.

5 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind he reigns;
My care and sadness he dispels,
And soothes away my pains.

6 He prospers day by day
His work within my heart,
Till I have strength and faith to say,
Thou, God, my Father art!

410 Kept of God.—*Isa. 3 : 10.* KENT.

WHAT cheering words are these;
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternal days,
"'Tis with the righteous well!"

2 Well when they see his face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well in affliction's thorny maze
Or on the mount with God.

3 'T is well when joys arise,
'T is well when sorrows flow,
'T is well when darkness vails the skies,
And strong temptations grow.

4 'T is well when Jesus calls,—
"From earth and sin arise,
To join the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise!"

411 Grace.—*Eph. : 28.* DODDRIDGE.

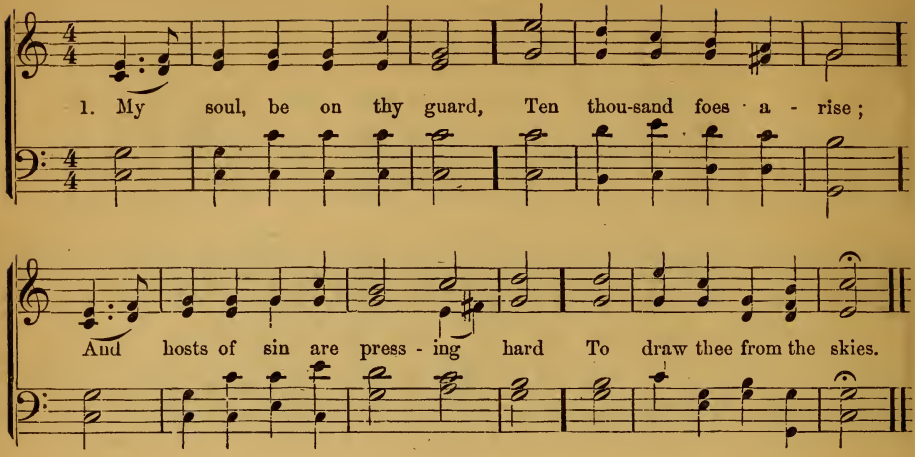
GRACE! 't is a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

LABAN. S. M.



412 Watchfulness.—*Matt. 26 : 41.* HEATH.

My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

413 Seed-sowing. MONTGOMERY.

Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land!

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale alike 't is found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

4 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

5 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

6 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing, "Harvest home!"

414 Energy.—*2 Pet. 3 : 11, 12.* ANON.

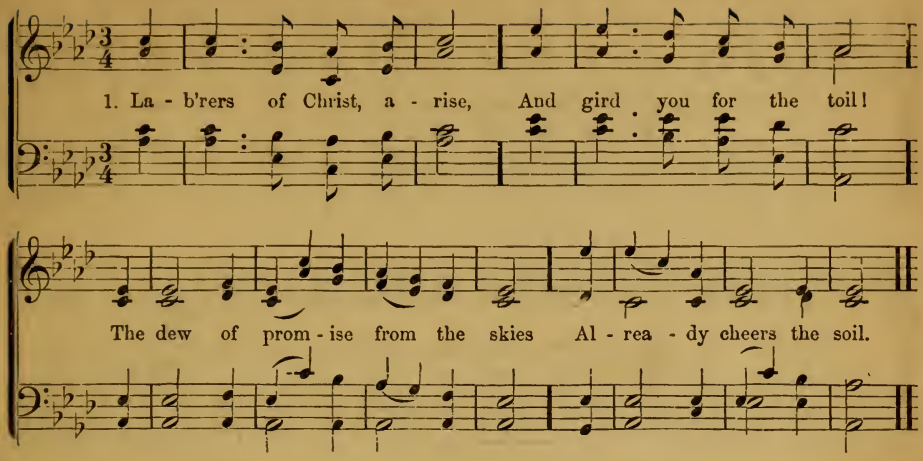
MAKE haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!

2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
To move in idleness through earth—
This, this is not to live.

3 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

4 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away—
This is no time for thee to sleep—
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

LEIGHTON. S. M.



415 Active Effort. SIGOURNEY.

LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil!
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.

3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

416 Sympathy.—*Rom. 12 : 15.* BAKER.

OH, praise our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

2 Oh, happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love!

3 Lord! may it be our choice
This blessèd rule to keep:—
Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep.

417 Trust.—*1 Cor. 3 : 6.* C. WESLEY.

LORD, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow.

2 Now, then, the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy laborers attend.

3 On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

418 Reform. ANON.

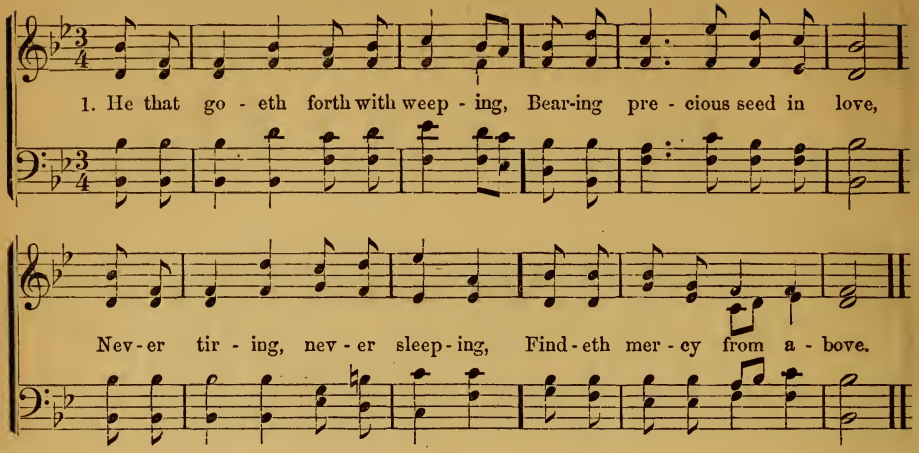
MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.

3 Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall;
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.



419 Patience.—*Ps. 126 : 6.* HASTINGS.

He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

420 Success from God.—*1 Cor. 3 : 6.* LYTE.

Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without his grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

2 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.

3 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
He shall grant us peace and rest:
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

421 Progress—*Isa. 40 : 31.* BONAR.

Like the eagle, upward, onward,
Let my soul in faith be borne:
Calmly gazing, skyward, sunward,
Let my eye unshrinking turn!

2 Where the cross, God's love revealing,
Sets the fettered spirit free,
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
There, my soul, thy rest shall be!

3 Oh, may I no longer dreaming,
Idly waste my golden day,
But, each precious hour redeeming,
Upward, onward press my way!

422 Self-denial. HASTINGS.

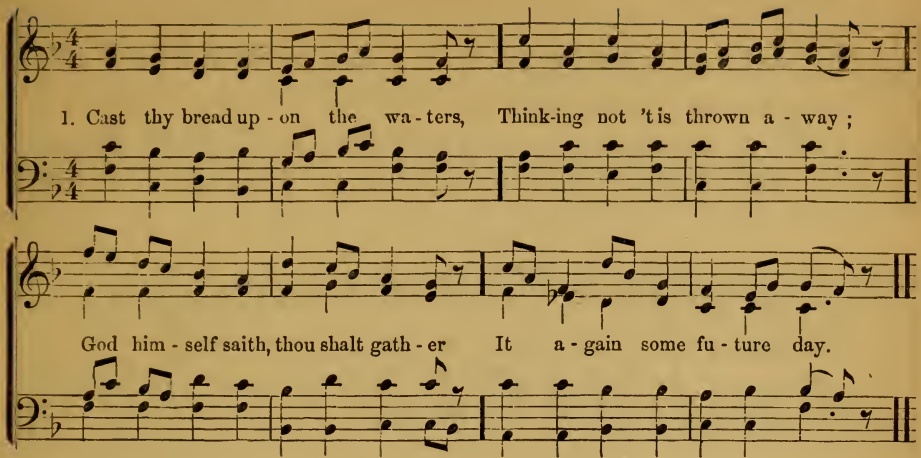
Pilgrims in this vale of sorrow,
Pressing onward toward the prize,
Strength and comfort here we borrow
From the Hand that rules the skies.

2 'Mid these scenes of self-denial,
We are called the race to run;
We must meet full many a trial
Ere the victor's crown is won.

3 Love shall every conflict lighten,
Hope shall urge us swifter on,
Faith shall every prospect brighten,
Till the morn of heaven shall dawn.

4 On the Eternal arm reclining,
We at length shall win the day;
All the powers of earth combining,
Shall not snatch our crown away.

SOLNEY. 8s & 7s.



423 Benevolent Efforts.—*Eccl. 11 : 1.* ANON.

CAST thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 't is thrown away ;
God himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed, by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters ;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand ?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

5 Give then freely of thy substance—
O'er this cause the Lord doth reign ;
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
Thou shalt labor not in vain.

424 "Brother's Keeper."—*Gen. 4 : 9.* ANON.

BLESSÉD angels, high in heaven
O'er the penitent rejoice ;
Hast thou for thy brother striven
With an importuning voice ?

2 Art thou not thy brother's keeper ?
Canst thou not his soul obtain ?
He that wakes his brother sleeper
Double light himself shall gain.

3 Then, when ends this life's short fever,
They, who many turn to God,
Like the stars shall shine for ever,
In eternal brotherhood !

425 Courage. ANON.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer !
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay ;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

3 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings, be our guide ;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side !

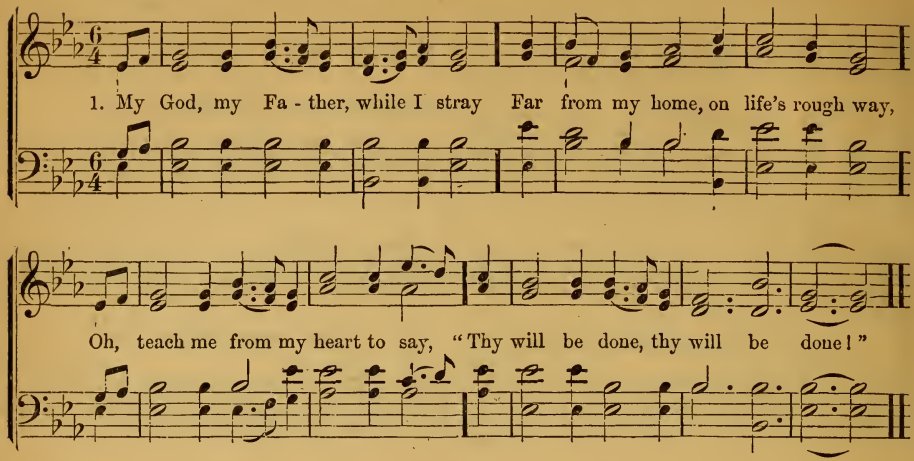
426 Contribution—*Prov. 3 : 9.* FRANCIS.

WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord ;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.

2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

3 Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know ;
Be my all to him devoted ;
To my Lord my all I owe.

WOODWORTH. L. M.



427 *Matt. 6 : 10.* C. ELLIOTT.

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

3 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

6 Then when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore:
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

428 *Heb. 12 : 11.* ANON.

I BLESS thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break the dream of human power,
For now my shallow cistern 's spent,
I find thy fount and thirst no more.

2 I take thy hand and fears grow still:
Behold thy face, and doubts remove;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect truth and boundless love!

3 That truth gives promise of a dawn,
Beneath whose light I am to see,
When all these blinding vails are drawn,
This was the wisest path for me.

4 That love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of thy eternal calm;
And tunes its sad and broken speech,
To sing ev'n now the angels' psalm.

429 *Heb. 12 : 6* ANON.

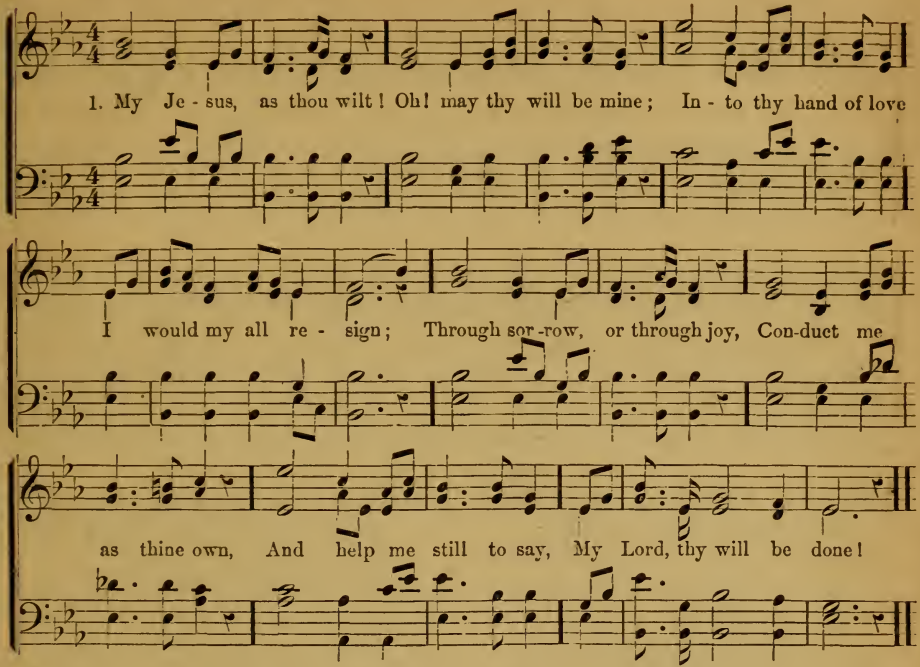
I CANNOT always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love, that God is love.

2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love, for God is love.

3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love, that God is love.

4 Yes, God is love;—a thought like this,
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love, for God is love.

JEWETT. 6s. D.



430 *Mark 14 : 36.* SCHMOLKE.

My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Oh! may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear:
Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done!

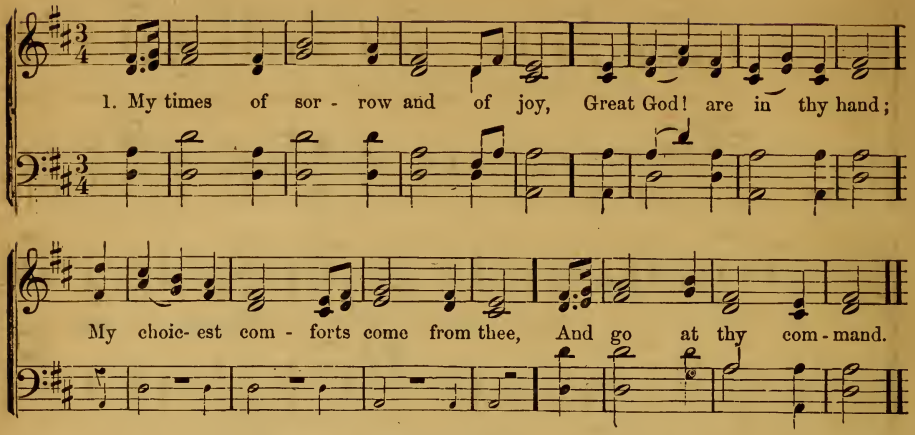
431 *Job 23 : 10.* BONAR.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot:
I would not, if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine: so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

SILOAM. C. M.



432 *Ps. 31 : 15.* BEDDOME.

My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness,
In thee, and thee alone.

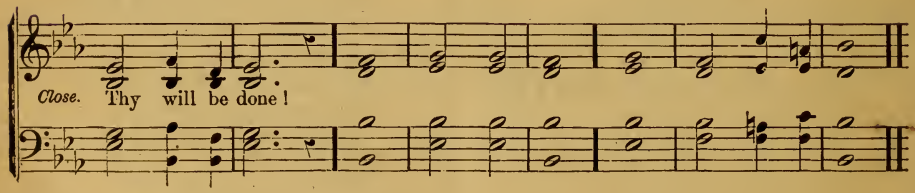
433 *Heb. 12 : 11.* EDMESTON.

O THOU whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seems severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
There is no mercy here!

2 Oh! may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

CHANT.



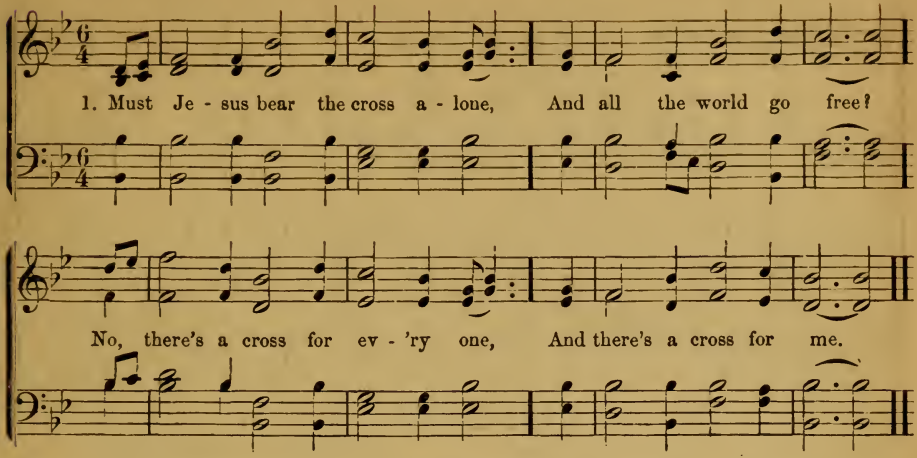
434 8s & 4s. *Mark 14 : 36.* BOWRING.

"THY will be | done!" ‖ In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ‖
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."

2 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous, | sun, ‖
This prayer will make it more di- vine — |
"Thy will be | done!"

3 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ Tho' shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, ‖ one comfort —one
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done."

MAITLAND. C. M.



435 *Luke 9 : 23.* ALLEN.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there 's a cross for every one,
And there 's a cross for me.

2 This consecrated cross I 'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there 's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I 'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

4 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

5 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

436 *Hos. 5 : 15.* GALLAUDET.

JESUS, in sickness and in pain,
Be near to succor me;
My sinking spirit still sustain:
To thee I turn, to thee.

2 When cares and sorrows thicken round,
And nothing bright I see,
In thee alone can help be found;
To thee I turn, to thee.

3 Should strong temptations fierce assail,
And Satan buffet me,
Then in thy strength will I prevail,
While still I turn to thee.

4 Through all my pilgrimage below,
Whate'er my lot may be,
In joy or sadness, weal or woe,
Jesus, I 'll turn to thee.

437 *2 Cor. 12 : 10.* TOPLADY.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'T is sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away;—

2 Sweet to look forward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;—

3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend;—

4 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

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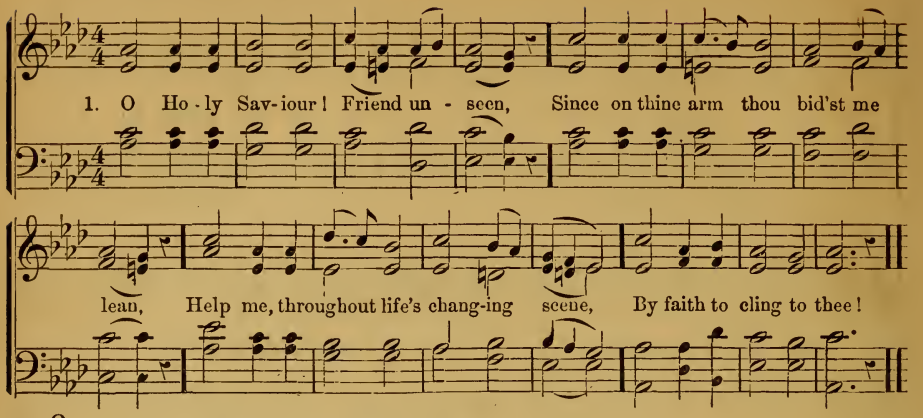


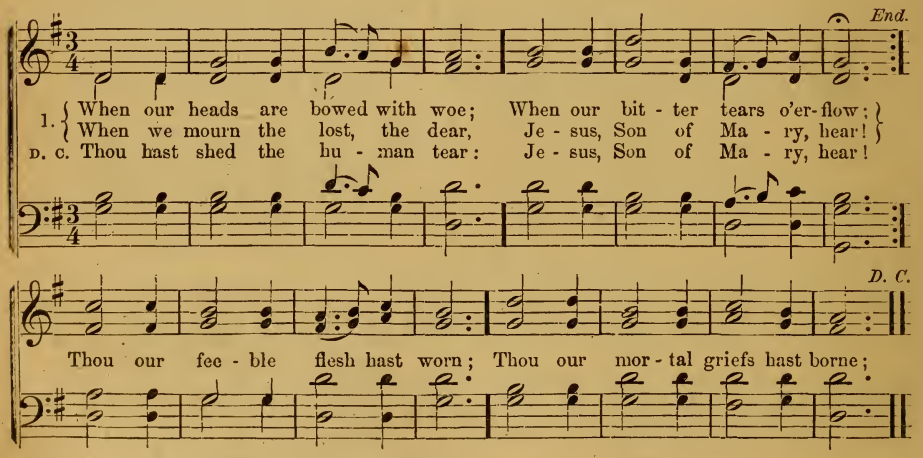
438 *John 15 : 5.* C. ELLIOTT.

2 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to thee.

3 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

GUIDE. 7s. D.



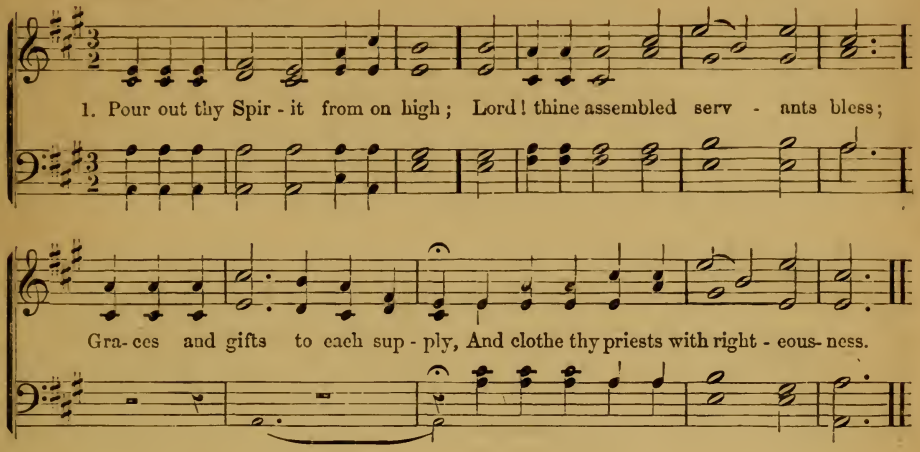
439 *Heb. 7 : 14.* HEBER.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe;
When our bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou our feeble flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

2 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou the shame, the grief, hast known;
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear.
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When our eyes grow dim in death;
When we heave the parting breath;
When our solemn doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

WARE. L. M.



440 Convocation. MONTGOMERY.

POUR out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord! thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

2 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love:

3 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep:

4 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign:
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God! may they and we be thine!

441 Seeking a Pastor. DODDRIDGE.

O LORD, thy pitying eye surveys
Our wandering paths, our trackless ways:
Send forth, in love, thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

2 In humble faith, behold we wait:
On thee we call at mercy's gate;
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,—
Shall Israel seek thy face in vain?

3 O Lord! in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

442 Prayer for Pastor. R. HILL.

WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
Thy faithful messenger secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfill,
And arm him to obey thy will.

443 Dedication. ANON.

OH, bow thine ear, Eternal One!
On thee our heart adoring calls;
To thee the followers of thy Son
Have raised, and now devote these walls.

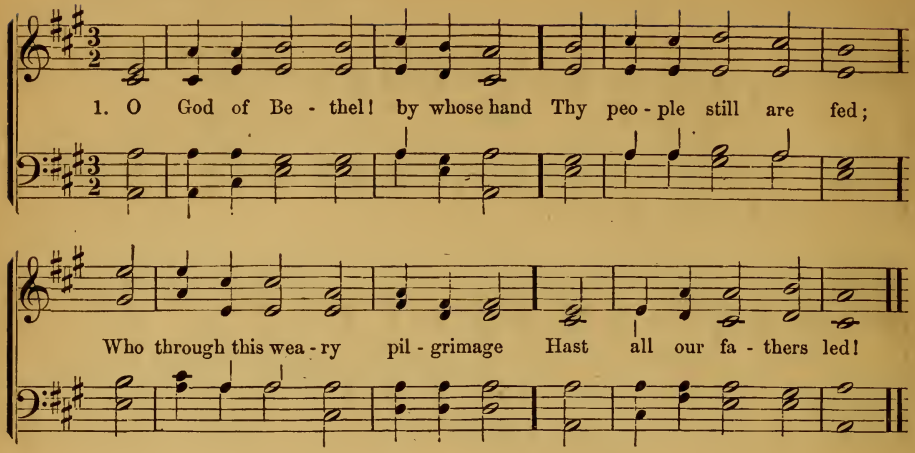
2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy Spirit hung,
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn!

DENFIELD. C. M.



444 *Gen. 28 : 19–22.* DODDRIDGE.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

445 *Mark 10 : 14.* HASTINGS.

"Forbid them not," the Saviour cried,
"But suffer them to come;"
Ah, then maternal tears were dried,
And unbelief was dumb.

2 Lord, we believe, and we obey;
We bring them at thy word;
Be thou our children's strength and stay,
Their portion and reward.

446 *Gen. 17 : 7.* BICKERSTETH.

Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer,
We now devote to thee;
Let them thy covenant mercies share,
And thy salvation see.

2 In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray;
And let them to the end endure
In every righteous way.

3 Grant us before them, Lord, to live
In holy faith and fear;
And then to heaven our souls receive
And bring our children there.

447 *Rom. 6 : 3.* WATTS.

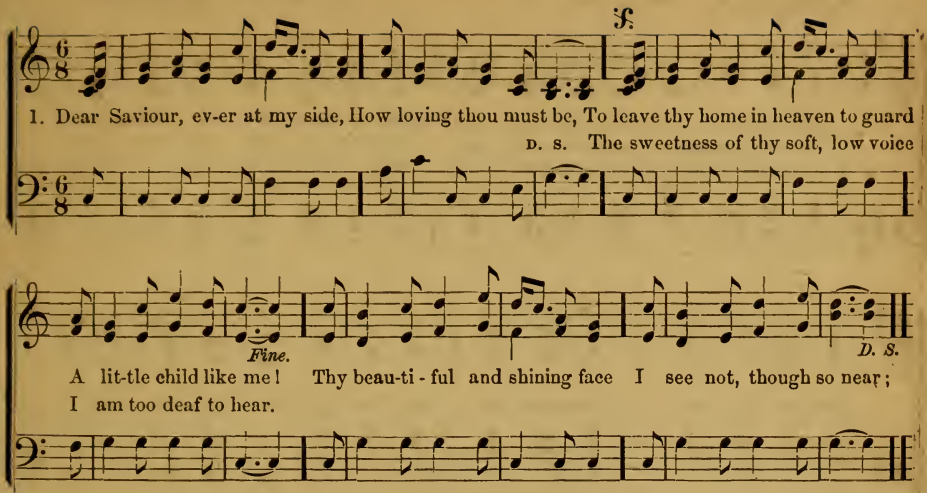
The promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good:—
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of thy word,
I set my worthless name;
I seal the engagement of my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'T was purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

4 Sweet is the memory of his name,
Who blessed us in his will,
And to his testament of love,
Made his own life the seal.

ORIOLA. C. M. D.



448 *Mark 10 : 14.* FABER.

DEAR Saviour, ever at my side,
How loving thou must be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me!
Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

2 I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother doth,
While I am but a child;
But I have felt thee in my thoughts
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

3 And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there;
Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

449 *Eccl. 12 : 1.* ANON.

REMEMBER thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow,
And listen to thy praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
Seek him while he is near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now;
His willing servant be:
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be thine,
Devoted to thy fear.

450 *1 Sam. 3 : 10.* ANON.

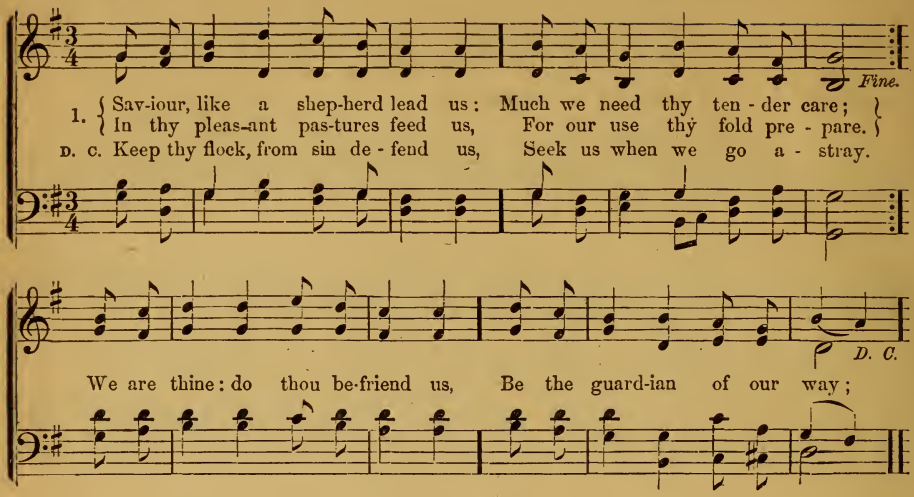
DEAR Jesus, let thy pitying eye
Look kindly down on me:
A sinful, weak, and helpless child,
I come thy child to be.

2 O blesséd Saviour! take my heart,
This sinful heart of mine,
And wash it clean in every part;
Make me a child of thine.

3 My sins, though great, thou canst forgive,
For thou hast died for me;
Amazing love! help me, O God,
Thine own dear child to be.

4 For thou hast said, "Forbid them not:
Let children come to me:"
I hear thy voice, and now, dear Lord,
I come thy child to be.

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s. D.



451 *John 21 : 15.* ANON.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us:
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy fold prepare:
We are thine: do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Early let us seek thy favor,
Early help us do thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour!
With thy grace our bosom fill.

452 *Rom. 2 : 21.* ANON.

SAVIOUR King, in hallowed union,
At thy sacred feet we bow;
Heart with heart, in blest communion,
Join to crave thy favor now!
Though celestial choirs adore thee,
Let our prayer as incense rise;
And our praise be set before thee,
Sweet as evening sacrifice.

2 Heavenly Fount, thy streams of blessing,
Oft have cheered us on our way;
By thy power and grace unceasing,
We continue to this day:
Raise we then with glad emotion
Thankful lays: and while we sing,
Vow a pure, a full devotion
To thy work, O Saviour King!

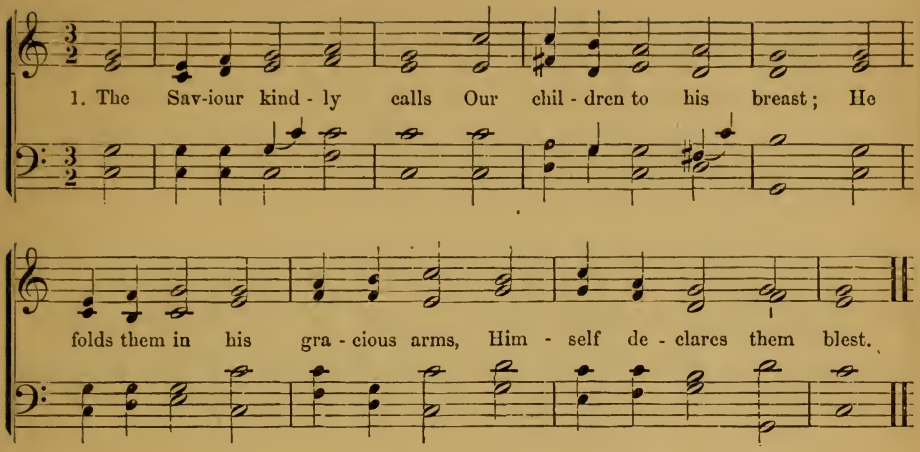
3 When we tell the wondrous story
Of thy rich, exhaustless love,
Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
On the youthful heart to move!
Oh, that he, the ever-living,
May descend, as fruitful rain;
Till the wilderness, reviving,
Blossoms as the rose again!

453 *Isa. 40 : 11.* MUHLENBERG.

SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;
Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

2 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way:
Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

BOYLSTON. S. M.



454 *Matt. 19 : 14.* ONDERDONK.

THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

455 *Acts 2 : 39.* ANON.

OUR children thou dost claim,
O Lord, our God, as thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine!

2 Thee let the fathers own,
Thee let the sons adore;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

3 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace!
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

4 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God!
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

456 *Mark 10 : 14.* ANON.

THOU God of sovereign grace,
In mercy now appear;
We long to see thy smiling face,
And feel that thou art near.

2 Receive these lambs to-day,
O Shepherd of the flock,
And wash the stains of guilt away
Beside the smitten Rock.

3 To-day in love descend;
Oh, come, this precious hour;
In mercy now their spirits bend
By thy resistless power.

4 Low bending at thy feet,
Our offspring we resign:
Thine arm is strong, thy love is great,
And high thy glories shine.

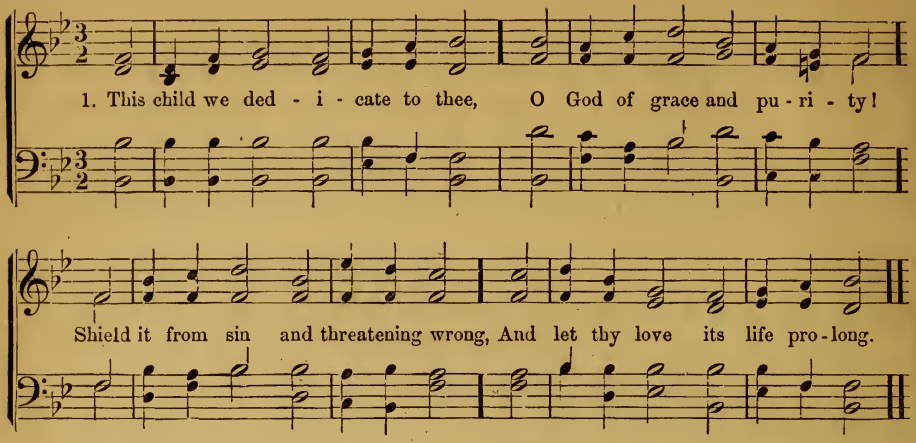
457 *Ps. 144 : 12.* FELLOWS.

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2 Oh, what a pure delight
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

HEBRON. L. M.



458 *Luke 1 : 17.* ANON.

THIS child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.

2 Oh, may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety, and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3 We too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises, now.

4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

459 *John 21 : 15.* BICKERSTETH.

WITH thankful hearts our songs we raise,
To celebrate the Saviour's praise;
Yet who but saints in heaven above,
Can tell the riches of his love?

2 He, the good Shepherd, kindly leads
The wanderer, and the hungry feeds;
Deigns in his arms the lambs to bear,
And makes them his peculiar care.

3 Jesus, to thy protecting wing
Our helpless little ones we bring;
Oh, grant them grace and strength, that they
May find and keep the heavenward way.

460 *Acts 2 : 39.* STEELE.

O LORD! encouraged by thy grace,
We bring our infant to thy throne;
Give it within thy heart a place,
Let it be thine, and thine alone.

2 Wash it from every stain of guilt,
And let this child be sanctified;
Lord! thou canst cleanse it, if thou wilt,
And all its native evils hide.

3 We ask not, for it, earthly bliss,
Or earthly honors, wealth or fame;
The sum of our request is this—
That it may love and fear thy name.

461 *Isa. 40 : 11.* HYDE.

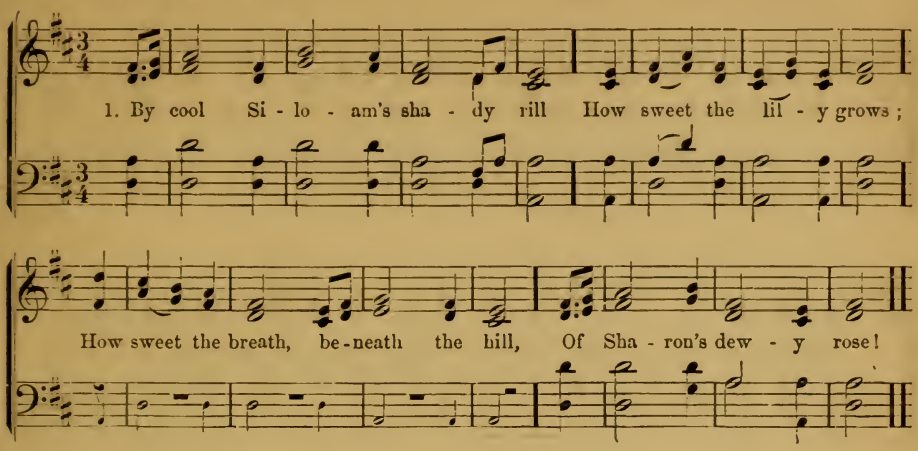
DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh! let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way;
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

SILOAM. C. M.



462 *Prov. 8 : 17.* HEBER.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows ;
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

2 Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

463 Sing HEBRON. ANON.

COME, Holy Spirit, from on high ;
Baptizer of our spirits thou !
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

2 Exert thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood ;
May Father, Son, and Spirit, join
To seal this child, a child of God.

464 *Matt. 19 : 14.* DODDRIDGE.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms ;
Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms !

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name ;
It was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, with fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be !

465 *Gen. 17 : 7.* WATTS.

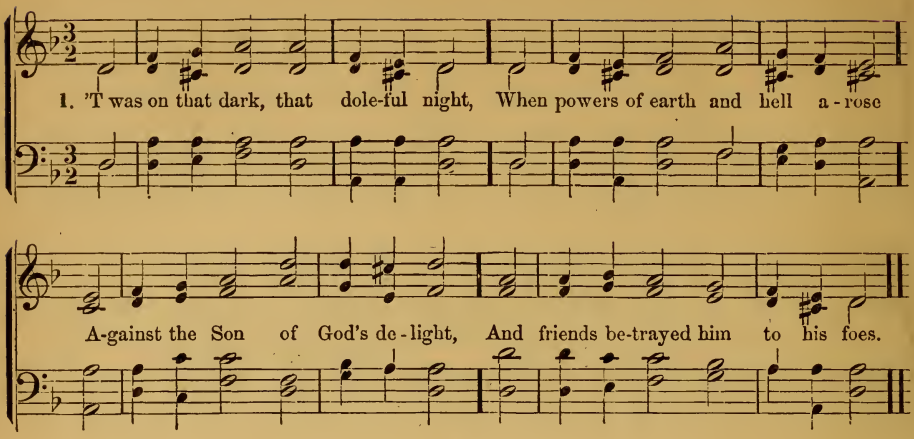
How large the promise ! how divine
To Abr'ham and his seed :
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure :
The Angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given ;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God !—how faithful are his ways !
His love endures the same ;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

WINDHAM. L. M.



466 *Luke 22 : 19.* WATTS.

'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
"'T is the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

467 *John 6 : 55.* MRS. ALEXANDER.

O JESUS, bruised and wounded more
Than bursted grape, or bread of wheat,
The Life of life within our souls,
The cup of our salvation sweet!

2 We come to show thy dying hour,
Thy streaming vein, thy broken flesh;
And still that blood is warm to save,
And still thy fragrant wounds are fresh.

3 O Heart, that with a double tide
Of blood and water, maketh pure!
O Flesh, once offered on the cross,
The gift that makes our pardon sure!

4 Let nevermore our sinful souls
The anguish of thy cross renew;
Nor forge again the cruel nails
That pierced thy victim body through!

5 Come, Bread of heaven, to feed our souls,
And with thee, Jesus enter in!
Come, Wine of God! and as we drink,
His precious blood wash out our sin!

468 *1 Cor. 11 : 24.* WATTS.

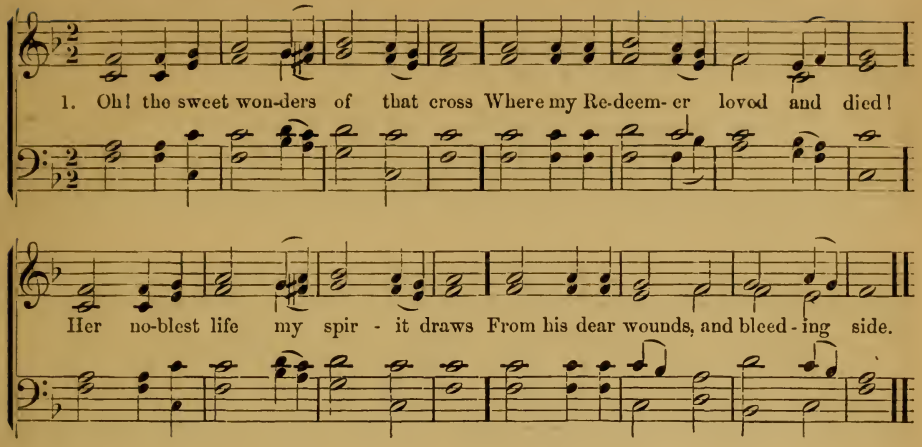
AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

HAMBURG. L. M.



469 *Gal. 6 : 14.* WATTS.

Oh! the sweet wonders of that cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.

2 I would forever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

470 *1 Cor. 6 : 20.* DAVIES.

Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine!
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is passed beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God;
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

471 *Phil. 1 : 21.* DODDRIDGE.

My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could the bowers of Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

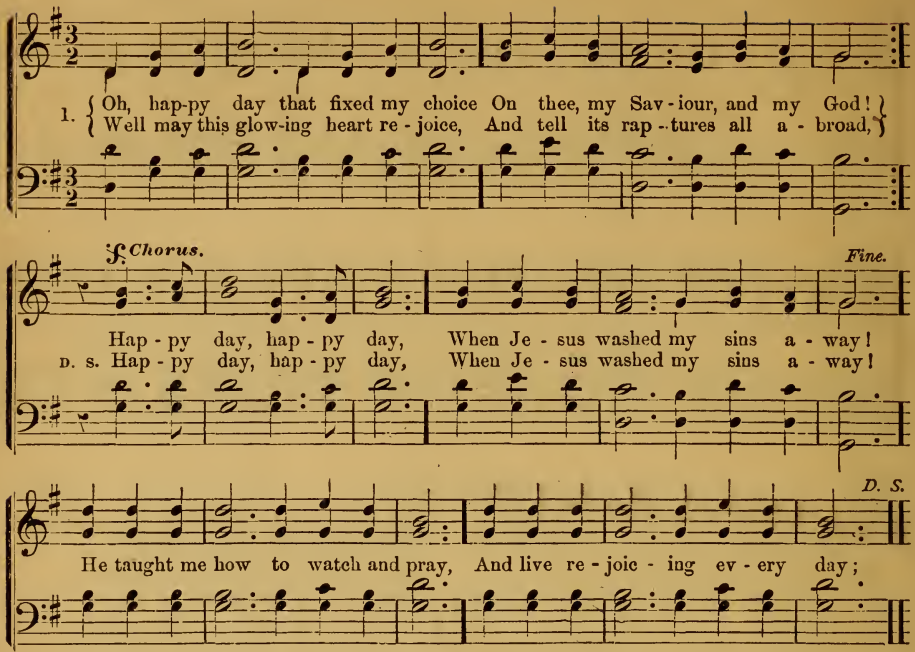
5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

472 *1 Pet. 1 : 19.* ANON.

We pray thee, wounded Lamb of God,
Cleanse us in thy atoning blood;
Grant us by faith to view thy cross,
Then life or death is gain to us.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love forever there.

CONSECRATION. L. M.



473 *Ps. 56 : 12.* DODDRIDGE.

OH, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Cho. Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.

2 Oh, happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.—*Cho.*

3 'T is done, the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on, [*Cho.*
Charmed to confess the voice divine.—

4 Now, rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a noble part, [*Cho.*
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.—

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.—*Cho.*

474 *Ps. 121: 4.* FABER.

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

Cho. Through the day, through the night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.
Thro' life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

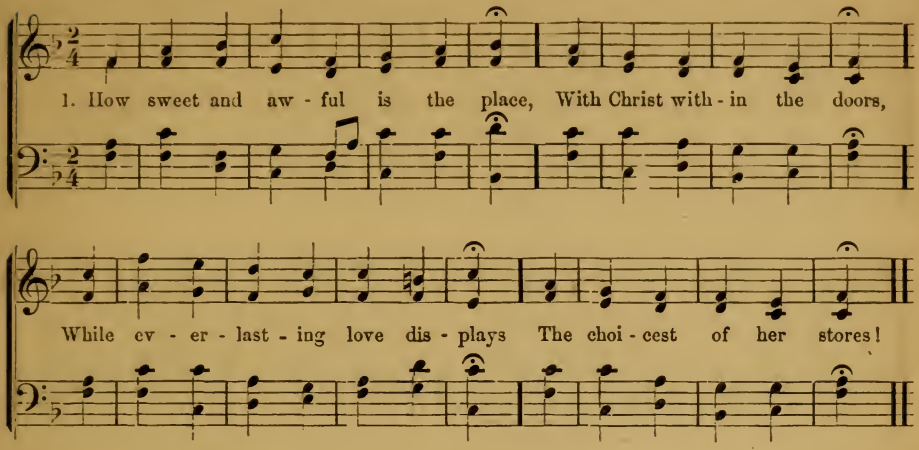
2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.—*Cho.*

3 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.—*Cho.*

4 Labor is sweet, for thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.—*Cho.*

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
Oh, let thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.—*Cho.*

DUNDEE. C. M.



475 *Jer. 31 : 3.* WATTS.

How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,—
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

476 *2 Chron. 30 : 18.* ANON.

PREPARE us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne;
To look on thee, whom we have pierced,
To look on thee, and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice,
And, as thy cross we see,
Let each exclaim in faith and hope—
"The Saviour died for me!"

477 *John 6 : 34.* ANON.

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
Thy blesséd self impart;
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let us from all our sins be washed
In thy atoning blood;
And let thy Spirit be the seal
That we are born of God.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love,
Prepare us for this feast;
Oh! let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

478 *John 15 : 13.* NOEL.

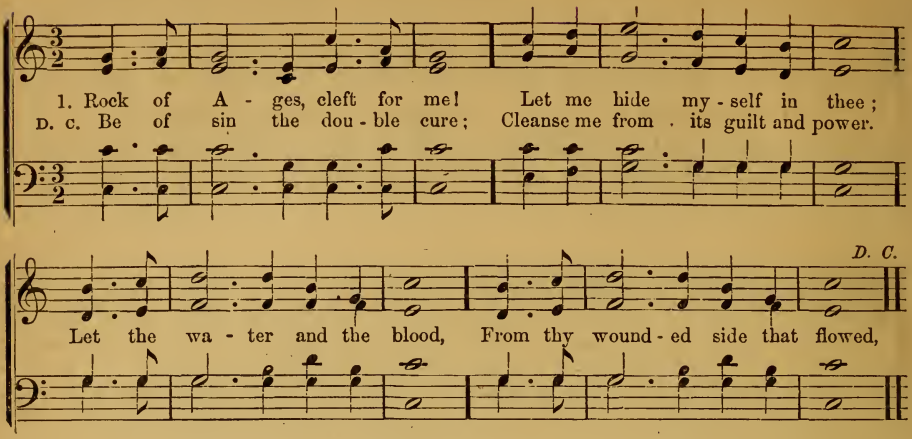
IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him, who died our fears to quell—
Who bore our guilt and woe!

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee—thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!—
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 lines.



479 *John 19 : 34.* TOPLADY.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.

480 *John 19 : 30.* HAWEIS.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinners, come!

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne—
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid—
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

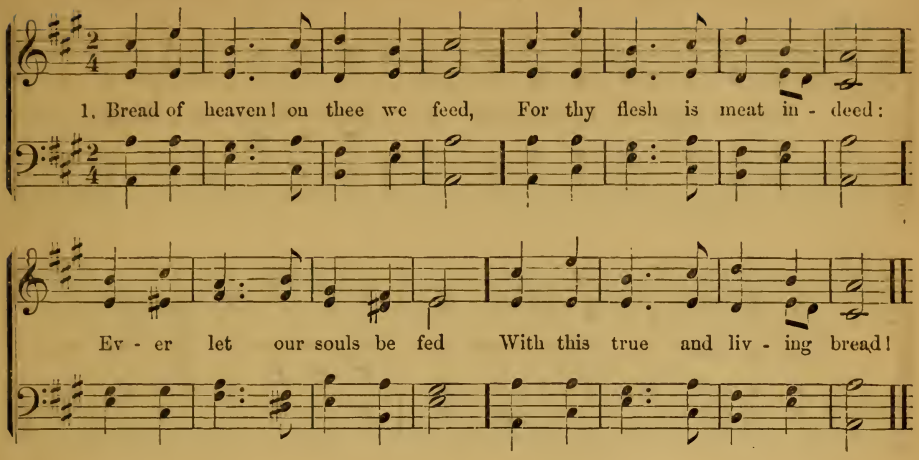
4 "Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

481 *John 12 : 32.* R. HILL.

YE who in these courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,—
Lost and helpless, as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,—
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bleeding sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven:
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.



482 *Matt. 26 : 26.* CONDER.

BREAD of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord! thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died:
Lord of life! oh, let us be,
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

483 *1 Cor. 5 : 7.* CAMPBELL.

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing,
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide,
Flowing from his wounded side.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

3 Christ, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,
Holy victim, without stain;
Death and hell defeated lie,
Heaven unfolds its gates on high.

4 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to thee,
With the Spirit ever be.

484 *John 17 : 9.* M. F. MAUDE.

THINE forever! God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above!
Thine forever may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

2 Thine forever! oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!

3 Thine forever! Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

4 Thine forever! thou our Guide,—
All our wants by thee supplied,—
All our sins by thee forgiven,—
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven!

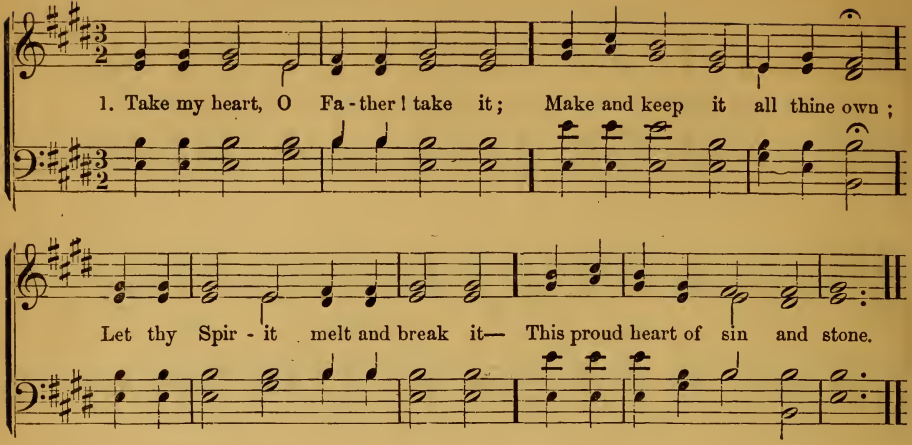
485 *Isa. 53 : 5.* ANON.

JESUS, Master! hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record thy dying love;
Hear, and help me from above.

2 Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in thy body's stead;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of thine.

3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think,
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there—for me!

DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s.



486 *Ps. 51 : 10.* ANON.

TAKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone.

2 Father, make me pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.

3 Ever let thy grace surround me;
Strengthen me with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound me:
Make me to be wholly thine.

4 May the blood of Jesus heal me,
And my sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,
Guide me in the path to heaven.

487 *Matt. 27 : 36.* SHIRLEY.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While we see divine compassion,
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Love and grief our hearts dividing,
With our tears his feet we bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

4 For thy sorrows we adore thee,
For the pains that wrought our peace,
Gracious Saviour! we implore thee
In our souls thy love increase.

5 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
While upon the Lamb we gaze;
And our thoughts are all of heaven,
And our lips o'erflow with praise.

6 Still in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,
Till we taste thy full salvation,
And, unvailed, thy glories see.

488 *Matt. 4 : 19.* ANON.

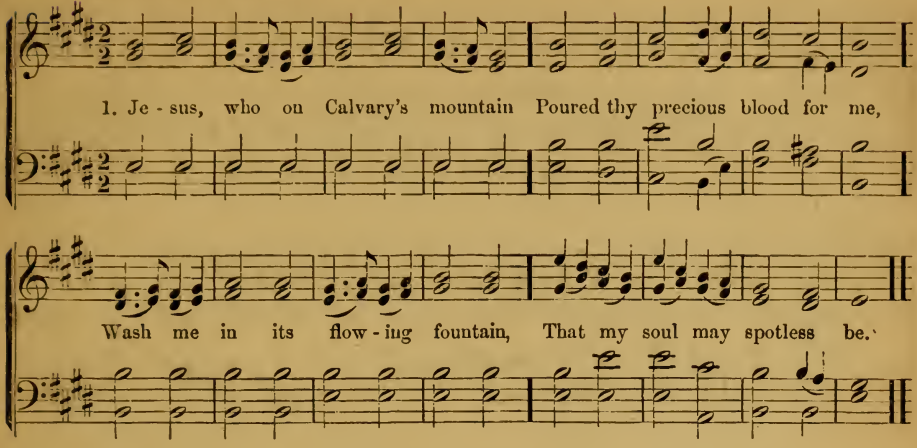
JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!

2 Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, Christian, love me more!

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
Christian, love me more than these!

4 Jesus calls us! by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all!

SICILY. 8s & 7s.



489 *Ps. 51 : 2.* ANON.

JESUS, who on Calvary's mountain
Poured thy precious blood for me,
Wash me in its flowing fountain,
That my soul may spotless be.

2 I have sinned, but oh, restore me!
For unless thou smile on me,
Dark is all the world before me,
Darker yet eternity.

3 In thy word I hear thee saying,
Come and I will give you rest;
Now the gracious call obeying,
See, I hasten to thy breast.

4 Grant, oh, grant thy Spirit's teaching,
That I may not go astray,
Till the gate of heaven reaching,
Earth and sin are passed away.

490 *Cant. 2 : 4.* R. PARK.

JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food;
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.

2 Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free;
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of thee!

3 In thy trial, and rejection;
In thy sufferings on the tree;
In thy glorious resurrection;
May we, Lord, remember thee.

491 *Luke 22 : 19.* E. DENNY.

WHILE in sweet communion feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Saviour, may we see thee bleeding
On the cross, to make us thine.

2 Though unseen, now be thou near us,
With the still small voice of love;
Whispering words of peace to cheer us—
Every doubt and fear remove.

3 Bring before us all the story,
Of thy life, and death of woe;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

492 *Eph. 2 : 21.* ANON.

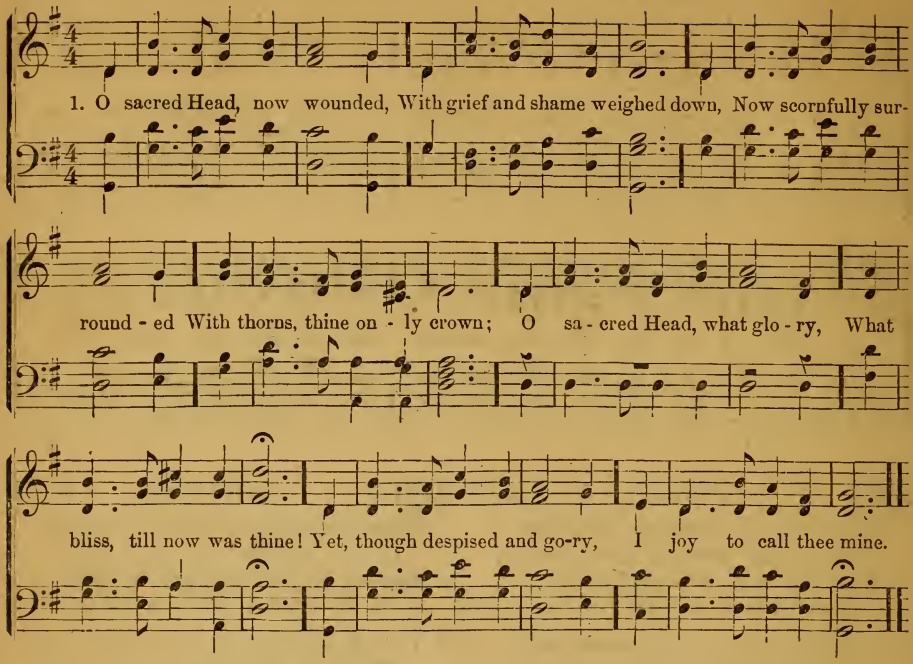
FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head!

2 His example while beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

4 Praise and honor to the Father,
Praise and honor to the Son,
Praise and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One.

GERHARDT. 7s & 6s. D.



493 *John 19 : 2.* GERHARDT.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'T is I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

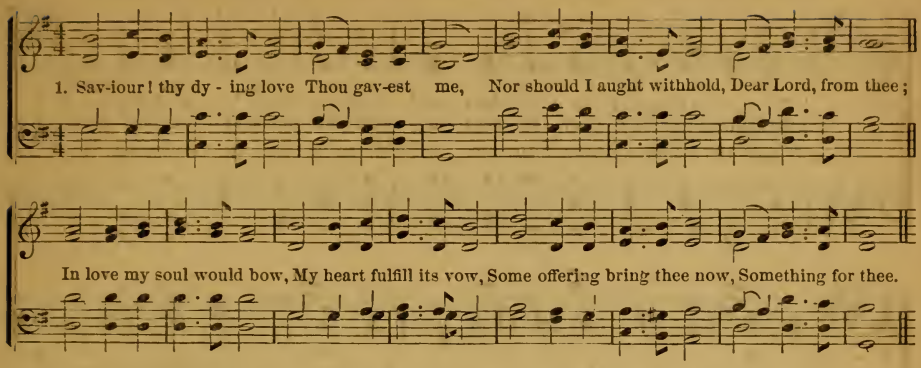
3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide:
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

4 What language shall I borrow,
To praise thee, heavenly Friend:
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove:
Oh! let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.

5 Forbid that I should leave thee;
O Jesus, leave not me!
By faith I would receive thee;
Thy blood can make me free!
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

6 Be near when I am dying,
Oh! show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.

SOMETHING FOR JESUS. 6s & 4s.



494 *Acts. 9 : 6.* S. D. PHELPS.

SAVIOUR! thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee.

2 At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for thee.

495 *1 Pet. 1 : 8.* HASTINGS.

SAVIOUR! thy gentle voice
Gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys,
Ever be near;
Our souls would cling to thee,
Let us thy fullness see,
Our life to cheer.

2 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By thy free grace restore,
Our souls shall bless the Lord
In joyful strains!

496 *John 21 : 17.* MRS. PRENTISS.

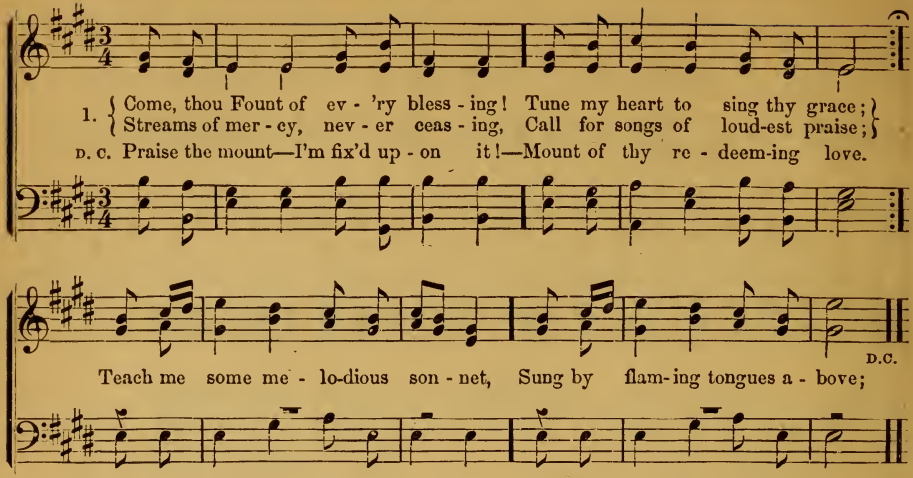
MORE love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,—
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ! to thee,
More love to thee!

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.



497 *1 Sam. 7 : 12.* ROBINSON.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I 'm fixed upon it!—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I 'll raise mine Eben-ezer;
Hither by thy help I 'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart; oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

498 *Rom. 5 : 7, 8.* LEE.

WHEN I view my Saviour bleeding,
For my sins, upon the tree;
Oh, how wondrous!—how exceeding
Great his love appears to me!
Floods of deep distress and anguish,
To impede his labors, came;
Yet they all could not extinguish
Love's eternal, burning flame.

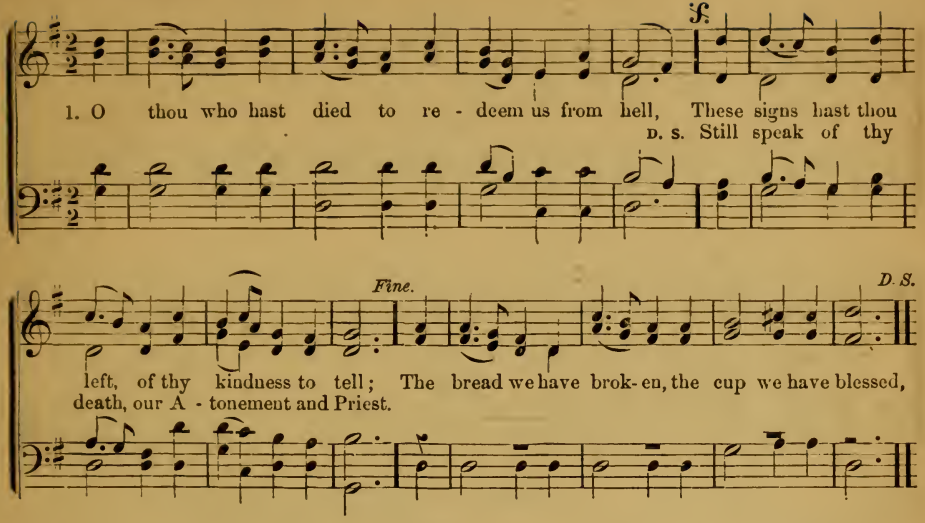
2 Now redemption is completed,
Full salvation is procured;
Death and Satan are defeated,
By the sufferings he endured.
Now the gracious Mediator
Risen to the courts of bliss,
Claims for me, a sinful creature,
Pardon, righteousness, and peace!

3 Sure such infinite affection
Lays the highest claims to mine;
All my powers, without exception,
Should in fervent praises join.
Jesus, fit me for thy service;
Form me for thyself alone;
I am thy most costly purchase,—
Take possession of thine own.

499 *1 Cor. 5 : 7.* BAKEWELL.

PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made;
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

GOSHEN. 11s.



500 *1 Cor. 11 : 26.* BACON.

O THOU who hast died to redeem us from hell,
These signs hast thou left, of thy kindness to tell;
The bread we have broken, the cup we have blessed,
Still speak of thy death, our Atonement and Priest.

2 We drink of the wine, remembering thy blood
Once shed to redeem all the chosen of God—
Oh, come the blest day, when to us 't will be given,
To drink of it new in the kingdom of heaven!

501 *John 14 : 18.* RAY PALMER.

COME, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with me;
Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for thee;
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
And soothe every sorrow though keen be the smart.

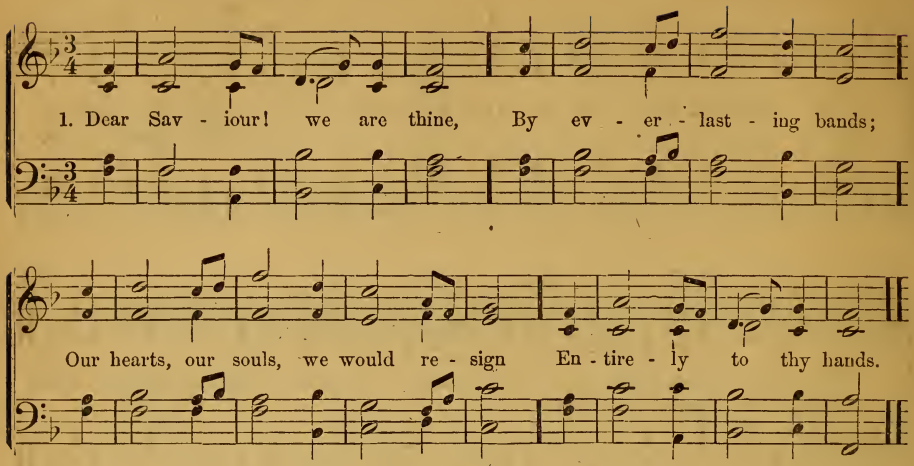
2 Without thee but weakness, with thee I am strong;
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

3 Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender, so pure!
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!
That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace:
From restless, vain wishes, bid thou my heart cease;
In thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
Till, glad, to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

5 Oh, then, blessèd Jesus, who once for me died,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed from thy side,
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall behold,
And praise thee with raptures forever untold!

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.



502 *1 Cor. 12 : 27.* DODDRIDGE.

DEAR Saviour! we are thine,
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail!

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form in us thine image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne,
He 'll fix his members there.

503 *Matt. 26 : 30.* A. R. W.

A PARTING hymn we sing,
Around thy table, Lord;
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen thy face,
And felt thy presence here,
So may the savor of thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of thy blood—
By sin no longer led—
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above,
And know as we are known.

504 *John 1 : 29.* WATTS.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

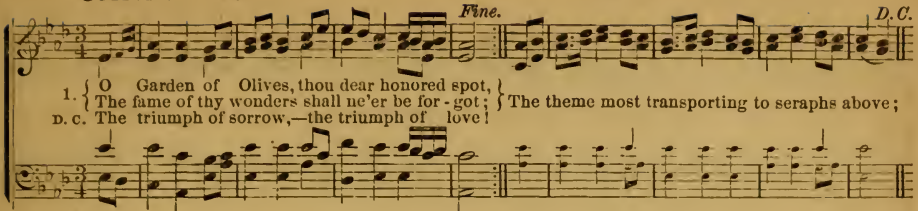
2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

CANA. 11s.



505 *Matt. 26 : 36.* DEFLEURY.

O GARDEN of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of love!

2 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet:
Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet:
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!

506 *Heb. 12 : 2.* ANON.

O EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore!
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near:
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are you troubled!" he saith unto me.

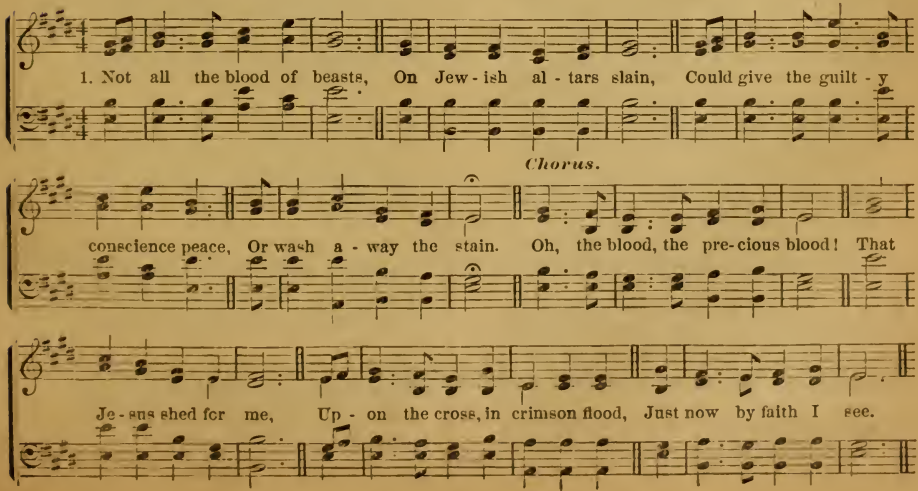
3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round:
They bear me away in his presence to be:
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

507 *Num. 14 : 18.* S. OCKER.

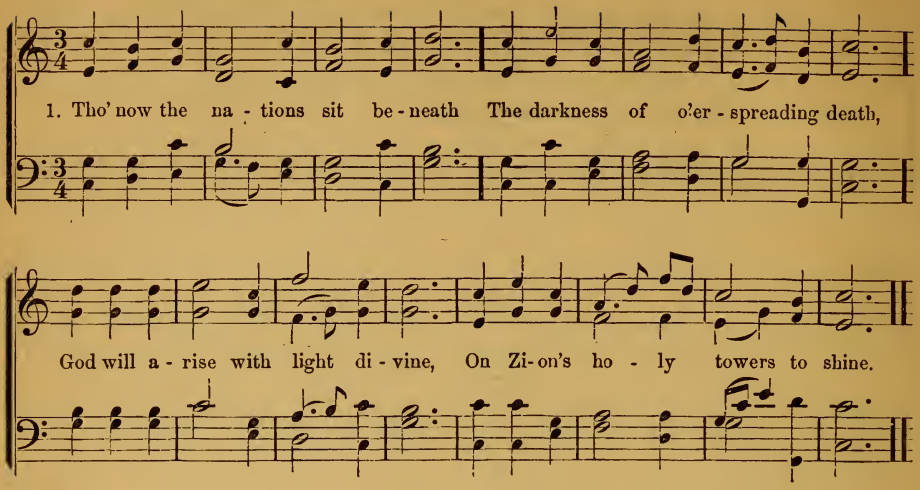
THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

2 Great Father of mercies! thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son:
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine!

PRECIOUS BLOOD. S. M.



MENDON. L. M.



508 *Isa. 9 : 2.* BACON.

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in thy courts to worship thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise!
Let the glad morning bless our eyes!
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

509 *Ps. 72.* WATTS.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

5 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

510 *Mark 6 : 34.* BRYANT.

LOOK from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

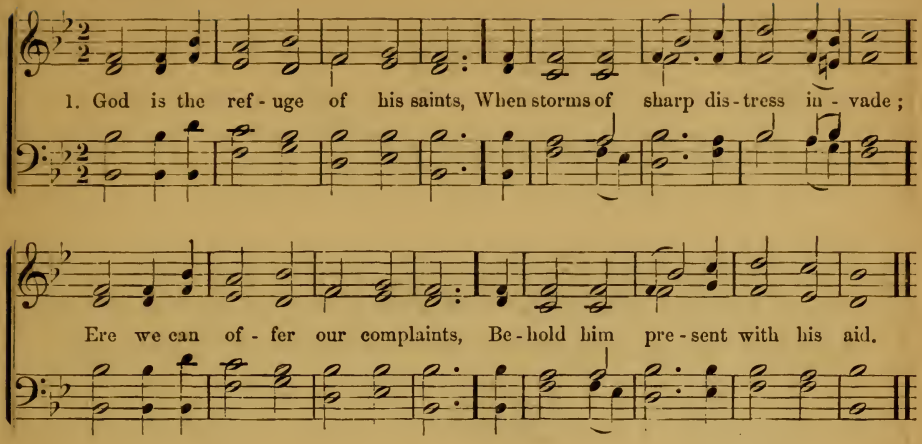
2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

WARD. L. M.



511 *Ps. 46.* WATTS.

God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

512 *Isa. 51 : 3.* MRS. VOKE.

Behold the expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear !
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom !

2 Events with prophecies conspire,
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire :
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to the sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow ;
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part ;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.

513 *Phil. 2 : 10, 11.* MONTGOMERY.

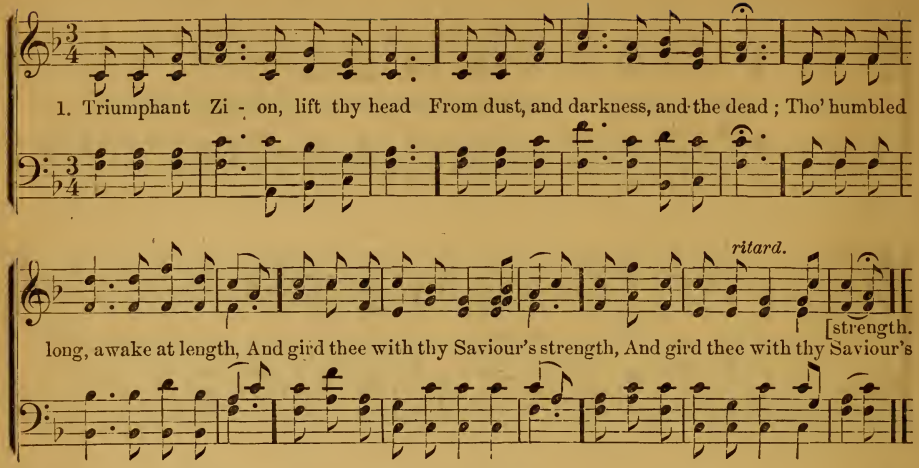
O Spirit of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion—order, in thy path ;
Souls without strength, inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations, far and nigh ;
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

ANVERN. L. M.



514 *Isa. 52 : 1.* DODDRIDGE.

TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known:
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

515 *Ps. 102 : 13.* ANON.

SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,—
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown,—
And make the nations all thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

516 *Rev. 11 : 15.* ANON.

SOON may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And, over land and stream and main,
Wave thou the sceptre of thy reign!

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

517 *Isa. 60 : 5.* NOEL.

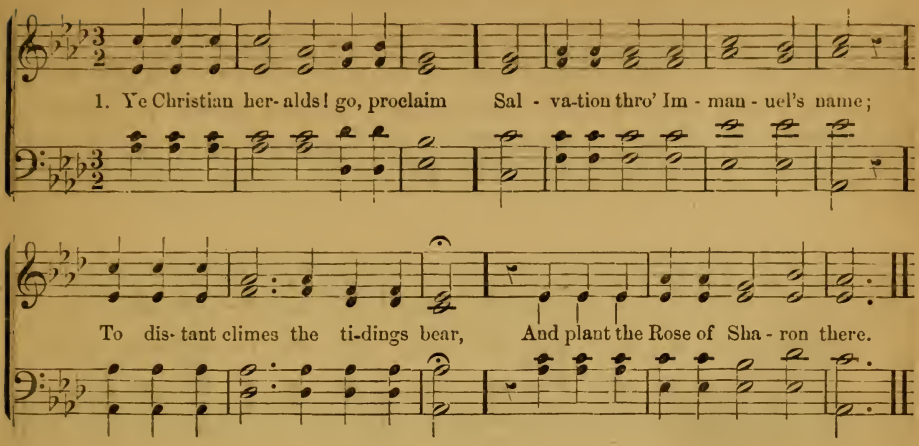
MARKED as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes,
That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And warm with faith each bosom glow.

2 Ev'n now the hallowed scenes appear;
Ev'n now unfolds the promised year;
Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And bear the tidings of thy grace.

3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
Lord! mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view.

4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge their conquering way.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.



518 *Mark 16 : 5.* ANON.

YE Christian heralds! go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breast inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more,—
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all!

519 *Dan. 7 : 27.* COLLYER.

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand;
The voice that marshaled every star,
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise;
Our counsels aid, to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

520 *Mal. 4 : 2.* ANON.

O SUN of righteousness, arise,
With gentle beams on Zion shine;
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
And souls awake to life divine.

2 On all around, let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, or copious showers;
That we may call our God our friend;
That we may hail salvation ours.

521 *Ps. 72.* WATTS.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

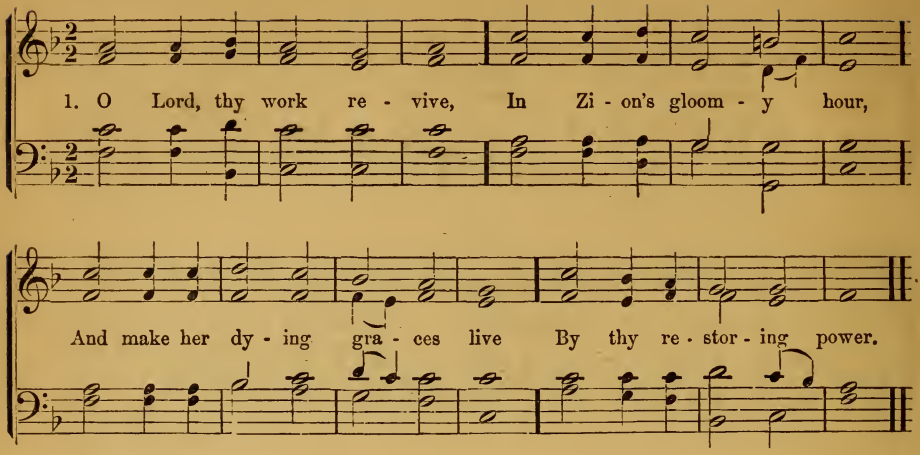
2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head:
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

DETROIT. S. M.



522 *Hab. 3 : 2.* MRS. BROWN.

O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And make her dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 Awake thy chosen few
To fervent, earnest prayer;
Again may they their vows renew,
Thy blesséd presence share.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
And hearts of adamant will break,
And rebels will obey.

4 Lord, lend thy gracious ear
Oh, listen to our cry;
Oh, come and bring salvation here:
Our hopes on thee rely.

523 *Lam. 1 : 4.* BETHUNE.

OH, for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.

2 We meet, we sing, we pray,
We listen to the word,
In vain;—we see no cheering ray,
No cheering voice is heard.

3 While many crowd thy house,
How few, around thy board,
Meet to recount their solemn vows,
And bless thee as their Lord!

4 Thou, thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

5 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love!
Then shall this people all be thine,
This church like that above.

524 *Rev. 22 : 20.* BONAR.

COME, Lord, and tarry not!
Bring the long-looked-for day;
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

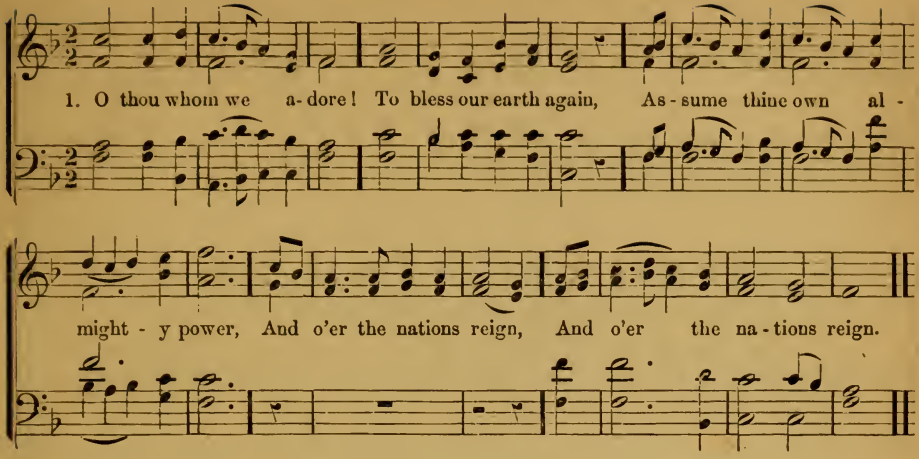
2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise,—
Creation's second birth.

5 Come and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

LUTHER. S. M.



525 *Phil. 2 : 10, 11.* C. WESLEY.

O THOU whom we adore!
To bless our earth again,
Assume thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.

2 The world's Desire and Hope,
All power to thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven!

3 A gracious Saviour, thou
Wilt all thy creatures bless;
And every knee to thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.

4 According to thy word,
Now be thy grace revealed;
And with the knowledge of the Lord,
Let all the earth be filled.

526 *Isa. 60 : 2.* WARDLAW.

O LORD our God! arise;
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of life! arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost! arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And, o'er a dark and ruined world,
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth! arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

527 *Num. 14 : 21.* ANON.

O GOD of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise.

528 *Matt. 6 : 10.* JOHNS.

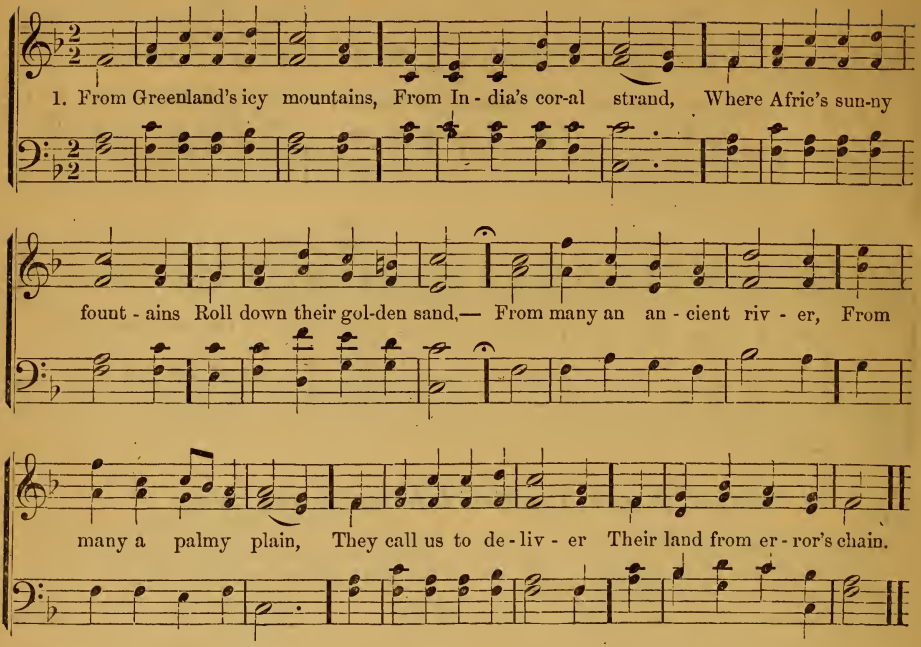
COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. D.



529 *Acts 16 : 9.* HEBER.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

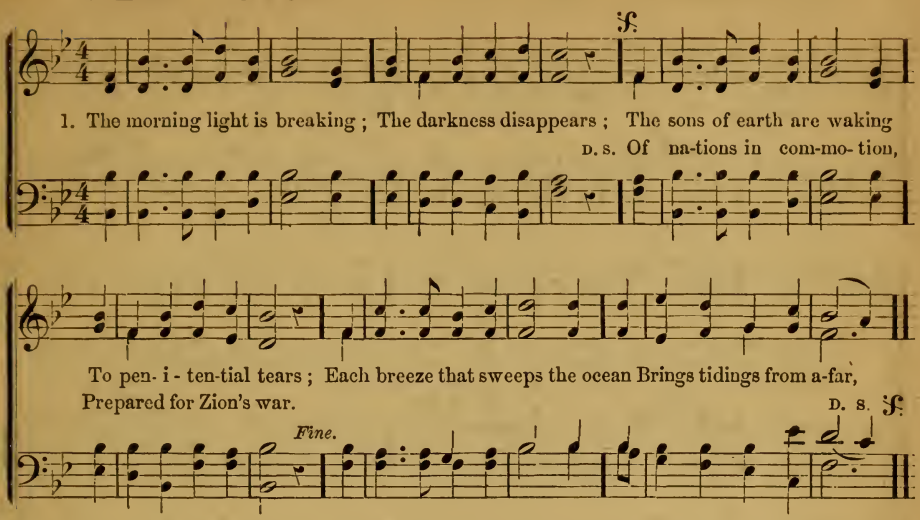
4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

530 *Ps. 60 : 4.* HASTINGS.

Now be the gospel banner,
In every land, unfurled;
And be the shout,—"Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 Yes,—thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

WEBB. 7s & 6s. D.



531 *Isa. 66 : 8.* S. F. SMITH.

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

532 *Ps. 72.* MONTGOMERY.

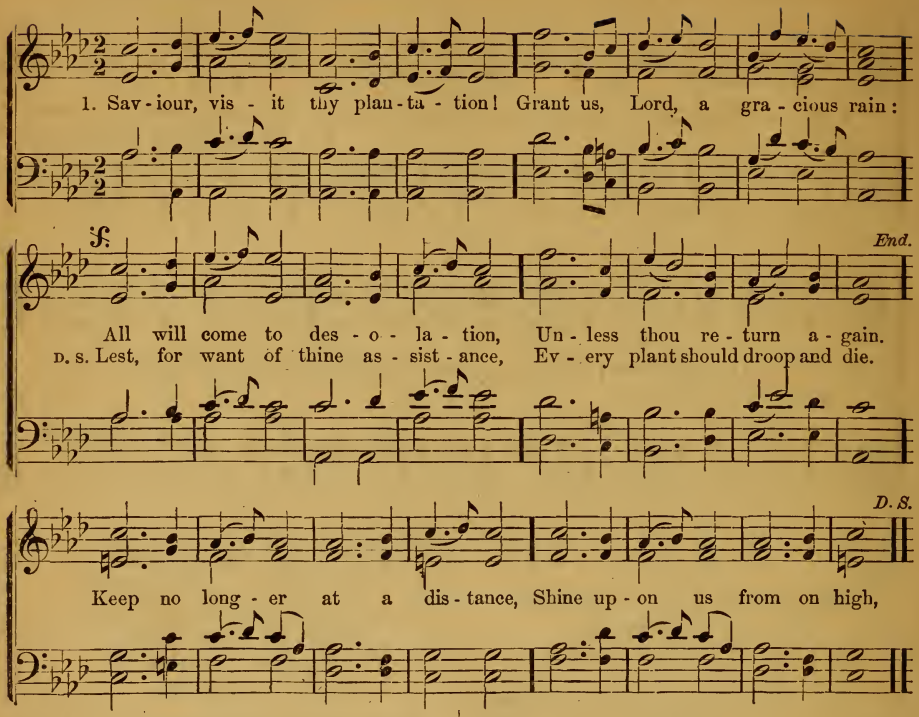
HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go:
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,—
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,—
That name to us is—Love.

STOUGHTON. 8s & 7s. D.



533 *Cant. 4: 16.* NEWTON.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation!
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

2 Once, O Lord, thy garden flourished;
Every part looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished:
Happy seasons we have seen.
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, thy help is greatly needed:
Help can only come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent:
Make us prevalent in prayer;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snare.
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

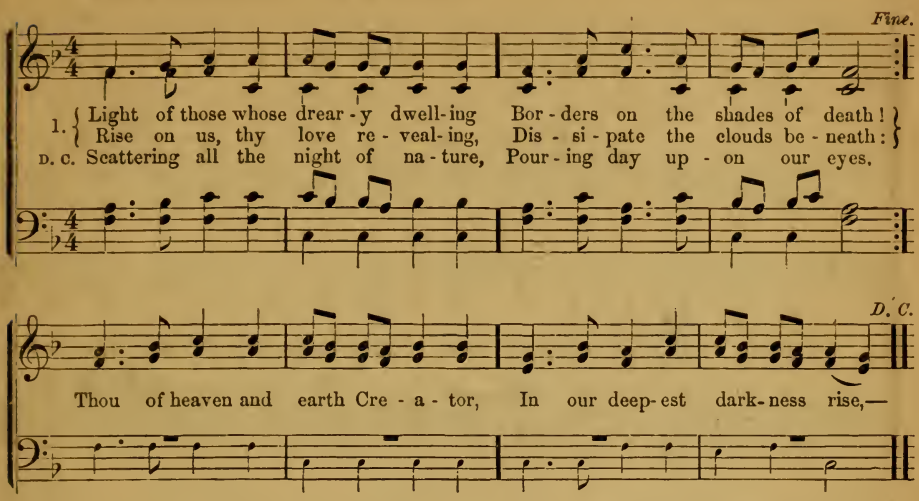
534 *Ps. 87.* NEWTON.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion! city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded—
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
He who gives them daily manna,
He who listens when they cry,—
Let him hear the loud hosanna,
Rising to his throne on high.

MIDDLETON. 8s & 7s. D.



535 *John 1 : 9.* C. WESLEY.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
Thou of heaven and earth Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,—
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come and manifest thy favor
To the ransomed, helpless race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour!
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

536 *Isa. 54 : 10.* HASTINGS.

ZION, dreary and in anguish,
'Mid the desert hast thou strayed!
Oh, thou weary, cease to languish;
Jesus shall lift up thy head.
Still lamenting and bemoaning,
'Mid thy follies and thy woes!
Soon repenting and returning,
All thy solitude shall close.

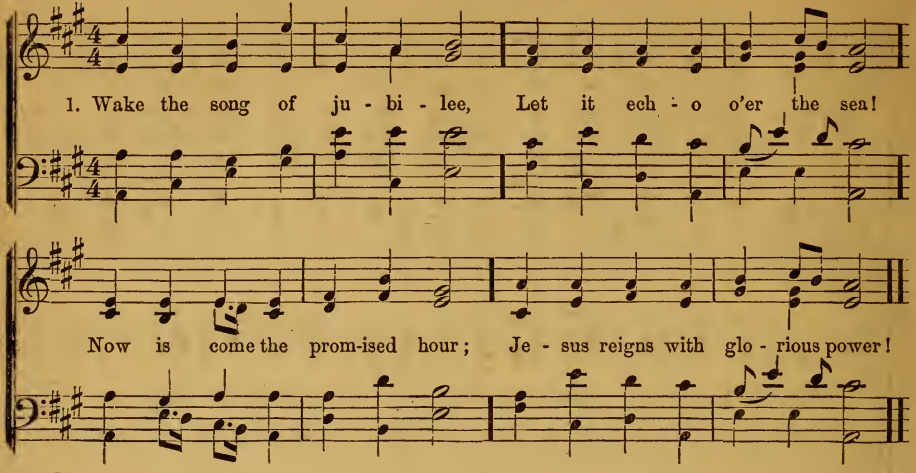
2 Though benighted and forsaken,
Though afflicted and distressed;
His almighty arm shall waken;
Zion's King shall give thee rest:
Cease thy sadness, unbelieving;
Soon his glory shalt thou see!
Joy and gladness, and thanksgiving,
And the voice of melody!

537 *Rev. 22 : 20.* C. WESLEY.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy precious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

NUREMBURG. 7s.



538 *1 Tim. 6 : 15.* BACON.

WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power!

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore—
"Jesus reigns forevermore!"

3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice;
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,—
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

539 *Acts 2 : 16.* RAY PALMER.

FOUNT of everlasting love!
Rich thy streams of mercy are,
Flowing purely from above;
Beauty marks their course afar.

2 Lo! thy church, athirst and faint,
Drinks the full, refreshing tide;
Thou hast heard her sad complaint,
Floods of grace are sweeping wide!

3 God of mercy, to thy throne
Now our fervent thanks we bring;
Thine the glory, thine alone,
Joyous praise to thee we sing.

4 While we lift our grateful song,
Let thy Spirit still descend;
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end!

540 *Luke 1 : 78.* C. WESLEY.

SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected Star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered men aright.

2 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste, to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there!

3 There behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day!

541 *1 Kings 18 : 44.* C. WESLEY.

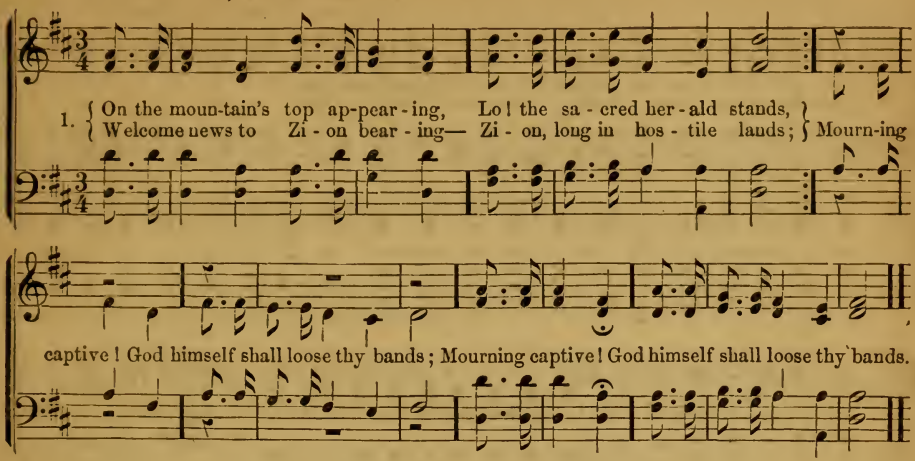
SAW ye not the cloud arise,
Little as the human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.

2 Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the blessings of his love.

3 More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

4 Sons of God! your Saviour praise;
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified!

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.



542 *Isa. 52 : 7.* KELLY.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

543 *Ps. 125 : 2.* KELLY.

ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove:
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight;
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

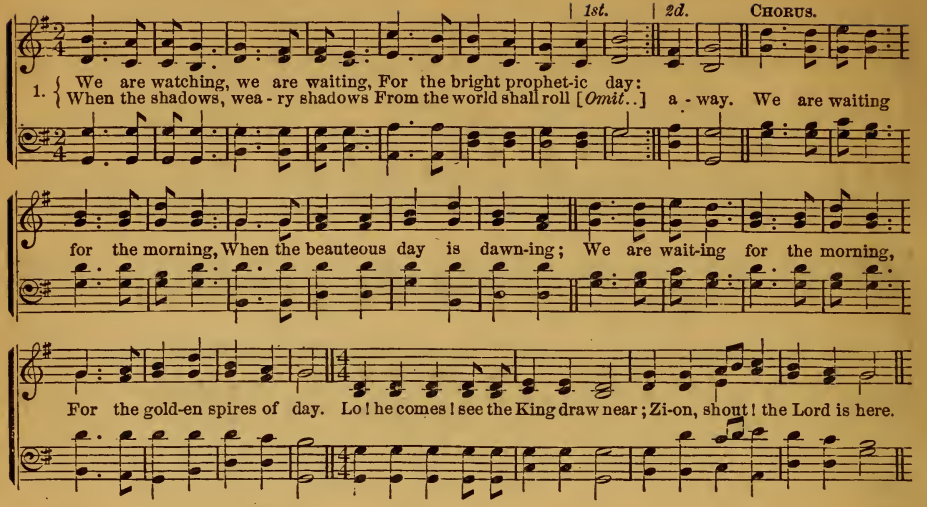
544 *Luke 2 : 32.* WILLIAMS.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light:
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour! all the world around.

BEAUTEOUS DAY. 8s & 7s. D.



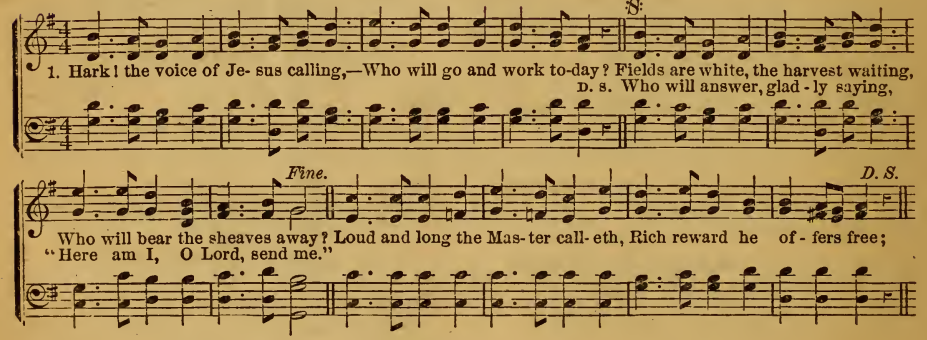
545 *Luke 12 : 37.* ANON.

WE are watching, we are waiting,
For the bright prophetic day:
When the shadows, weary shadows,
From the world shall roll away.—*Cho.*

2 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the star that brings the day:
When the night of sin shall vanish,
And the shadows melt away.—*Cho.*

3 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the beauteous King of day:
For the Chiefest of ten-thousand,
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.—*Cho.*

MISSION SONG. 8s & 7s. D.



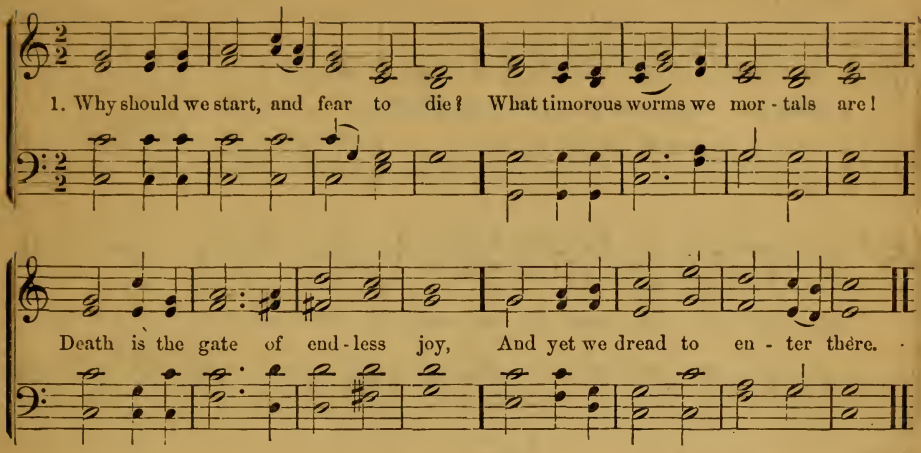
546 *Matt. 9 : 37.* VAN ARSDALE.

HARK! the voice of Jesus calling.—
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

ZEPHYR. L. M.



547 *Ps. 127 : 2.* WATTS.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed!

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there!

548 *1 Thess. 4 : 14.* MRS. MACKAY.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blesséd sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blesséd sleep
From which none ever wake to weep.

549 *Rev. 14 : 13.* BARBAULD.

How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

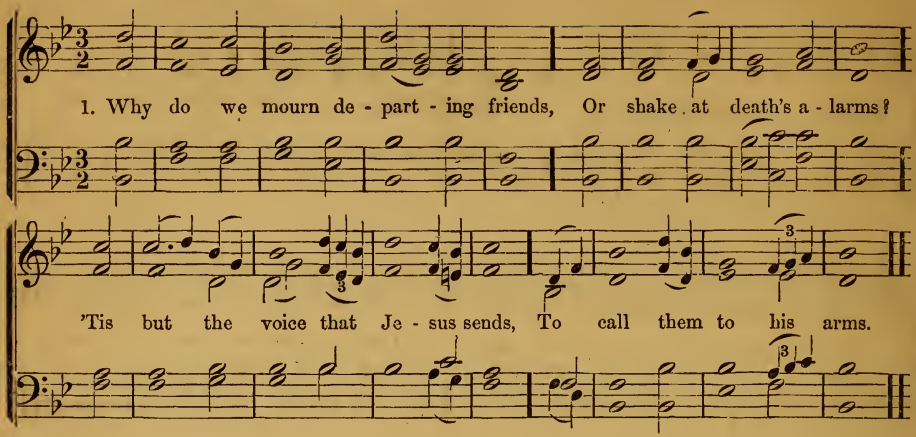
2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

CHINA. C. M



550 *2 Cor. 5 : 8.* WATTS.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

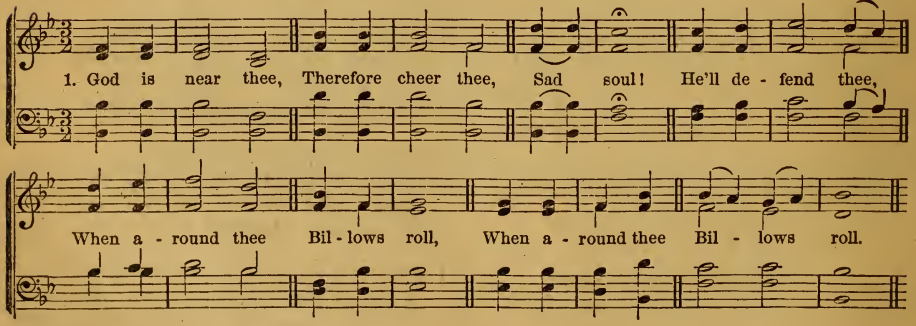
3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.

4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations underground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

GOD IS NEAR. P. M.



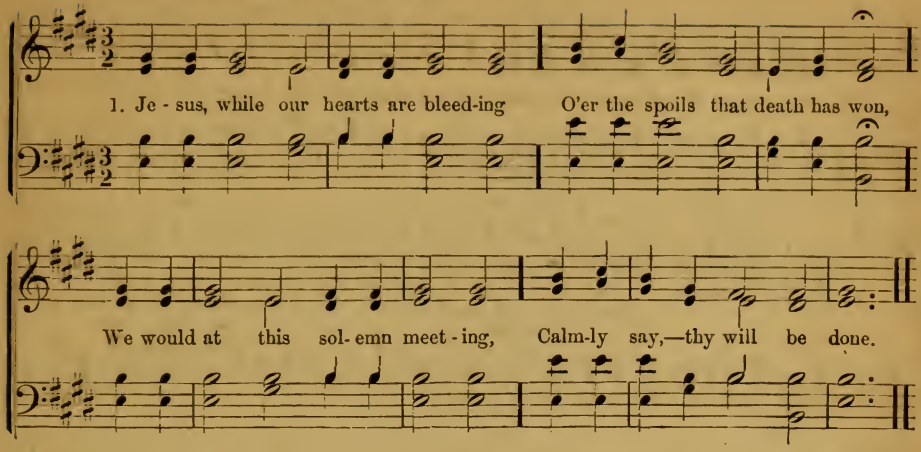
551

GOD is near thee,
Therefore cheer thee,
Sad soul!
He'll defend thee,
When around thee
Billows roll.

2 Calm thy sadness,
Look in gladness
On high!
Faint and weary,
Pilgrim, cheer thee!
Help is nigh!

3 Hark the sea-bird,
Wildly wheeling
Through the skies;
God defends him,
God attends him,
When he cries!

DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s.



552 *Matt. 6 : 10.* HASTINGS.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say,—thy will be done.

2 Though cast down, we 're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blesséd Lord,—thy will be done.

3 Tho' to-day we 're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing—thy will be done.

4 By thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore,—thy will be done!

553 *Isa. 64 : 6.* HORNE.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:—

2 "Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
When like him, ye blighted fell,
Hear the lesson we are reading,
'T is alas! the truth we tell.

3 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

4 "Though as yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let no cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.

5 "Yearly in our course appearing,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach in mortal hearing—
Ye, like us, shall pass away."

6 On the tree of life eternal,
Oh, let all our hopes be laid!
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

554 *Ps. 116 : 15.* COLLYER.

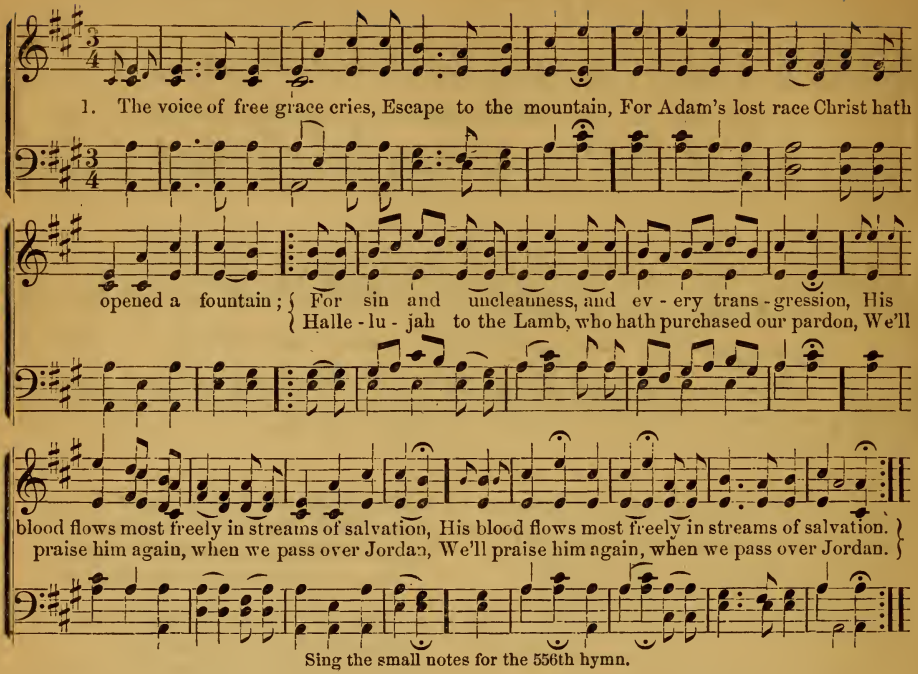
CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain and death, and night and anguish
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying
Lonely thro' night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

SCOTLAND. 12s.



Sing the small notes for the 556th hymn.

555 *Gen. 19 : 17.* BURDSALL.

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain;
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath purchased our pardon,
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan!

2 Ye souls that are wounded! oh, flee to the Saviour!
He calls you in mercy, 't is infinite favor;
Your sins are increasing, escape to the mountain—
His blood can remove them, it flows from the fountain.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

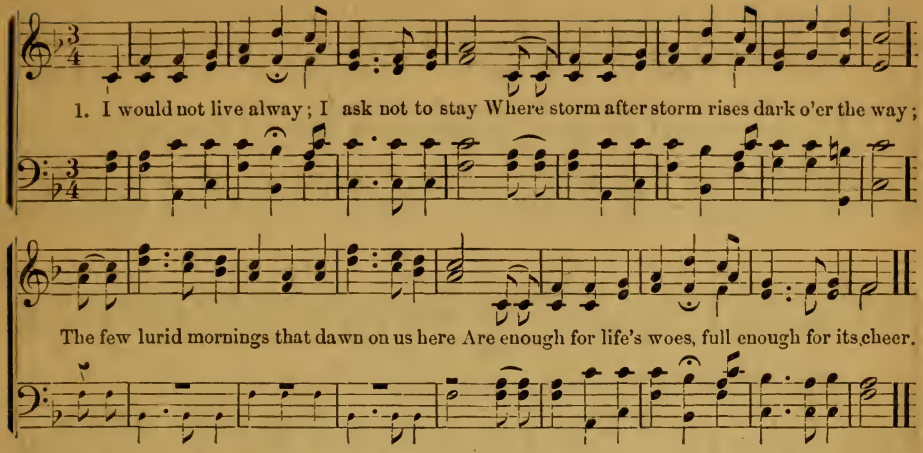
3 O Jesus! ride onward, triumphantly glorious!
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou art more than victorious;
Thy name is the theme of the great congregation,
While angels and men raise the shout of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation forever and ever!
Hallelujah to the Lamb, etc.

556 *John 11 : 25.* HEBER.

THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour hath passed through its portals before thee;
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

FREDERICK. 11s.



557 *Job 7 : 16.* MUHLENBERG.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin—
Temptation without and corruption within:
Ev'n the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?—

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

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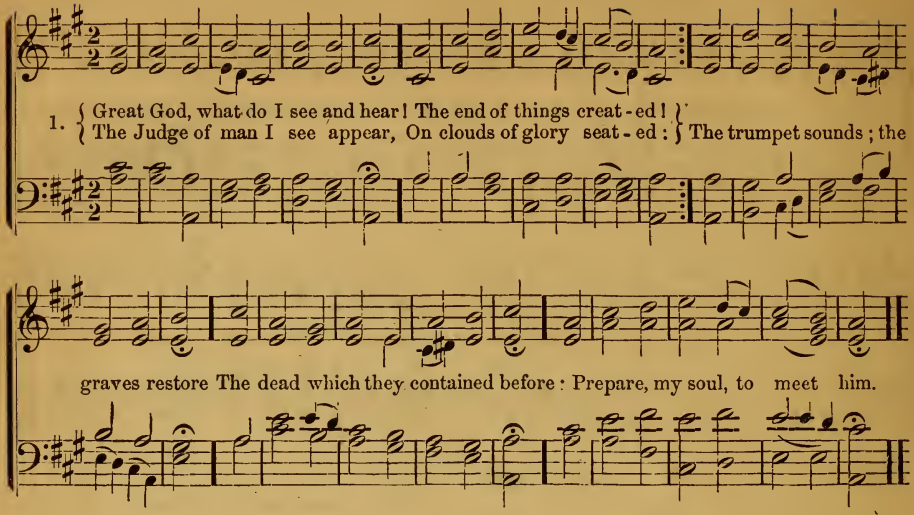
556 (*Concluded.*)

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, for the Sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

JUDGMENT HYMN. L. M. 7 lines.



558 *Rev. 20 : 6.* COLLYER.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

559 *Ps. 31 : 5.* GERMAN.

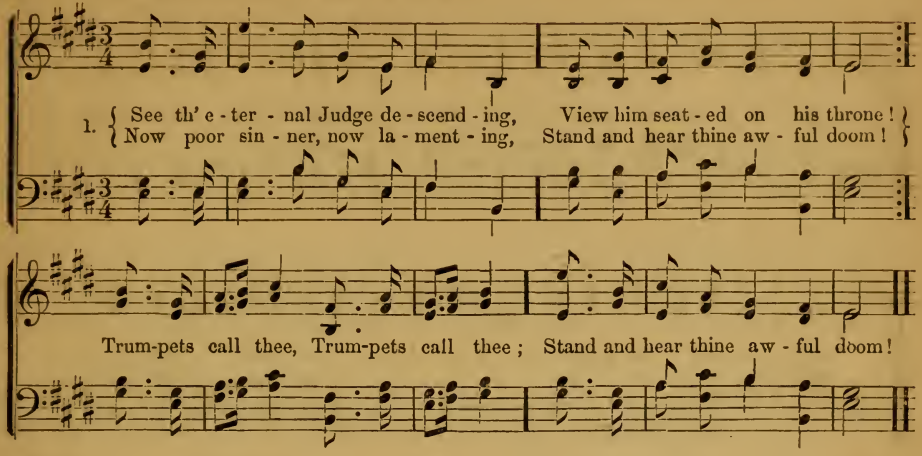
WHEN my last hour is close at hand,
My last sad journey taken,
Do thou, Lord Jesus! by me stand;
Let me not be forsaken:
O Lord! my spirit I resign
Into thy loving hands divine;
'T is safe within thy keeping.

2 Countless as sands upon the shore,
My sins may then appall me;
Yet, though my conscience vex me sore,
Despair shall not enthrall me;
For as I draw my latest breath,
I'll think, Lord Christ! upon thy death,
And there find consolation.

3 I shall not in the grave remain,
Since thou death's bonds hast severed:
By hope with thee to rise again
From fear of death delivered,
I'll come to thee, where'er thou art,
Live with thee, from thee never part;
Therefore I die in rapture.

4 And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,
My longing arms extending;
So fall asleep, in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no waking,
Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Opens the gates of bliss, leads on
To heaven, to life eternal.

TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s & 4s.



560 *John 19 : 37.* ANON.

SEE the eternal Judge descending!
View him seated on his throne!
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thine awful doom;
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thine awful doom!

2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Filled with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting
That he ne'er was born again—
Greatly mourning
That he ne'er was born again.

3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favor
When I felt his Spirit move—
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move!"

561 *Matt. 25 : 34.* CENNICK.

Lo! he cometh,—countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
'Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
See their great exalted Head:
Hallelujah—
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

2 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear:
Truth and justice go before him—
Now the joyful sentence hear;
Hallelujah!—
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine!

3 "Come, ye blesséd of my Father!
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ;
Hallelujah!—
Welcome, welcome to the skies!"

562 *Zech. 12 : 10.* C. WESLEY.

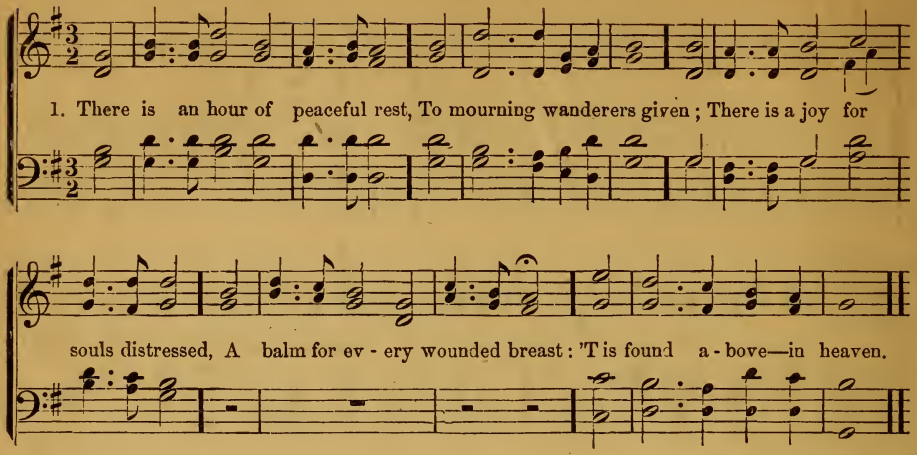
Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train!
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 Lo! the last long separation,
As the cleaving crowds divide,
And one dread adjudication
Sends each soul to either side!
Lord of mercy!
How shall I that day abide?

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known!
Men and angels
Kneel and bow to thee alone!

WOODLAND. C. M.



563 *Rev. 21 : 3, 4.* TAPPAN.

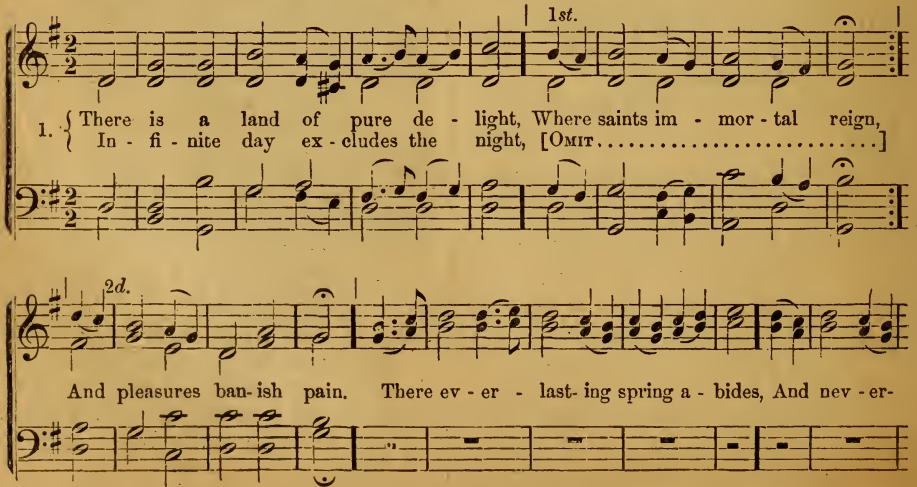
THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast :
'T is found above—in heaven.

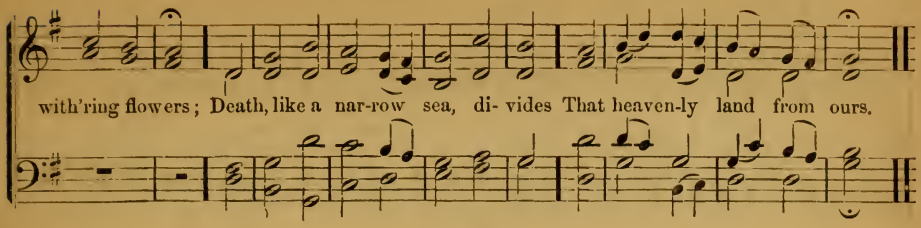
2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given ;
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven !

JORDAN. C. M. D.





564 *Deut. 34 : 1.* WATTS.

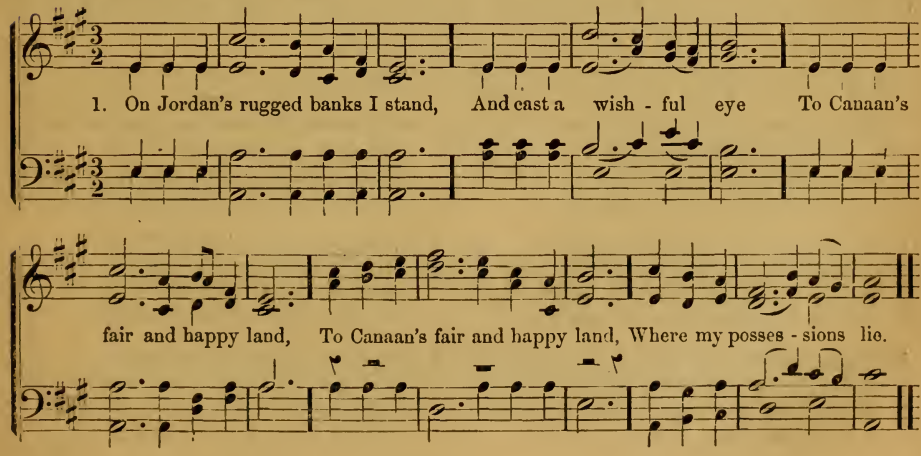
THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

TAPPAN. C. M.



565 *Deut. 3 : 25.* STENNETT.

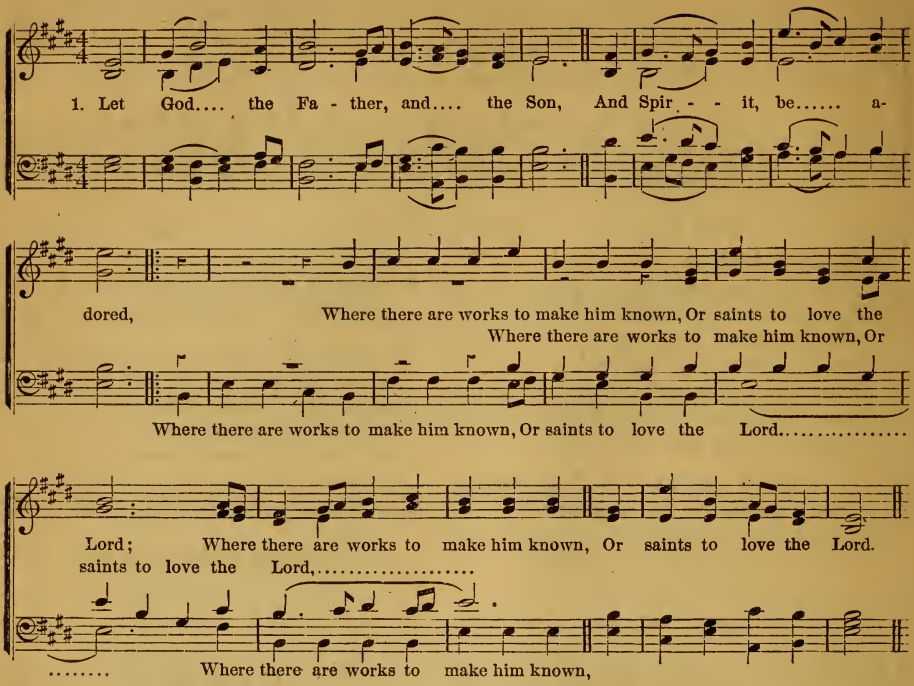
ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

EXHORTATION. C. M.



566 *Rev. 7 : 15.* ANON.

JERUSALEM ! my happy home !
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, in thee ?

2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end ?

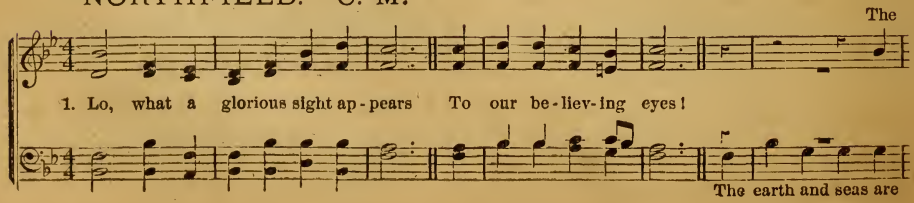
3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! thro' rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

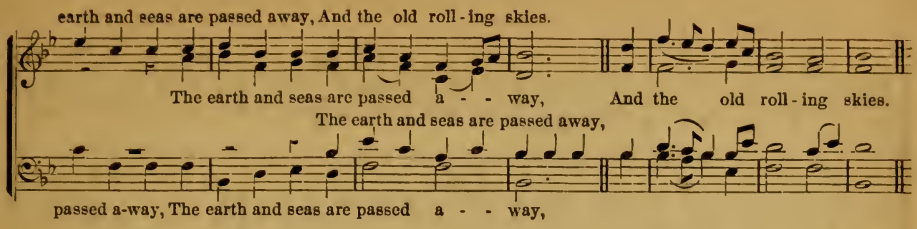
4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe ?
Or feel, at death, dismay ?
I 've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand !
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.





567 *Rev. 21 : 2.* WATTS.

Lo! what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven where God re-
That holy, happy place,— [sides—
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

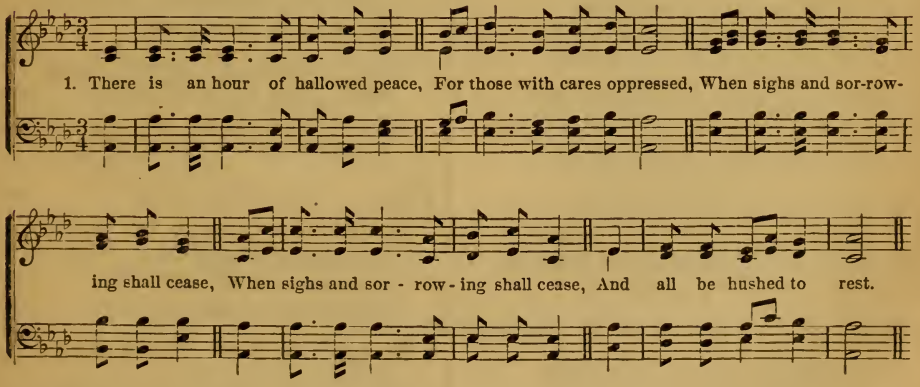
3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
"Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King:—

4 "The God of glory, down to men,
Removes his blest abode;—
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he their loving God:—

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
And death itself shall die!" [fears,

6 How long, dear Saviour! oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time!
And bring the welcome day.

NAUMANN. C. M.



568 *Ps. 126 : 5.* TAPPAN.

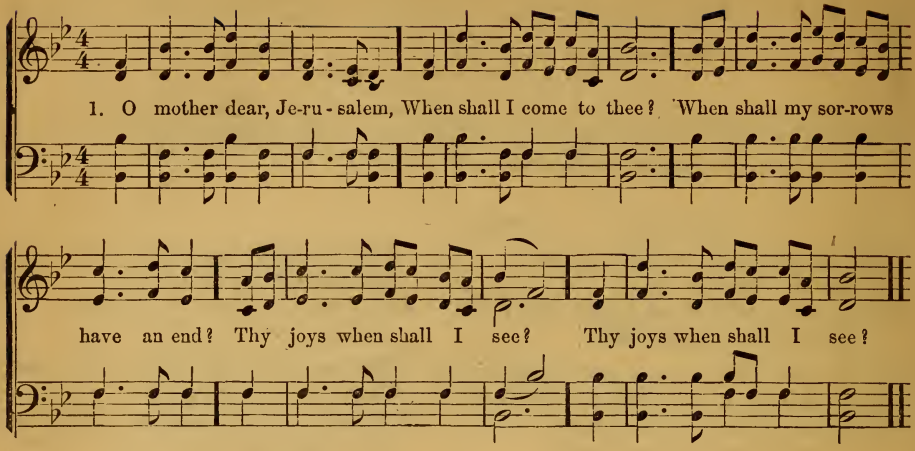
THERE is an hour of hallowed peace,
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest:—

2 'T is then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts, which here annoy;
Then they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows,
On that celestial shore:

4 There, purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There, they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

RHINE. C. M.



569 *Rev. 21 : 10.* DICKSON.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

570 *Rev. 3 : 11.* ALEXANDER.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!

2 Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

3 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How soon they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!

4 Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

5 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.

6 Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor fail to reach our crown!

571 *Heb. 11 : 16.* ANON.

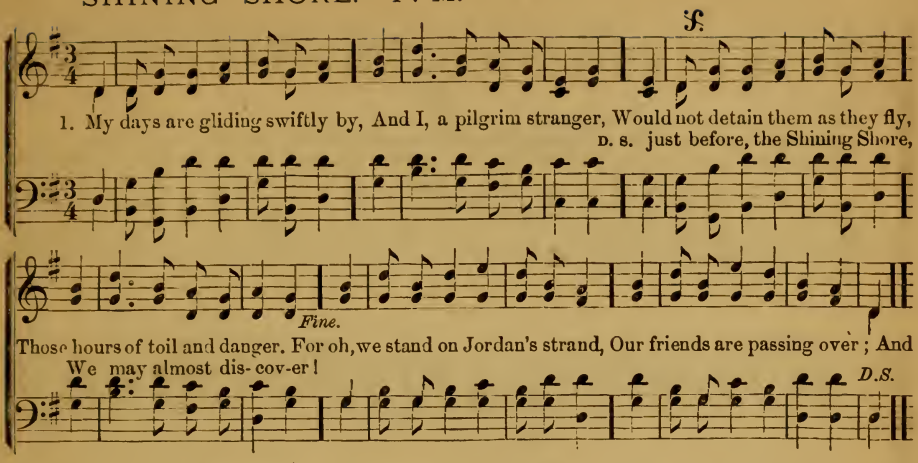
MY feet are weary with the march
Over the steep hill-side;
City of God! I fain would see
Thy peaceful waters glide!

2 My hands are weary, toiling on
For perishable meat;
City of God! I fain would reach
Thy glorious mercy-seat!

3 Patience, poor heart! His feet were worn,
His hands were weary too;
His garments stained, and travel-torn,
His head wet with the dew.

4 Love thou the path thy Saviour trod,
And patient wait thy rest;
His holy city thou shalt see,
Home of the loved and blest!

SHINING SHORE. P. M.



572 *Josh. 1 : 11.* NELSON.

My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly
Those hours of toil and danger.
For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the Shining Shore
We may almost discover!

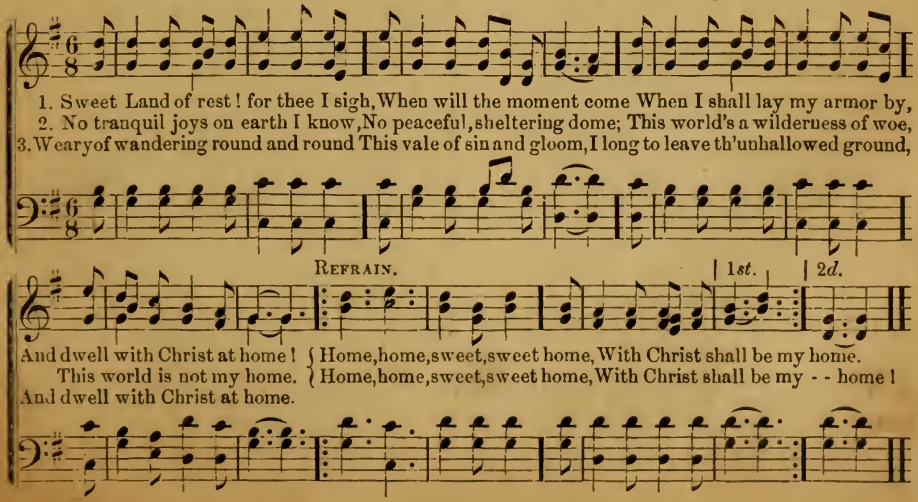
2 We 'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.—*Ref.*

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.—*Ref.*

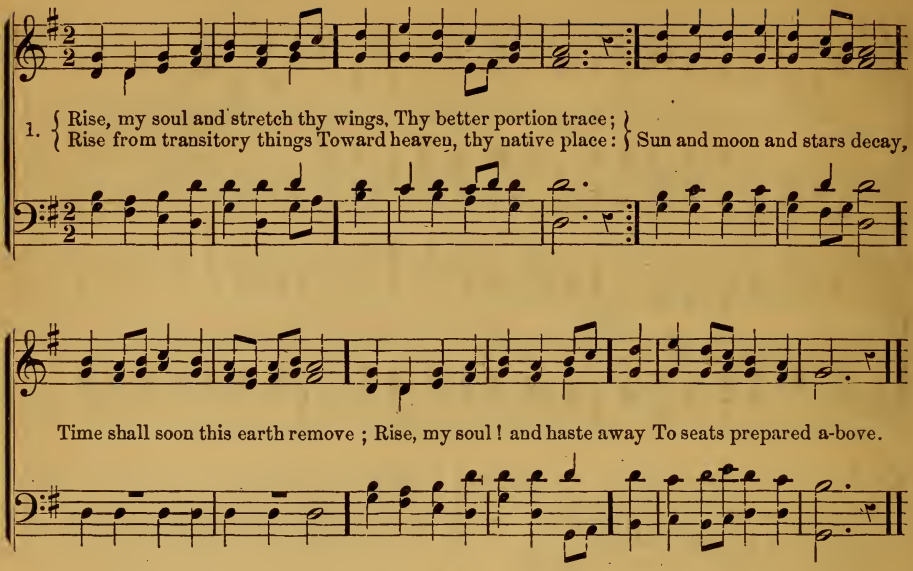
4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there 's our home,
Forever, oh, forever!
For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And just before, the Shining Shore
We may almost discover!

LAND OF REST. C. M.

HYMN 573 ANON.



AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.



574 *1 John 3 : 2.* SEAGRAVE.

RISE, my soul! and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul! and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Fly me, riches! fly me, cares!
While I that coast explore;
Flattering world! with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more:
Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

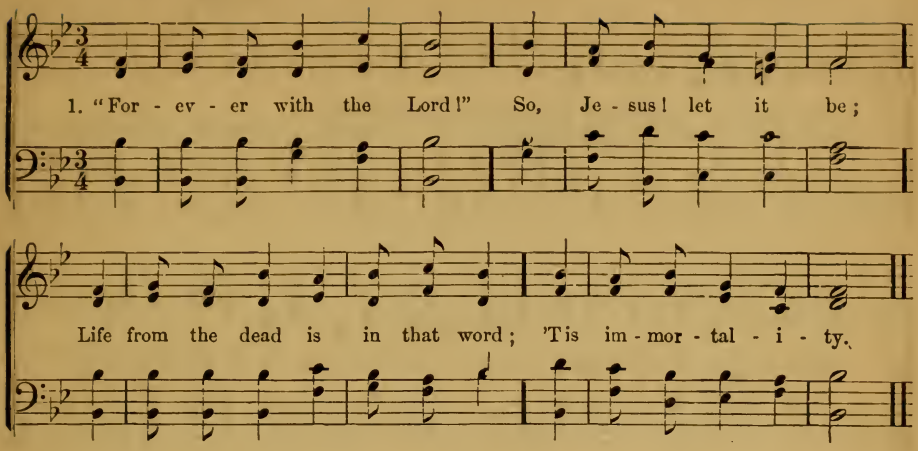
4 Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies!
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

575 *2 Cor. 5 : 1.* BURTON

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty, soon, above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

OLMUTZ. S. M.



576 *1 Thess. 4 : 17.* MONTGOMERY.

"FOREVER with the Lord!"
So, Jesus! let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
'Tis immortality.

2 Here, in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam:
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of thy gracious word
Ev'n here to me fulfill.

5 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

6 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

577 *Num. 23 : 10.* ANON.

OH, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

578 *Zech. 1 : 5.* DODDRIDGE.

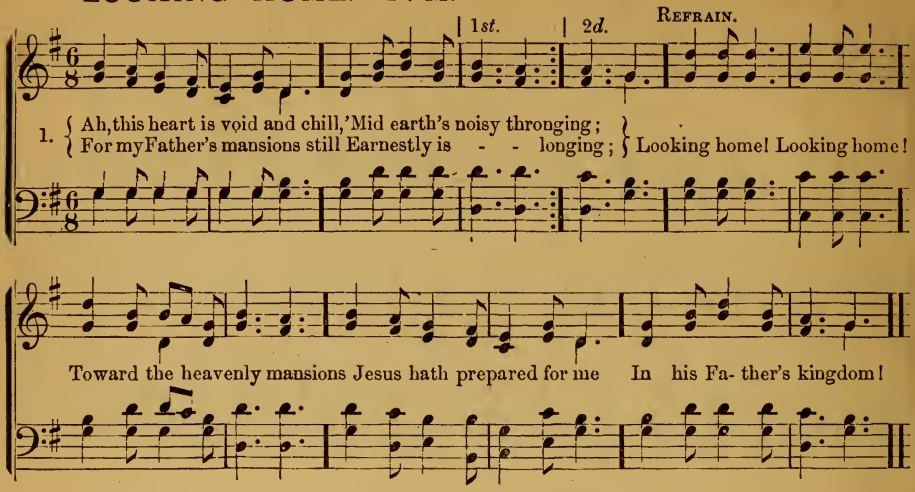
How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor gone!

3 God of our fathers hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.

LOOKING HOME. P. M.



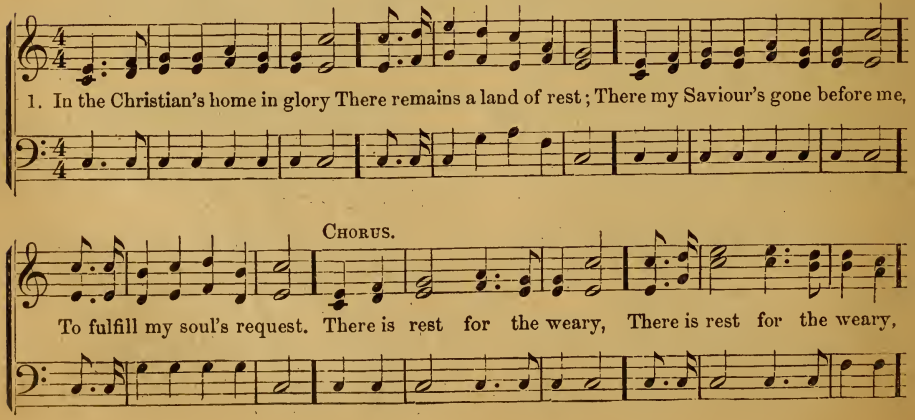
579 *John 14 : 2.* German.

Ah, this heart is void and chill,
'Mid earth's noisy thronging;
For my Father's mansions still
Earnestly is longing;
Looking home! looking home
Toward the heavenly mansions
Jesus hath prepared for me
In his Father's kingdom!

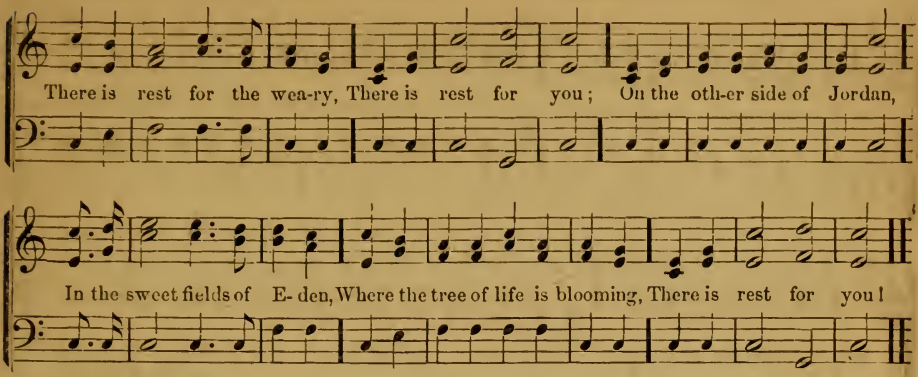
2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing.
Looking home! looking home!
Toward the heavenly mansions
Jesus hath prepared for me
In his Father's kingdom!

3 With this load of sin and care,
Then no longer bending,
But with waiting angels there
On our soul attending:—
Blessèd home! blessèd home!
All for which we 're sighing;
Soon our Lord will bid us come
To our Father's kingdom!

REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s. D.



REST FOR THE WEARY. Concluded.



580 *Heb. 4 : 9.* HUNTER.

In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you!

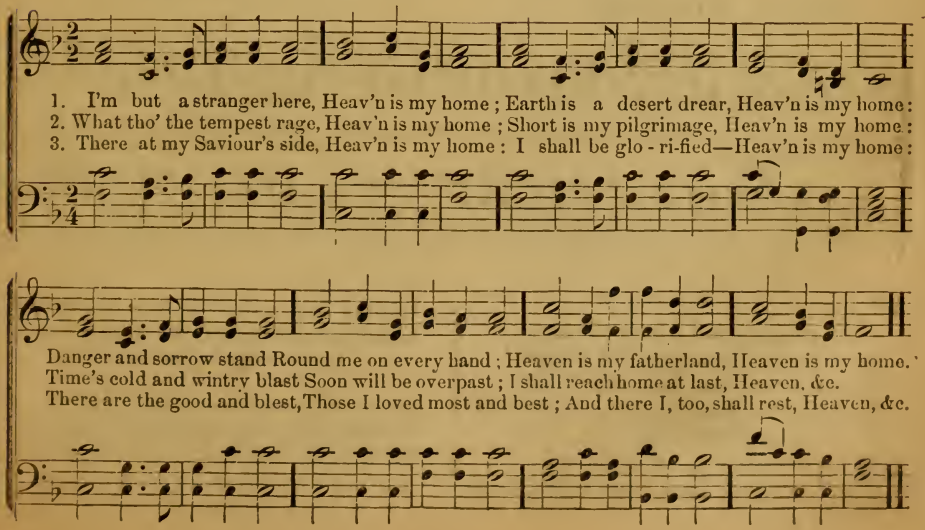
2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, etc.

3 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, etc.

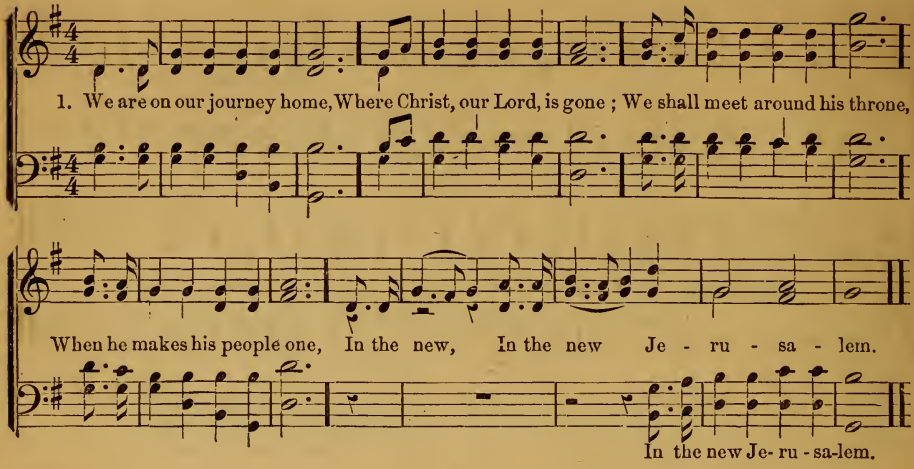
4 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, etc.

FATHERLAND. 6s & 4s.

HYMN 581 TAYLOR.



MT. BLANC. P. M.



582 *Rev. 21 : 2.* C. BEECHER.

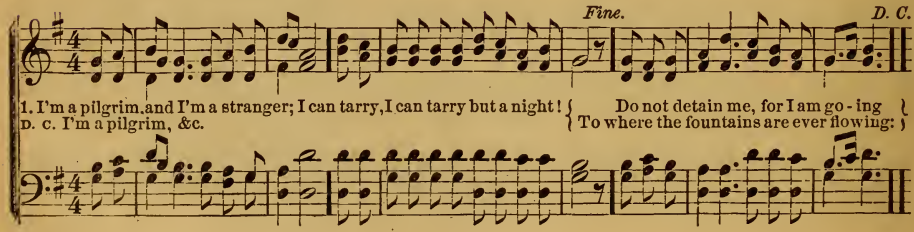
WE are on our journey home,
Where Christ our Lord is gone ;
We shall meet around his throne,
When he makes his people one,
In the new Jerusalem.

2 We can see that distant home,
Though clouds rise dark between ;
Faith views the radiant dome,
And a lustre flashes keen
From the new Jerusalem.

3 Oh, holy, heavenly home !
Oh, rest eternal there !
When shall the exiles come,
Where they cease from earthly care,
In the new Jerusalem !

4 Our hearts are breaking now
Those mansions fair to see ;
O Lord ! thy heavens bow,
And raise us up with thee,
To the new Jerusalem.

I'M A PILGRIM.



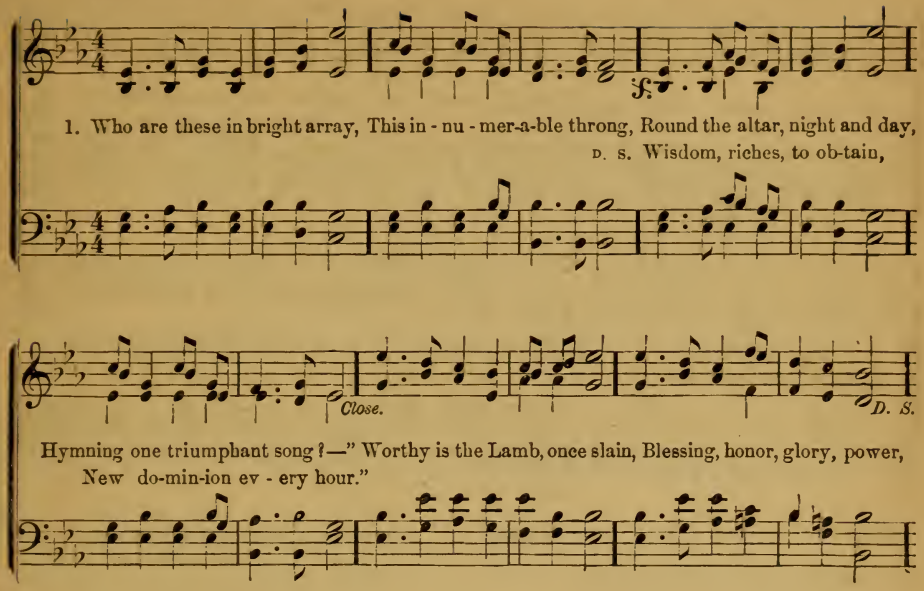
583 *Heb. 11 : 13.* ANON.

I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night !
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing :
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

2 There the glory is ever shining !
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart
is there !
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary :
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 There 's the city to which I journey ;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light !
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying !
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

BEULAH. 7s. D.



584 *Rev. 7 : 13.* MONTGOMERY.

WHO are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came:
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispel all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

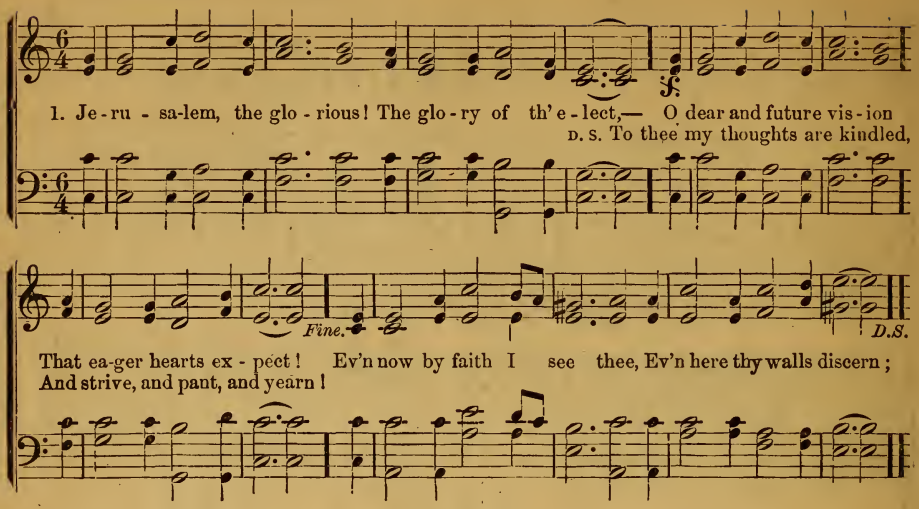
585 *Isa. 60 : 20.* RAFFLES.

HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain and heavy woe.

2 But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more—
Never, never weep again:
'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark, their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!

3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose:
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows:
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

MIRIAM. 7s & 6s. D.



586 *Heb. 11 : 14.* BERNARD.

JERUSALEM, the glorious!
The glory of the elect,—
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

2 The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified, thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise;—
Jerusalem! exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!

3 O sweet and blessèd Country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd Country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?—
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

587 *Matt. 25 : 6.* BORTHWICK.

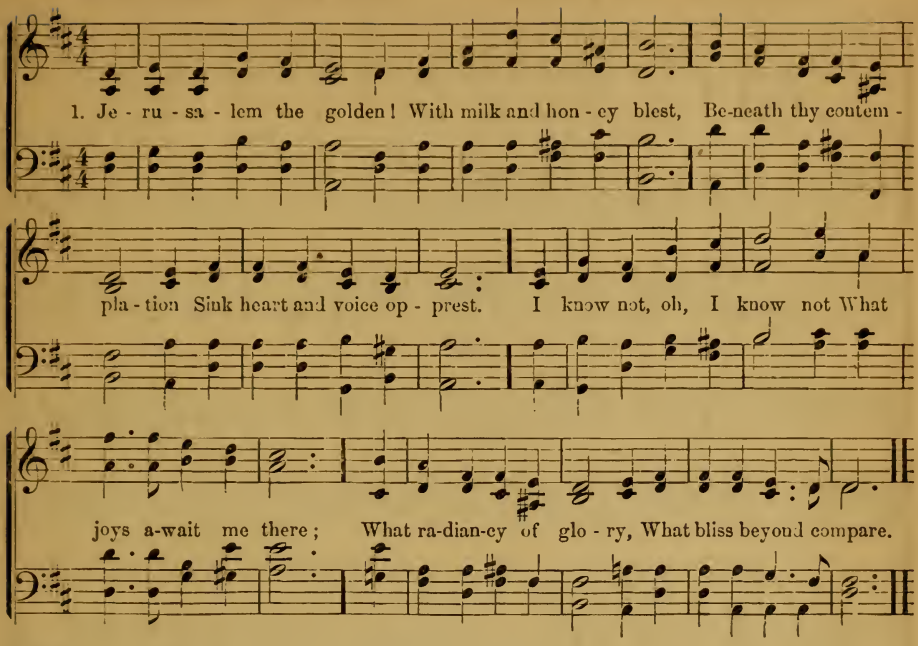
REJOICE, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The shades of eve are thickening,
And darker night is near;
The Bridegroom is advancing;
Each hour he draws more nigh;
Up! watch and pray, nor slumber;
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Your vessels filled with oil;
Wait calmly your deliverance
From earthly pain and toil.
The watchers on the mountains
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go, meet him, as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 The saints, who here in patience
Their cross and sufferings bore,
With him shall reign forever,
When sorrow is no more:
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb shall they behold,
Adoring cast before him
Their diadems of gold.

4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, thou Sun so looked-for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of our redemption,
And ever be with thee.

GOLDEN. 7s & 6s. D.



588 *Rev. 21 : 18.* BERNARD.

JERUSALEM the golden!
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 O sweet and blesséd Country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blesséd Country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us,
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

589 *Rev. 21 : 10.* BERNARD.

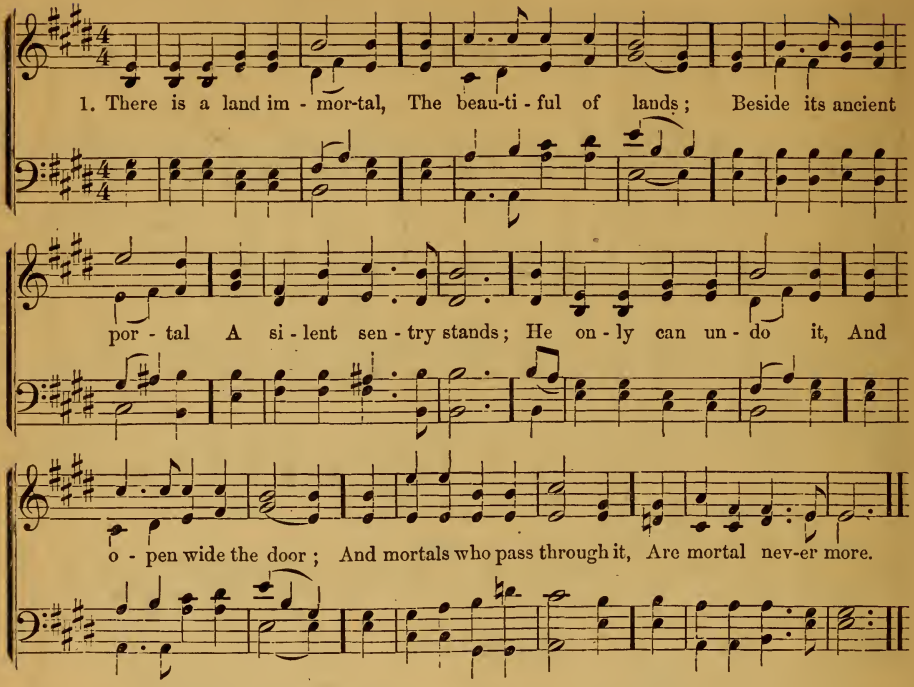
FOR thee, O dear, dear Country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep:
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;—
O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And bliss hath no alloy.

2 Thy ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up the fabric,
The corner-stone is CHRIST!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

3 They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song;
And bright with many an angel,
With many a martyr-throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene,
The pastures of the blesséd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

4 There is the throne of David;
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, beneath their Leader,
Who conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white!

RUSSELL. 7s & 6s. D.



590 *Heb. 2 : 14.* McKELLAR.

THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortal nevermore.

2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They 're blesséd in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'T is life for them to die!

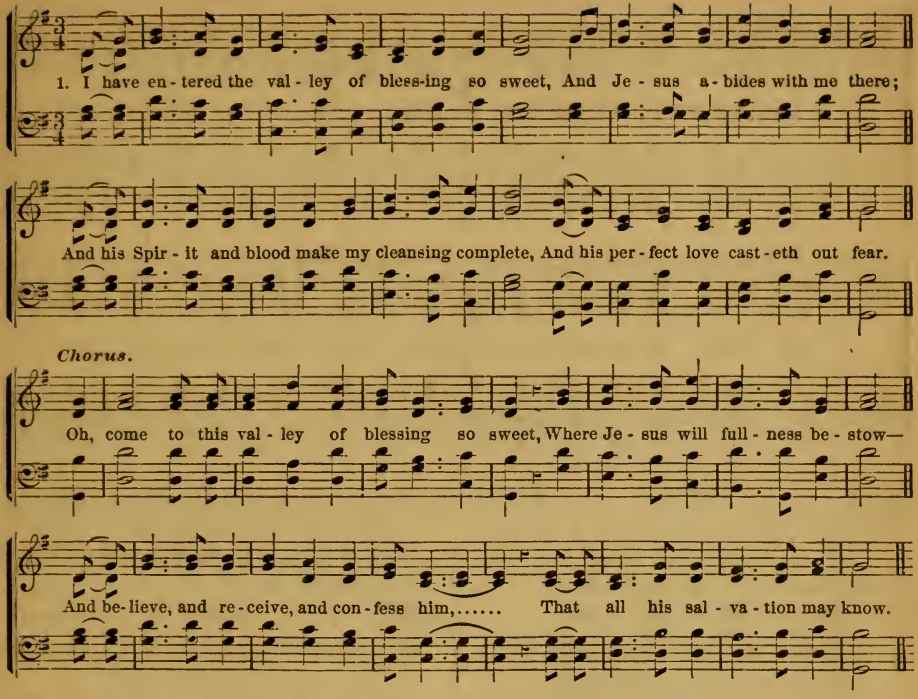
591 *1 John 2 : 17.* BERNARD.

BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life, that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there:
Oh, happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals, and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest!

2 And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow;
The light, that hath no evening,
The health, that hath no sore,
The life, that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

3 There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced,—
That spirit's food and sunshine,
Whence earthly love is chased:
Yes! God, my King and Portion,
In fullness of his grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

VALLEY OF BLESSING. P. M.



592 *Ezek. 34 : 26.* MRS. WITTEMEYER.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
There is rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart. *Cho.*

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal. *Cho.*

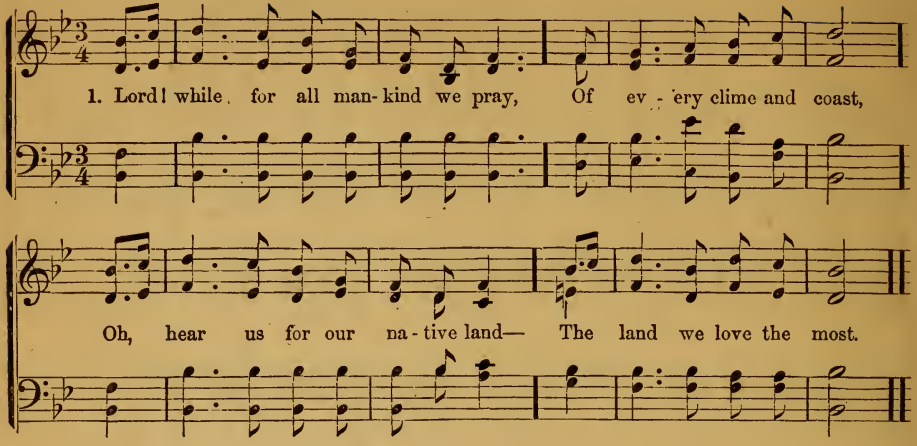
4 There 's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet
That angels would fain join the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."—*Cho.*

593 *Cant. 1 : 7 8.* ANON.

O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!
Where dost thou, at noon-tide, resort with thy sheep,
To feed them in pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in this wilderness rove?

2 Oh, why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Dear Shepherd! I hear, and will follow thy call;
I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
Restore and defend me, for thou art my all,
And in thee I will ever rejoice.

GLASGOW. C. M.



594 National WELFORD.

LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 Oh, guard our shore from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

595 A Marriage Hymn. BERRIDGE.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 Oh, may each soul assembled here,
Be married, Lord, to thee!
Clad in thy robes, made white and fair,
To spend eternity!

596 Fast. STEELE.

SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'T is on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Alarming judgments from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.

3 Oh, bid us turn, Almighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

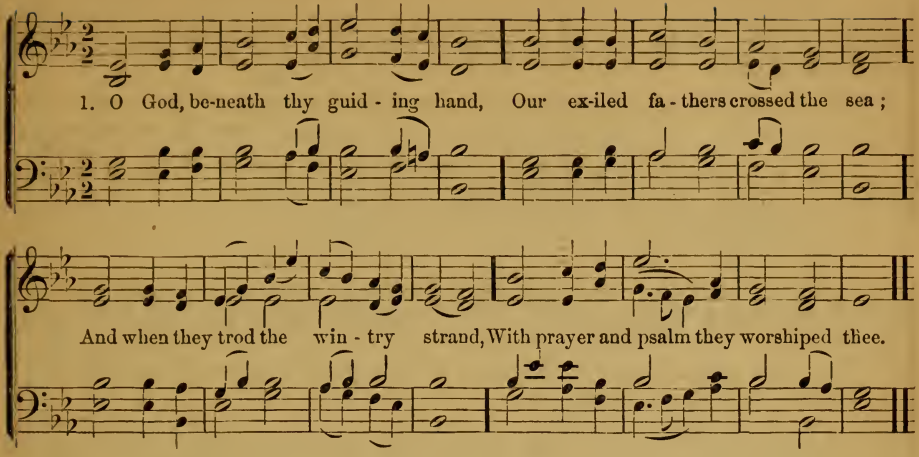
597 Seamen. ANON.

WE come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And, with united plea,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the sea.

2 Oh, may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow,
Like rain-drops in the sea!

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

DUKE STREET. L. M.



598 National. BACON.

O GOD, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.

2 Thou heard'st, well-pleased, the song, the prayer;
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

599 New Year. DODDRIDGE.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night—at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future—all to us unknown—
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.

5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal, in silence, mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

600 Seamen. BURGESS.

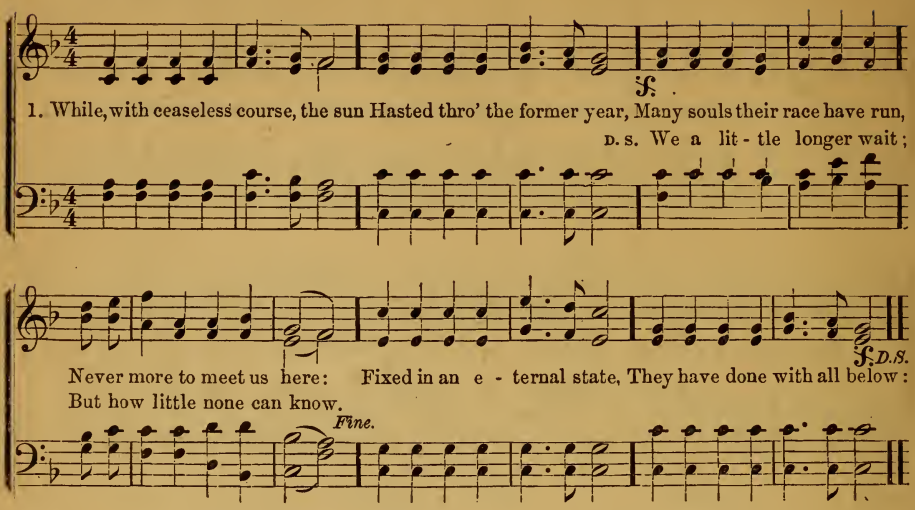
WHILE o'er the deep thy servants sail,
Send thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale;
And on their hearts where'er they go,
Oh, let thy heavenly breezes blow!

2 If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond thine eye;
The wanderer's prayer thou bend'st to hear,
And faith exults to know thee near.

3 When tempests rock the groaning bark,
Oh, hide them safe in Jesus' ark!
When in the tempting port they ride,
Oh, keep them safe at Jesus' side!

4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore;
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.



601 New Year. NEWTON.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait;
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to old and young;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short race is run,
May we dwell with thee above.

602 Harvest. ALFORD.

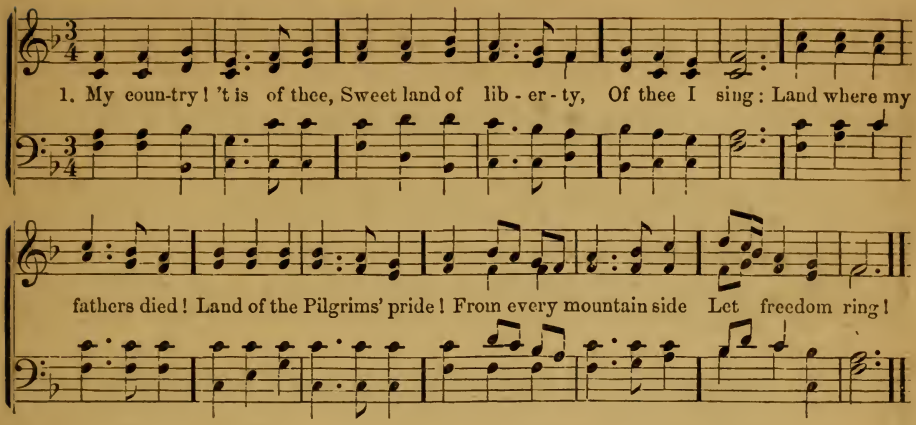
COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield:
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home:
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away:
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast:
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Then, thou Church Triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin:
There, forever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest Home!

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



603 National. S. F. Smith.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

604 Harvest. Montgomery.

The God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice!
The valleys laugh and sing;
Forests and mountains ring;
The plains their tribute bring;
The streams rejoice.

2 The God of harvest praise,
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord!

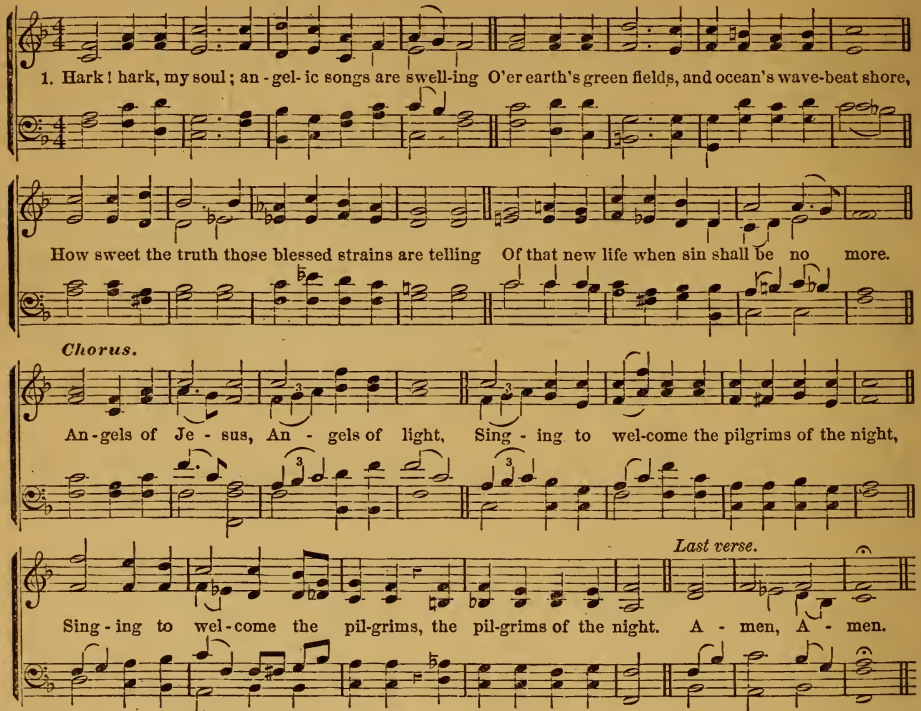
605 The Poor. Nicoll.

Lord, from thy blessèd throne,
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the poor!
Teach them true liberty,
Make them from tyrants free,
Let their homes happy be!
God save the poor!

2 The arms of wicked men
Do thou with might restrain—
God save the poor!
Raise thou their lowliness,
Succor thou their distress,
Thou whom the meanest bless!
God save the poor!

3 Give them stanch honesty,
Let their pride manly be—
God save the poor!
Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light!
God save the poor!

ANGELS' SONG. P. M.

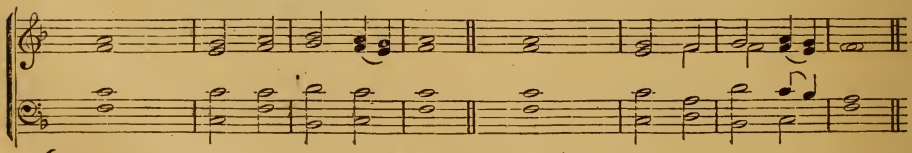


606 *Heb. 1 : 14.* FABER.

2 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.—*Cho.*

3 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Cho.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



607 *Matt. 6 : 9–13.*

1 Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name; ‖ thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven;

2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread; ‖ and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liv-er | us from | evil; ‖ for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for- | ever. A- | men.

DOXOLOGIES.

1 L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

2 C. M.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

3 S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit, too.

4 H. M.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God, the Spirit, praise;
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

5 7s.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

6 8s & 7s.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

7 8s, 7s & 4s.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

8 11s.

O Father Almighty, to thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

9 6s & 4s.

To God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong—
On earth, in heaven.

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